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A GLANCE AT THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND, WITH A GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"THE Queen's dominions have been parcelled out by a foreign potentate," said Lord John Russell in the House of Commons in the year 1851, when speaking of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy. He might as well have said that Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace had been forcibly seized and occupied by Cardinal Wiseman. Yet so delirious was the outburst of national wrath at the first news of "the Papal Aggression," that no phrase was too fantastic, no statement too extravagant for the gratification of the popular appetite for revenge. We must not be too severe on the English prejudice. Trained for centuries to regard the Catholic religion as the mortal foe of all liberty, English Protestants might be excused for sincerely dreading an "aggression" which threatened to "enslave them again to the Church of Rome." Their wrath was all the fault of their education, not the fault of their natural brains or natural heart. They have shown this by forty years of reparation. Their "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill" they quickly repealed. Their respectful treatment of Cardinal Wiseman was in the best taste. Their more than respectful treatment of Cardinal Manning—their almost affectionate recognition of his national services, has made it manifest that they only wanted to be disillusioned, in order to do justice both to Catholics and to themselves. The English *have*

been converted to common sense. Their conversion to the Catholic Church is quite another matter.

"In another ten years," said Cardinal Manning last June, on the occasion of the silver jubilee of his episcopate, "you will have to celebrate the first jubilee of the Catholic Church in England." Whatever the next ten years may bring forth, we have reason to be profoundly grateful for what we may call the *social* progress which the Catholic Church has made during the last forty years. Only they who have been born in a Protestant country know what is the full meaning of that word "social." We may go further, and say that only such Englishmen as are now old men,—old enough to remember fifty years ago, can appreciate the contrast between the present social ease, and the social misery of say, the year 1830. It is from this social point of view that we may commence our inquiry into the progress of Catholicism in Great Britain; not precisely measuring the spiritual progress by the social, but measuring the *hope* of future conversions by social gains.

I.

Perhaps Englishmen are more influenced than are most people by the examples of persons in high estate. In the old days when there were only a few dozens of Catholic "gentlemen" scattered up and down a Protestant land, these gentlemen living very retired lives and being prohibited from taking part in official life, to be a Roman Catholic was to be a sort of *rara avis*, a kind of interesting relic of the dark ages. The laws, the national religion, the social traditions were all in deadly antagonism to Roman Catholicism; so that a man who "turned Catholic," say in 1830, was looked upon with a very unpleasant suspicion. But just as in the days when our fathers were young men, it was thought a compassionable thing to be a Catholic, a thing excusable perhaps in the descendants of those Catholics who had wickedly resisted the Reformation, but disgraceful in an Englishman who had been surrounded from childhood by the enlightening influences of pure Protestantism, so now it is thought rather "in good form" to be a convert, because so many distinguished persons have been converted. The English take their fashions in religion, just as they take their fashion in toilet, from the classes whom they look up to as aristocratic. This is not said in sarcasm, but as a fact. It would not be true to say that Englishmen change their religion with any reference to the examples of other persons; but it is true to say that intellectually, morally, and therefore socially, they are respectful towards a religion which is "in the fashion." The conversion of six duchesses to the Catholic religion caused "society" to rather admire that "form of faith." That a Viceroy of India, an

English Ambassador at Paris, a member of the Privy Council, and a Postmaster-General should be not only Catholics but converts, were facts that caused society to try to reconcile the two ideas of official and Catholic consistency. But society, as it is called, has had other auxiliary motives for esteeming the sincerity of conversions. Intellectually there has been no possibility of putting in the background a Newman, a Manning, a Faber; or of questioning that the English Bar has furnished splendid Catholic testimony in a Coleridge, a Hope-Scott, a Westbury. Just as there was no resisting the "respectability" of the fact, that one Anglican church, that of All Saints, Margaret street, sent seven clergymen in one year into the Catholic Church, so was there no resisting the "respectability" of the fact that the aristocracy of the arts, of poetry, of journalism, of grave composition and of light humor, gave many of its best men to the Old Faith. We are speaking now only of social aspects; and in no country since the days of the Emperor Constantine has "respectability" paid more homage to faith than in the England of the last forty-five years.

It used to be told of Lord Beaconsfield that he had expressed his "sense of the fitness" of offering a seat in the House of Lords to Cardinal Manning. As that versatile and eminently "social" minister was chatting with half a dozen convert lords, he is reported to have approved the idea of a peerage for the representative Catholic Englishman of his day. We all know that the "Grandison" in "Lothair," and the "Eustace de Lyle" in "Conningsby," were meant for portraits of a Catholic dignitary, and of a young distinguished lay convert, Ambrose de Lisle. Such points are indeed only worth alluding to as showing that "social" influences were working warmly on the imagination of the most romantic of statesmen. As they worked on *his* fancy, so have they worked on the fancy of the majority of the thinking, fashionable world of England. When we come to ask the question: Does this mundane, social influence do any good to the spiritual life of the Church? we shall touch upon a very difficult point indeed. At the present moment we are insisting only on the fact; the influences will be more apparent as we go on.

A most important groove of the "social" influence is the "literary," and let us see how this groove has helped Catholics. It was a thing unknown until within the last quarter of a century that Catholics should publish articles in non-Catholic periodicals in defence of their faith or of their philosophy. At the present day it is a common thing to see a first and a last article written by well-known Catholic champions, while among the other articles are perhaps aggressive compositions in avowed hostility to the first article and the last. Cardinal Manning is always welcomed

in such periodicals, and has necessarily done an enormous amount of good. Dr. St. George Mivart has rendered service to the Church by his voluminous contributions as a scientist, just as Lady Herbert of Lea and Lady Georgina Fullerton have purified the atmosphere of "popular" literature. It is perfectly well known that the editors and sub-editors and a very good proportion of the staff of the most widely read newspapers in London are either born Catholics or converts; nor does the fact cause the smallest uneasiness to the British mind, though fifty years ago there would have been a cry of "Jesuits on the press." It would be out of place here to speak of Catholic books which are published by professedly Catholic publishers; their influence is not so much "social" as it is religious. The point to be here noted is that Protestant society in mundane sense is largely traversed by Catholic writings in Protestant reviews. Such a fact is quite exceptional to the present age. Our fathers, when they were young men, would have rubbed their eyes in their amazement and would have refused to believe that a Roman Catholic could plead his cause in *their* literature and actually receive his twenty guineas for very ably demolishing Protestantism at the expense of *their* serenity or prejudice.

Now we may touch on another social aspect—the public part taken by Catholics in official movements, whether in the groove of education or of philanthropy. It was a sincere compliment which Sir Francis Sanford paid to Cardinal Manning on the occasion of his Eminence's silver jubilee, when he said to him: "It has been my privilege to work with you for several years on the Royal Commission. I can only say that if that Commission result in good to the education of this country and, above all, to the religious education of this country, it will be mainly owing to the lead you took on that occasion. I feel from my very heart that if England is to remain a Christian country, so far as education is concerned, the happy result will be due largely to Your Eminence." And as with the Cardinal, so with Catholics generally, there has been a disposition on the part of the Protestant authorities to invite them to "take office" in doing good; Mansion House Committees, Boards of Guardians, and the Commissioners for the Housing of the Poor considering their presence a fruitful source of public benefit. This, then, is socially a great gain. There would now be considered to be an incompleteness about many of the stately gatherings of London life, say the annual banquet at the Royal Academy, or even a Lord Mayor's official entertainment, unless some Catholic who was eminent in his particular groove were to be included in the number of the guests.

We have thus briefly touched upon three points in the social

gain: (1) the "fashion," as we have called it, of welcoming Catholics in society; (2) the throwing open of the highest class of periodicals to the advocacy of Catholicism by Catholics; and (3) the conspicuous part taken by Catholics in what may be called the public life of England. As to the place which Catholics hold in political life,—necessarily very nearly allied to the social life,—it will suffice to say that the present government, although Tory, has not refused to entertain the Liberal project that the next Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland shall be a Catholic, or at least that the profession of the Catholic faith shall not in future be an impediment to holding the office.

This rapid glance at "social" changes may suffice for the moment, and we may now pass to the ecclesiastical and therefore the spiritual progress which Catholicism has made in Great Britain.

II.

And first let it be said that the Catholic Church in Great Britain has necessarily some influence on the whole empire. India, Australia, New Zealand and indirectly all places where Englishmen dwell, must feel the pulsation of that mother-island in which Catholicism is vigorous in the very fact of its rejuvenescence. And so, too, Ireland is all the better off in sympathies, in the proportion of the strength of English Catholicism, though curiously —and it is a mystery we will not touch here—the political sympathies of English and of Irish Catholics are not ruled by the simple law of one faith. Not even one common persecution for three centuries has united English and of Irish Catholic sympathies, but on this subject let it only be said that in the present day the "Irish Question" is *not* first a religious question; it is first a political or imperial question. Fifty years ago, even forty years ago, some fiery Protestant Irish colonel could feel quite safe in assuring the House of Commons "if you only hanged an Irish priest or two you would pacify the country." In the present day any Protestant would be thought a madman who should say a word even in disrespect of Irish priests. True, the coercive policy of the present government has included Irish priests in its malignity; but this is only a make-belief that the government is impartial; it is not intended to be a sneer at religion. We will say a word presently as to the modern aspects of Catholicism in that island which has so superbly clung to the faith. For the moment let it suffice that we emphatically note the fact that religion is *not* now a fatal barrier in the sense of dividing England from Ireland.

If the growth of Catholicism in Great Britain should be measured by its material offspring,—new churches, schools, orphanages,

monasteries, being taken as its ostensible records,—there would be reason to rejoice over a development which has been, in normal phrase, "perfectly satisfactory." Yet we know that it is not safe to judge of things spiritual by any monuments of energy or generosity. We should rather trust the evidence which English priests can appeal to in such statistics as, say this very happy one, that whereas twenty-five years ago, in the Westminster diocese, the number of Easter communicants was 53,000, last year it was 79,000, and the same proportion of increase has been registered in the great towns, and *this* at least is indisputable progress. But how has such progress come about? The answer is, or at least one answer, that where a quarter of a century ago there were few priests who felt themselves competent to give missions, in the Westminster diocese alone there are now fifty priests engaged in missionary labors. But how have such mission priests been prepared? And here the answer is that the new Seminary of St. Thomas, built at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, has already sent two hundred ordained priests into English missions, while in the last twenty years a hundred and forty-nine working priests have been distributed over the London diocese alone. The missions by the Oblates of St. Charles, who are constantly perparing more than a hundred students, and the new efforts of St. Nicholas' School, with its forty students, combined with the quiet work of eleven fresh communities of religious men and fifty fresh communities of religious women in the archdiocese of Westminster alone, may well account for the increase in the number of Easter communicants, who have been well pastored since Cardinal Manning was made Archbishop. Nor does the fact that in the London Catholic schools the daily attendance has been increased by eleven thousand, or the fact that sixteen more orphanages, poor-law schools and workhouse schools have been added in the same short period to the Westminster diocese leave us room for surprise that the practical fruits of such energy have been a reward which is both spiritual and temporal. The building also of forty churches in the Westminster diocese has been an enterprise as laborious as successful. And perhaps it should be added that the purchase of a piece of land, on which to rear the future cathedral of the metropolis, at a cost of nearly three hundred thousand dollars, has set the seal to the grand initiative which Cardinal Manning has parented and will make his name glorious in future history.

But, to sum up the growth of Catholicism in the whole of Great Britain,—that is, in England, Wales and Scotland,—let it suffice to put down these few statistics: The total number of churches, chapels and stations in 1840 was 522; it is now 1641, or rather

more than three times as large. In regard to the number of priests the total number, only a little more than forty years ago, was 624; it is now 2791, England and Wales having 2444 as against their former 551, and Scotland having its 339, as against its former 72 or 73. Next take the religious orders. In 1840, there was 1 convent in Scotland, and there were 19 in England; total for Great Britain 20. But Scotland has now 13 houses for men and 34 for women, while England has 195 for men and 400 for women, so that Great Britain has 642 houses for both sexes together, or an increase of 622 houses. It may be superfluous to allude again to the Archdiocese of Westminster, yet suffice it to say briefly that it has now 353 priests, 124 churches, chapels and stations and 111 religious houses of both sexes. As to education, it may be observed that in 1847 there were only 300 Catholic schools in the whole country, a number which was nearly doubled in fifteen years, and again has been nearly doubled since 1861. As to higher education, in 1840 there were but 9 colleges in England and 1 in Scotland; there are now 35 in England under ecclesiastical rule, besides 19 under a mild administration, and there are also 4 of the first category in Scotland, or a difference between 10 and 58 in England and Scotland put together. And, finally, as to the Catholic population, it has more than doubled in the course of the last half century, 800,000 having been the estimate in 1840, and about 1,800,000 being the present estimate.

Scotland, Presbyterian Scotland, the country of the fanatic fury of John Knox, has advanced *pari passu* with England. The number of Catholic churches is 332, the number of priests is 348, the number of convents for women is 34, and the number of children in attendance at the day schools is not less than 49,000. Perhaps the return of the religious orders to Scotland is the most interesting of the particulars of Scottish advance. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate and the Jesuits entered Edinburgh in 1859, the Vincentians in 1861, the Passionists in 1865, the Franciscans in 1868, the Redemptorists in 1870, the Benedictines in 1876, and the Premonstratentians in 1889. Finally, it should be noted that the Scotch monastery of Fort Augustus is the only monastery of its kind in Great Britain, being a fully-developed, united abbey, with a community of 40, and with a discipline which involves the carrying out of the Benedictine rule, and, therefore, of the Liturgical offices after the idea of pre-Reformation severity. Scotland is very far from being Catholic, yet it is true of Scotland as of England that the spirit of Protestantism is dying out, the spirit of indifference being its supplanter with the many, while that of inquiry is its supplanter with the few.

One word as to Ireland; her population is many millions less

than it was forty years ago; yet, materially, her modern churches, her institutions, are on a nobler scale than has been essayed since the Reformation; while the presence of the religious orders is a sustenance and a delight to the whole bitterly tried Catholic population. The doing away with the Irish Protestant Establishment —a purely political, purely mundane organization—has removed a standing insult out of the country; the swarms of Protestant emissaries who used to teaze and fret the Catholics having lost their shield and dignity by its removal. England has thus offered its little meed of reparation to a country it has trampled upon for centuries; though it is deplorable—as was suggested a few pages back—that the bond of faith between English Catholics and Irish Catholics is not necessarily a bond of union between the countries. English Catholics owe at least half of their present prosperity to the sympathies and to the initiative of Irish Catholics; yet they are as slow to help them as the Tory government is quick to spite them; thus enfeebling the Catholic interests of England, which must be all one with those of the English-speaking race.

III.

And now to take a wider view of the whole subject. The advance of English Catholicism in the last half century—if we may proceed to look at it rationally or philosophically—must be taken in connection with the wondrous change in the world's ideas in regard to science, to politics, to social life, enlightenment, progress, religious liberty, which used to mean, in England "No Popery," have all changed their bearings toward the Church. They have also changed them, curiously, towards Protestantism. Or rather Protestantism has changed its bearings towards Revelation. Forty years ago the prescient mind of Cardinal Newman could foresee the present phases of unbelief, and was able to prophesy that the time was near at hand when Biblical controversy would die out from pure exhaustion, and the Church would have to contend mainly against the scientists. Perhaps the first fulfilment of this prophecy was seen in the publication of the tentative Oxford "Essays and Reviews," introducing a new era of Broad Churchism and next of downright blatant Agnosticism. Englishmen seemed to become impatient of all restraints; they were in hot haste to cut the Gordion knots of difficulties; they would not hear of faith, mystery, or obedience, but struck straight out into the open sea of skepticism. It was remarkable that just at the moment when developments in physical science were giving us steam movements, electric news and electric lights, developments in Protestant license were giving us rapid ways of arguing, rapid notions of hewing all difficulties with the hatchet, difficulties social,

political, and religious, difficulties of this world and of the next. It was all hurry, in mind, movement and religion. Free thought, as it was grandly called, was only hurry; and modern thought—which was no more modern than is modern sin—was only the desperate haste to get rid of our responsibilites by getting rid of our conviction that we had any. This new era of "being in a hurry" has now had its fair trial; and it has made England so unsettled in mind and heart that the whole nation is beginning to cry out for repose.

This general allusion to the marked changes in habits of thinking was almost necessary in approaching the study of that attitude which English Protestants now adopt towards English Catholics. Naturally we think of the future as well as the present; we feel anxious about the generations which, while they *may* have Catholic liberties, most certainly *will* have increased free thinking to contend with. And so we should like to gauge, were it possible, the full meanings of those signs of the times, which, though they promise continued peace to the present generation, have some very threatening forecasts for posterity.

"I do not anticipate the conversion of England," said Cardinal Manning, in the course of last summer, when he was addressing a mixed audience at his own house. Why not? we may, perhaps, legitimately inquire. If we have been able to show, by clear statistics, that, both materially and spiritually, there *has* been a splendid advance in English Catholicism, what can hinder that the same proportionate advance should bless the ages which we shall not live to see? We must touch, of course, on delicate ground, in trying to answer this question; but it is more manly to try to answer it than to shut our eyes.

And, first, as to the range of difficulties which have to be met. *Who* are the worst enemies of the Catholic faith, in regard to class, caste or education? Of course, we reply readily that Mammon is the big enemy; but then Mammon has been the Goliath from the beginning. In England Mammon is most worshipped by the middle classes; those dense masses of respectability and complacency, which require a Krupp gun of Catholic wisdom or spirituality to penetrate even half an inch beyond the surface. And, in England, the middle classes are everybody. The aristocrats are a small, isolated class; the working classes have no power—save at election time; but England is really the middle classes, without whom there would be no England at all. Now, the attitude of the middle classes is respectability, with complacency—weaknesses, which are the pet armor of Mammon, who never did like the Catholic religion. But, respectability and complacency have unfortunately bred in the middle classes a spirit of isolation and

individualism; so that each grade of each class lifts up the hem of its garment from the next lower grade of the same class. This spirit is the complete negation of Catholicism. The primary instinct of Catholicism, in the social sense, is that we are "every one members, one of another"; that we have, every one, duties towards each other which are as imperative as our duties towards ourselves. This is not English. It is Catholic. And, unhappily, English society is anti-Catholic.

But, are the humbler orders, the working classes, anti-Catholic? No; they are profoundly ignorant of the whole Catholic philosophy; but this is not their fault; it is their tradition. The Protestant corruption of the working classes has all come down to them from the middle classes, who have taught them that Catholic philosophy means tyranny, whereas it means freedom, social, political and religious. Lies have made the working classes anti-Catholic, and very widely do they open their eyes when a Catholic warmly assures them that, in the Middle Ages, some English kings quarrelled with Rome, *because* Rome insisted that power resided in the people, and *from* them passed to the governments they selected. But, unhappily, in the present day, the vast outpouring of the infidel press, the cheap pamphlets which are sold on the streets of the large towns, advocating the rights and glories of freethinking, with the hostile attitude of Protestant clergymen and Protestant nuns, give the working classes little chance of knowing what they would know, if Catholic literature could be sown broadcast in their midst.

Again, the struggle for existence, the coarse, animal relations, which exist between the employed and their employers, the want of natural sympathy and natural grace which are characteristic of English notions of "lords and masters," predispose the working classes to look on life as a horrid puzzle, as a mystery of injustice and pain. This is the *social* side of Protestantism. Quite as fatal to the social harmonies and social graces was Queen Elizabeth's dispensation of schism and heresy as it was fatal to the soul's peace and the mind's dignity. The English working classes are the victims of that isolation and individualism which were begotten of the destruction of Catholic unity; they cannot, naturally, turn to the Church for social fellowship, because they have lost the instinct of the Catholic Family, which is *not* Protestant; so that they have no chance of finding their way into their true Home, unless some Catholic friend or Catholic priest happen to aid them. There is no hostility in their minds towards the truth; how should there be, when they have never known anything about it? there is only the want of means of being taught, and such means, speaking naturally, must be rare. If the English working classes could be

converted, they would make as warm Catholics as they are now cold Protestants, for they have the right stuff in them for manliness and for service.

So that, with the middle classes devoted to the life worship of Mammon and with the working classes tied to the chariot wheels of the middle classes, there is only the aristocracy left which "cares for none of these things," save speculatively, sentimentally or educatedly. The few members of the aristocracy who have become Catholics have set the fashionable world talking about conversions; but they have no more leavened their class with Catholic ideas than the Irish immigrants have leavened the costers or artisans. The aristocracy may admit that doctrine just as they admit that art or history may be an auxiliary accident of a national church; but authority they do not admit, because they think it shackles individualism, and individualism is the pet weakness of English magnates. So the aristocracy, when they happen to be religious minded, fall back on the modern fiction called Ritualism, which satisfies their imaginations without demanding their obedience, and so presents a very happy British compromise.

But will Ritualism continue to be the enemy of Catholicism by posing as a haven instead of as a shoal bank? The Goodwin Sands off the coast of Kent have a brilliant revolving light which warns voyagers in dusky weather of their danger, nor would any one willingly get on to the Goodwin Sands, because the chances are that he would never get off again, but the Ritualists assure the voyager who is going from Protestantism to Catholicism that their Goodwin Sands are the home and harbor he would seek, and thus cruelly allure the voyager on to their quick or shifting ground through which he will necessarily soon sink down into pure free-thinking. Ritualism is unquestionably the enemy of Catholicism, not only because it keeps people out of the church, but because it puts an absurd fiction into its place. If it said frankly, "We are *not* the Church, but then there is no necessity to go into it," there would no deception, no pretension, no hypocrisies; but what it says is: "We, who have for three centuries been Protestant, have just discovered that we are the real Catholic Church, and though we have no authority but ourselves for this restoration of our identity, it is obvious that we must be the Church, because we say so." The English people, wanting a pretext for not being Catholics, accept this patent fallacy for an axiom, not that they really believe that Ritualism is divine, but that, in order to escape the dreaded submission to the Church, they prefer to soothe their Protestant fancy with a fiction. For a quarter of a century has Ritualism barred the Catholic way.

And just as Czarodoxy compels the Russians to obey the Czar so Ritualism compels the Anglicans to obey themselves.

This brief survey of some of the normal Protestant difficulties may lead us to ask another and a painful question. What are the shortcomings still existing on the Catholic side which make the hope of England's conversion somewhat dim?

IV.

First, the Catholic organization, though in some respects advanced, is in others in an inchoate state. There is a want of a common centre of meeting and of teaching. Though the bishops and clergy are knit together, there cannot be said to be an easy intercommunication between the far-divided laity of north and south. However, we may find remedies for this separatedness, which is one of the inherited stiffnesses of Catholic action, resulting from three centuries of oppression. Next, there is no Catholic University. The Holy See has not seen its way to advising young Catholics to matriculate at Oxford, Cambridge or London, and such attempts as have been already made to found and endow a university—a few years ago there was a beginning but no continuance—have perhaps naturally failed for want of funds. Besides, there is an old traditional hankering after the *old* universities on the part of the young and wealthy English Catholics, a sort of feeling which would express itself, "Oxford and Cambridge belong to *us;* what need others to begin anew with more foundations?" Even assuming that there were adequate resources for this task, there are few Englishmen who would have the enthusiasm to give their thousands to start a rival to the old historic places,—places which *might* be theirs again in changed conditions, and which they almost believe may yet become so.

Again, there is a very small "reading public" for Catholic books, and there is a slowness in bringing into the English market, in placing conspicuously before the eyes of the general public, the grand books which are known upon the continent of Europe, and also such American publications as are noteworthy. Nor is there such a thing as an "English Catholic Quarterly Review?" There is the old "Dublin," time-honored and mainly English; there are several excellent tentative periodicals; but no publisher has had the courage to start an English Catholic Quarterly, perhaps for reasons which might be imparted in friendly privacy. In the same way there is no Catholic daily paper. Catholics would not start it, would not support it. An influential Catholic tried twenty years ago to form a committee with a view to initiating plans for a daily paper, but the normal objections, chiefly commercial, were considered fatal, and the scheme has

slept soundly for many years, nor is any one likely to awaken it. One great difficulty in the way was that of politics. The only perfectly united Christian body in England is as much divided about politics as are Anglicans. So there is no daily organ; there does not seem likely to be one of Catholic faith, because it is not possible to have an organ of Catholic politics.

There is a want also in England of such beneficent associations as abound in many parts of the Continent; a need which may be supplied when we get a grand "Centre Party" to work for Catholics as do their strong German allies, but which, at present, results from an inherited isolatedness, with no "impregnable fortress" to back it up.

As to education, in the higher schools, it is all that can be desired, in regard both to religion and scholarship; yet it scarcely touches the new duties which devolve on Catholics as citizens in an age which is intensely selfish and money-worshipping. Our duties to ourselves are well imparted, but our duties to everybody else are not taught philosophically, or in such a spirit as to make them the grand object of life. Now, considering that the master evil of Protestantism, socially speaking, has been to split up the Christian family into units, to make every man a separate world to himself, instead of making all men Catholic brothers, it would seem that the first principles of purely natural magnanimity ought to be brought into close accord with Christian chivalry. A gentleman should be one who has no selfishness, no narrow, cliquey ideas of social caste; no pride, in the odiously conventional sense of the word, and no *fear* of what the world thinks or says, whereas, English Catholics, as a body, are conventional. Their religion does not permeate their social ways. They bow obediently to the dictation of "society," instead of contemptuously disregarding its weaknesses. This is doubtless an easy way of living peaceably and prosperously, but it does not seem quite worthy of the Catholic mission. We should rather expect that Catholics would teach society exalted ideas, than that they should conform themselves to its littleness or vulgarity. And even Protestants seem disappointed that Catholics, whom they look up to as being their superiors in the grandeur of their religion, should nevertheless, socially speaking, be as small as other people—smaller, considering what they profess.

At the beginning of this paper, a doubt was mildly hazarded, whether the mundane progress of the Catholic body in England had aided them in the spiritual life. The present writer well remembers how, say in the year 1850, a Catholic cared first for his brother Catholic; but "social gains" have spoiled the fervor of the old brotherhood, so that a Protestant would hardly say now what he

would have said to a Catholic forty years ago: "What I like in you Catholics is your freemasonry; you are all of one mind and one heart." "Social gains" have spoiled Catholic affinities, instead of inspiring the Catholic heart with St. Paul's beautiful philosophy, in regard to the perfect sympathy of "all the members." While speaking of the national prospects of England's conversion, it was hardly possible to avoid allusion to this chief failing of Catholic society (the poor, are, of course, exempt from such temptations), the allowing conventionalism to take the place of wide ideas, and moral cowardice to crush out Catholic chivalry.

V.

A glance at the present condition of the Church in England has shown us much that is cheering, and yet not very much that is hopeful. Perhaps we can understand with what sadness Cardinal Manning uttered the words: "I do not anticipate the conversion of England." His Eminence knows both sides. He is not so unreal as to shut his eyes to Catholic weaknesses, any more than to the obstacles which are Protestant. He knows where the best reform should begin. Pius the Ninth said that, "Nothing was easier than to reform Italy, if every Italian would begin by reforming himself." And so we may say of England, that nothing would be easier than to convert it if every Catholic would make up his mind to reform himself; that is, to live henceforth for all men, instead of living for self, *plus* acquaintance. "A man can hardly be a good Catholic," said Father Faber, "unless he has something of the missionary spirit," and it is tolerably certain, that if every Catholic had a missionary spirit, England would very soon be converted. But the missionary spirit must work first in the natural order; and it is because English society is grounded on the principle that a man must not raise his hat to an inferior, that the want of social harmonies breeds this want of Christian sympathy; because real influence must begin with real interest. An essay on the fallacies of English society would be an essay on the slowness of English conversions. It is in the natural order that a country is to be converted before it is to be converted in the spiritual order, which is only another way of saying that no man believes in your religion unless he first sees that you have the natural virtues. Now, pride, exclusiveness, callousness, patronage, with all the breed of purely conventional gentility, are the great opposites of the loveable natural virtues; and here it is that English society begins by destroying its best influences, in putting the world before social heroism and magnanimity. The world stops the way. And some English Catholics hold tight on to the world with their

right hand, while with their left hand they set to work to convert Protestants.

It must be manifest that such remarks are but suggestive; they would be unjust if applied to a great majority; they are only trying to get to the bottom of a principle. Society is one thing, Englishmen are another; and even among Protestants most Englishmen deplore the weaknesses which have resulted in so alienating the lower orders, that their uncouthness or unmannerliness is a sort of vengeance on the isolation which Protestant disintegration has generated.

Retracing, for one brief moment, these hurried steps—and the subject is so large that it would be a positive presumption to affect to treat it comprehensively in a few pages—may we say that the difference between the fury of Lord John Russell's time and the mild Protestant acquiescence of our own day, is the difference between a tradition and an education. The English are, naturally, stubborn in clinging to their traditions; but it is due to them to say that they are as reasonable in their reparation as they are unreasonable in their perversity of prejudice. The fact having become patent to the national eye that Catholics *may* be good citizens and good Christians, there has been an uprooting of the prejudice, but not a conversion to the principle that both schism and heresy are deadly sins.

A good deal of the popular favor towards Catholics is now due to political causes. Liberalism includes, to-day, the right of believing as you please, even though that belief be "un-English"; whereas, formerly it meant the right only of believing as you pleased, so long as you were *not* a Roman Catholic. Liberalism is now as blatant in the religious sphere as in any of the spheres called democratic; it is not precisely the insistance on the right of religious liberty, but on the right of having no religion whatever; it is a big word, always spelt with a capital letter—for Liberalism, like Unknowableness, disdains small type—but it is a negative a good deal more than it is a positive; for it is not a principle, but an apostasy. Civil liberty means only the being equally protected by equal laws; religious Liberalism means the exemption from all religious laws of belief, whether formulated by the Church or by the State. It is manifest that such a sweeping modern Liberalism must, in consistency, extend its favors to Catholics; because it were absurd to insist that a man may believe nothing, without conceding to him the right to believe anything. But this august concession is only a sham. As a matter of fact, there are no men in England so aggressive in their attacks on others' beliefs as those men who are clamorous for the rights of their own freethinking—including their blasphemies on Christianity.

This spirit of religious Liberalism, though qualified by education, by natural piety, and also by the sentiment of Christianity, has permeated the national church, the universities, the professions; so that you hear it, you feel it, all around you. Does it tend to conversions to Catholicism? Certainly not. What it tends to, is a vain, weak complacency which makes men imagine that they are liberal, because they are politely indifferent to dogmatic truth, or because they do not care enough about saving their own souls, to take an interest in the religious belief of other people. The late Cardinal Newman said that Liberalism in religion was a greater enemy of the truth than even heresy; because heresy might be consistent with sincerity, but Liberalism was inconsistent with earnestness.

This last allusion to the great name of John Henry Newman may fitly lead us to conclude this short paper with a grateful remembrance of *his* work, a work which perhaps did more towards the conversion of England than that of any other Englishman of the century.

It is sixty years since a young clergyman at one of the Oxford Colleges took a lead in the "theological thought" of his day; and about fifty years since he was accepted as the head of that school, which was first famed as seeking primitive authority. In looking back upon his influence both at Oxford and all over the country, we must attribute it, not to his talents, to his eloquence, to even his pure and beautiful religious writings, but to the individuality of honesty, of simplicity with earnestness, which made the *man* a more potent teacher than the theologian. Because every one could trust him as he could trust his own soul, therefore every one could love him even to obedience. It was this transparent integrity which made John Henry Newman the favorite with Low Churchmen as with High Churchmen, with Dissenters, with Broad Churchmen, even with skeptics. The *man* was so indubitably honest, so simple natured and above the smallest prevarication, that when he put pen to paper all Protestants liked to read, because they knew *he* believed all he said. That very simplicity of truthfulness got him into no little trouble among such Catholics as esteem prudence before outspokenness; but it so endeared him to the British public that they would take anything from him, even a good scolding or a bit of sarcasm or ridicule. And thus his influence on the whole nation was a sort of half-conscious education, leading Protestants to see clearly that a master mind which was Roman Catholic could be as childlike in honesty as it was full of faith. John Henry Newman "converted the English nation from its prejudice as to the Jesuistry" of Catholics to a firmer belief in Catholic candor and manliness, and so did more perhaps to lead England back to the

faith than had he spent his time in preaching Catholicism from St. Paul's Cathedral.

The death of Cardinal Newman closes an epoch in English history, the epoch between old Protestantism and new Liberalism. Whatever has been gained to the Catholic Church in the last forty years, must be associated, not indeed as effect from cause, but as in harmony with that new impression on the English mind which John Henry Newman largely fathered. It was impossible to close this brief essay on "Present Positions" without a tribute of affectionate homage, both to the Anglican who *led* his church, and to the Catholic who made Protestants *respect* his Church. Forty years have compassed the first epoch of concessions; but whether the next forty years shall be as fruitful in Catholic progress must depend largely upon whether the spirit of John Henry Newman continues to animate English Catholics.

And at this point it would have been fitting to lay down the pen had it not been for the accident that the major part of this paper was written before the death of Cardinal Newman. We may, therefore, be allowed to add a few words in regard to certain aspects of the career of the late Cardinal, whom all England has mourned with profound homage.

"When Dr. Newman submitted to Rome," said one of his critics, "he undid, intellectually speaking, the mischief of three centuries." The reason was that Mr. Newman's career, from the time he went up to Oxford to the time when he was received into the Church, was primarily an intellectual process; reason, not imagination, guiding him from step to step, so that his conversion was a purely logical ultimate. He tried every Anglican position, one after the other, travelling slowly for twenty years from Protestantism to Catholicism, never permitting himself to let go of one ecclesiastical theory till he had made sure by years of trial that it was untenable, and so having nothing to retract because he never permitted haste or worry to obscure the terrible issues of the inquiry. It was on that account that all Anglicans trusted him, "credo in Newmannum" being a sort of popular way of expressing belief in Mr. Newman's safe and steady reasoning progress. The Church of England, by its leading newspaper, has called Cardinal Newman "the founder, we may almost say, of the Church of England as we see it." The founder, certainly, in this sense: that, as the master builder, he would never leave the subject of foundations till he was sure that they could bear the church edifice. After twenty years of working at the foundations he gave them up as being "sand," not "rock," but his Anglican friends were content with his workmanship, and built a picturesque Ritualist house—on the "sand."

Elected, when still a young man, to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford, he quickly drew around him all the thinking men of Oxford, and led them, step by step, towards Catholicism. His position at Oxford has been compared to that of Savonarola at Florence, but in truth the whole of England was soon listening to that voice which, as Mr. A. T. Froude has observed, and with partial accuracy, "was the voice of the intellectual reaction of Europe, alarmed by an era of evolutions, and looking for safety in the forsaken belief of ages, which it had been tempted to despise." Mr. Newman in those days was laboring at the impossible task of discriminating between the doctrines of the Anglican writers he most respected, as apparently justified by primitive teaching, the "recesses" of the "Romish Branch of the Catholic Church," and the wild Protestantism of Geneva and Wittenberg. He was for a long while, as he has told us in the "Apologia," warmly prejudiced against Rome as a pure authority, so much so that he wrote hard things, which, some years before his conversion, he unsaid with his usual candor and humility. And so earnestly desirous was he to "stay where he was" that he wrote "Tract 90" expressly to show that an Anglican *might* subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles in a sense which he might think Catholic, though it was not Roman. Mr. Newman's heart was in the home church of his lifetime, his conversion being ultimately the conquest by pure reason of the natural sentiment of attachment to the Church of England. It was this determination "never to hasten faster than reason would let him," which won for him the eulogy quoted above that "he undid, intellectually speaking, the mischief of three centuries," because never again can Anglicans go back to their old positions; these positions having each in turn been tried and found wanting by the master mind which lived *in* them and passed *through* them, and which has left us, in incomparable writings, the most logical exposition of every one of their good points and their bad. He himself summed up the whole of his researches, his long and earnest struggle with his natural self in those simple words he addressed, in 1850, to his Anglican friends: "We must either give up belief in the Church as a Divine institution altogether, or we must recognize it in the Communion of which the Pope is the head; for," he added, "the question lies between the Church and no Divine messenger at all. There is no revelation given us unless she is the organ of it, for where else is there a prophet to be found?"

Historian, controversialist, poet, theologian, and indeed, we may venture to add, saint, the late Cardinal Newman was also the first essayist of his time; rivalling in lucidity, in coloring, in depth, those masters whom we have been accustomed to take as models,

and perhaps surpassing them in the charm of individuality, that indefinable and rare gift of nature. "His language," says an Anglican, "was a faultless instrument, and he played on it as a faultless master." Could anything in oratory be more beautiful than his sermon at St. Mary's, Oscott, on "The Second Spring," which even Lord Macaulay is said to have learned by heart, as one of the purest gems in the English language. As to his power as a preacher, we may perhaps quote the words of Mr. Froude, for he was speaking not as an ally, but as a critic, when he recalled "that voice so keen, so preternaturally sweet, whose very whisper used to thrill through crowded churches, when every breath was held to hear; that calm gray eye; those features so stern and yet so gentle." Yet it has been better said that Cardinal Newman's preaching, like his writing, was "chiefly striking from the absence of any fault;" his style being so pure that neither rhetoric nor feebleness could ever find place in its composure.

It is refreshing to average mortals to think of this great mind as having passed through some of the phases of "doubt," and come out of them the stronger, the more believing. Thus in 1825 it was said of Mr. Newman by some friends who knew him intimately at Oxford, that he was "drifting in the direction of the liberalism of the day," "beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral," and even becoming "skeptical as to the early Church miracles." He himself says of this period in his "Apologia," "I was rudely awakened from my dreams at the end of 1827 by two great blows, illness and bereavement." And we know how he has made reparation for this young man's "dream," not only in his writings but in his public addresses; especially on two occasions, when (1) he made his famous reply at the Pallazzo Della Pigna in Rome, on receiving the Cardinal's biretta, and (2) when he addressed a London audience at Norfolk House, shortly after his return from the Eternal City. No one has cut modern liberalism to the quick more keenly than he who, sixty-five years ago, with no guide but his own unaided wisdom, was half disposed to listen to its enchantments.

Of his great personal controversies the two which will be best remembered are (1) his answer to Mr. Gladstone's "The Vatican Decree," and (2) his sharp retort to Mr. Kingsley, who had accused him of untruthfulness, but who had to "fly away into space" as a deserved punishment. As to the first controversy, Dr. Newman was even more than victorious; for not only did he succeed in forcing Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge "the personal loyalty of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects," the very point which Mr. Gladstone wrote his pamphlet to question, but he compelled the whole English press to recognize the perfect consistency of the

Dogma of Infallibility with British loyalty. Thus the "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" became an English classic, to which Catholics can turn in any emergency of misrepresentation, as to an armory of polished weapons of defence. And as to the second controversy, "The Kingsley Suicide," English Catholics must always prize it, because it put controversy itself on its proper basis. It taught the English world that a false accusation, such as that which Mr. Kingsley had hurled, was a wicked "poisoning of the wells," and should be castigated; nor probably does there exist in English literature a finer fragment of brilliant irony and just wrath than Dr. Newman's "Reflections" on Mr. Kingsley.

If it were asked, was there any region of controversy which the late Cardinal Newman did *not* touch, it might be replied, yes; he did not care for problems in science, because they were ephemeral; and because the Darwins and the Spencers of "modern thought" were sure to be answered by their own friends. Nor did critical problems in Bible literature much occupy him, because he knew that they were only excuses for putting off the real inquiry as to the authority of the Church as our interpreter. His mind could not rest on minor details of human strife, because he lived rather in the whole age of the Catholic Church than in one particular century which was querulous. His intimate knowledge of men, manners, and influences; his habit of looking upon the past as always present, and upon the present as being a page only in life's story; his love of seeking rather to make us live with the ancient martyrs than with modern or mediæval celebrities—a habit which was so beautifully illustrated in "Callista," which might be said to be "Newman in his home life"—were all traits of mental character which made the late Cardinal *above* this age, which is an age of present conceits and present strifes. He knew what development meant in ecclesiastical sense; but as to the sense in which Mr. Darwin might use it, or its application to the human race, or the natural world, he seemed to look on such speculations as ephemeral. Nor would he ever consent to take part in grooves of work to which he had not given his special attention, so that, for example, when he was invited to aid the "Anglican Committee" in revising their translation of the New Testament, he declined, on the ground that he had not made the sacred text "a sufficiently special study to be competent." He stood outside the very age in which he lived. In his "Grammar of Assent," he pursues his course in a serene atmosphere, as though hardly conscious of the Agnosticism or the Materialism which were troubling the waters of thought with dirty bubbles. He wrote on principles which were above such human accidents, as much as to say, clear your minds of these distempers, and look down from the eternal principles of truth

and right on to the shifting delusions of this folly or of that sin. And in this attitude Cardinal Newman was a great teacher, a sort of apostle to the weak victims of modern thought, since he was exactly the man who was wanted to teach them that to-day is only the briefest possible link between past and future. He knew that he could not convert the world, and he did not attempt it; but what he did do was to tell the world that it was Antichrist, that its philosophy was the oldest delusions re-dressed up; that its literature was only a diverting of the soul's thinking from its real love to a morbid variety of sham loves; and that its cynicism, which it supposed to be directed against religion, ought properly to be directed against itself. Thus "the prophet" spoke to his countrymen in the wilderness. He tried to win them back to the rock of Authority. He showed to them, by his own example, what they ought to do; what, indeed, so to speak, he had done for them; "undoing, intellectually speaking, the mischief of three centuries." It was a glorious mission. The name of Newman, though intensely English in association—as to work, movements, objects, sympathies, ideas—will be always esteemed throughout Christendom for its primarily Catholic signification, as putting the world right, intellectually, upon Authority.

The saintly poet, who wrote the modern gem "Gerontius," has now passed into the eternal Home for which he lived, and we, too, can now dream of *him* as saying:

> "I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed,
> A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
> An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
> Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
> And ne'er had been before."

THE FRIENDS AND THE FOES OF SCIENCE.

DURING the past few decades many important chapters of history have been rewritten, and many statements, which a German writer has well characterized as "historical lies," have been rejected as never having had any foundation in fact. The chapter concerning the inductive sciences, and especially the relation of these sciences to the Church and to those who have been in communion with the Church, is yet to be written. We want a historian who can distinguish true from false science; who can discriminate between theory and doctrine; who, in a word, can point out to us who are the real friends and who are the real foes of true science.

If we look over the field of science to-day, we shall find that the so-called leaders of modern thought would have us accept the flimsiest hypotheses and wildest speculations as the unquestionable, ultimate results of scientific investigation. We shall discover, also, that these alleged "advanced thinkers" are men without faith and generally men who deny the existence of God. We shall see, too, that they are popular, and that their theories are popular because they are sensational and because they run counter to the traditional teachings of our race, and more particularly because they are opposed to the truths of revelation and the positive doctrines of the Catholic Church. A glance will tell us of the lack of unanimity in the conclusions reached by these popularly-regarded and applauded representatives of science; that they differ as much from one another as to what is scientific truth as do the same class of exponents of science of one age differ from those of the age succeeding.

If we extend our view back beyond the "living present," and consult the records of the past, we shall learn that the most energetic and successful workers in every department of science, and the greatest champions of progress, were those who were the most devoted sons of Holy Church, the most consistent believers in her teachings. The friends of the Church, of revelation, of sound doctrine, have ever been the friends of true science. On the other hand, science has known no greater foes than those who have actively opposed the Church, denied her dogmas, or called in question her divine origin.

In view of these undeniable historical facts, we shall, in this paper, discuss the principles that give rise to such conflicting opinions, such false and sensational conclusions; inquire why it

is that men of ability, as many of our scientific professors unquestionably are, fall into such egregious errors and ridiculous absurdities; and, finally, shall show, in the light of history, what a spirit of intolerance has ever reigned outside of the Catholic Church; a spirit, as intolerant of true science as of Catholic dogma; a spirit, that has been as antagonistic to scientific progress as it has been to the propagation of the gospel, and a spirit too, which has headed a persecution as bitter and as protracted in matters of science as any recorded in the annals of religious development.

One need not, indeed, be surprised at finding those who are outside of the Church falling into error regarding the various subjects with which the scientist is supposed to deal. Conflicting errors and changing opinions are the inevitable resulting consequences of rejecting the Church's authority. The theories and the guesses, the materialism and the atheism, which go so far towards making up what is known as "modern science," are simply the natural outgrowth of the great apostacy of the sixteenth century.

The German "Reformers," with Luther at their head, rejected the Church and retained the Bible; the Deists of England cast away the Bible and held on to God: the Encyclopædiasts of France repudiated God and contracted their faith to a simple recognition of the existence of matter. Luther opposed Catholicity; Voltaire battled against Christianity; modern materialism has entered the lists against religion of any and every form. The pantheists of the last century insisted on it, that all men are Gods. The materialists of our own age are equally positive that we are all beasts. At one time, scientists, with Lelande, will refuse to believe in the existence of God, because they have never seen Him with their telescopes; at any other time they will join in a chorus of praise about "Father Mud, the Almighty Plastic." With Broussais, they deny that there is a soul, because, forsooth, they have never found it at the end of their scalpels; and, with La Mettrie, they teach that man is merely a plant or a machine. In one generation "everything," in the words of Bossuet, "is God except God Himself; and in another, men, who call themselves scientists, will write long treatises on nature, without even a mention of the name of the Deity, and without the slightest allusion to His power and wisdom as displayed in His works. With Hæckel, they will believe in spontaneous generation—although it has been proven to be absurd—rather than acknowledge the miracle of creation. In a word, "Every one of them," to quote the language of Voltaire, "destroys and renovates the earth after his own fashion, as Descartes framed it, for philosophers put themselves without

ceremony in the place of God and think they can create a universe with a word."

But our modern "advanced thinkers" have gone even farther. Not content with eliminating from their creed everything pertaining to theology, they have gone so far as to discard logic and philosophy. They sneer at the productions of the great masters of thought of ancient and mediæval times, and speak of their philosophic labors in terms of undisguised contempt.

Büchner, for instance, flippantly declares, that the metaphysics of the Platos, the Descarteses, the Malebranches, the Bossuets, the Fenelons, the Leibnitzes and the Clarkes, may beguile simple minds, but no one, like himself presumably, could seriously regard it as a science.

With Büchner, as with modern scientists generally, outside of the pale of the Church, everything is reduced to induction, and it is applied indiscriminately to the discussion of every question, whether of the natural or of the supernatural order. According to them, a man cannot consistently profess a belief in the truths of philosophy, as a science of principles, and at the same time be a scientist.

In his work on "Man in the Past, Present, and Future," Büchner quotes, as expressing his own sentiments and those of his school, the violent denunciations of the atheistic Dr. Page against all who have the hardihood to accept anything that, like the truths of philosophy or religion, presupposes fixedness and unchangeableness of belief.

"No man," says Dr. Page, "who has subscribed to creeds and formulæ, whether in theology or philosophy, can be an unbiased investigator of the truth or an unprejudiced judge of the opinions of others. His sworn preconceptions warp his discernment; adherence to his sect or party engenders intolerance to the honest convictions of other inquirers. Beliefs we may and must have, but a belief to be changed with new and advancing knowledge impedes no progress, while a creed subscribed to as ultimate truth and sworn to be defended, not only puts a bar to further research, but as a consequence throws the odium of distrust on all that may seem to oppose it. Even when such odium cannot deter, it annoys and irritates; hence the frequent unwillingness of men of science to come prominently forward with the avowal of their beliefs. It is time this delicacy were thrown aside, and such theologians plainly told that the skepticism and infidelity—if skepticism and infidelity there be—lies all on their own side. There is no skepticism so offensive as that which doubts the facts of honest and careful observations; no infidelity so gross as that which disbelives the deductions of competent and unbiased judgments."[1]

And "these words of gold," to which Büchner and his associates say amen, "deserve to be graven on brass and affixed to the doors of all churches, schools, and editorial rooms."

It would be indeed difficult to put in words more damning evi-

[1] Author's preface.

dence in support of the arraignment we have drawn up against modern scientists than the passages we have just quoted. Nothing could reveal more clearly their methods or declare more explicitly their desires and purposes. Passion and zeal in furtherance of an ungodly cause have led them to make known the animus that governs them in their researches, and to betray the secret of the subterfuges and tergiversations that characterize them, and of the pronounced hostility they display whenever there is question of the relation of science to the Church.

As to a Catholic scientist, it would be simply impossible for him to fall into the errors, contradictions and absurdities of those who have rejected the assistance and guidance of reason, and faith of philosophy and revelation. He would not idle away his time in futile speculations, which his faith, if not his reason, would tell him, have no foundation in fact. On the contrary, he would eschew all such sources of error, and be spared the mortification of the constant changes and retractions our modern materialistic scientists are constantly obliged to make.

In his admirable "Sept Leçons de Physique Générale," the immortal Cauchy, conceded to be the ablest mathematician of his age, makes a pointed reference to this subject. Speaking of the precautions that students of science should take to avoid falling into error, he says:

"One ought to reject without hesitation, every hypothesis which is in contradiction to revealed truth.[1] I will not say in the interest of religion, but in the interest of science, because truth can never contradict itself. It is, for having neglected this rule, that there have been scientists who have squandered in futile attempts much precious time that might have been happily employed in making useful discoveries. What important contributions might not have been made to our collection of scientific memoirs, if religion had always guided the pen of those authors, who for awhile imagined that they had discovered that the zodiacs of Denderah and Esne have an antiquity of twelve thousand years; that man is descended from a polyp; that he has existed on earth from all eternity; that the deluge is a fable; that the creation of man and animals was the effect of chance; that even in our own days, they can be seen springing from the earth in the isles of the great ocean; and that the natives of America form a different species from that to which we belong, etc.?" "Yes, gentlemen," the learned author continues, "we are forced to recognize the fact, that, as in regulating the heart of man and interdicting to him false pleasures, religion simply opens up to him a new source of ineffable joys and seeks his own happiness; so also, in imposing on the mind of the savant certain rules, she simply confines his imagination within just limits, and spares him the regret of having been misled by false systems and pernicious illusions."[2]

[1] The learned German scientist, Prof. Virchow, although not a Catholic, has wisdom enough to see the necessity of this rule laid down by the illustrious Cauchy. In his address before the German Naturalists at Munich in 1877, he solemnly declared that "Every attempt to transform our problems into dogmas, to introduce our conjectures as a basis of instruction, particularly any attempt simply to dispossess the Church and to supplant her dogma by a creed of descent—aye gentlemen—this attempt must fail, and in its ruin will entail the greatest peril on the position of science in general."

[2] *Sept Leçons de Physique Générale, deuxiene leçon.*

The lesson here inculcated is the one put in practice by every Catholic student of science. It is, indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of the many eminent men who have reflected honor on science and on the Church, that they have always known what are the true limits of science as distinguished from those of philosophy and theology, and that they have understood how to steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis that have been the destruction of so many proud and venturesome spirits outside of the Church.

The distinguished French chemist M. Berthelot, in writing to M. Renan *apropos* of this subject, says:

"Positive science pursues neither first causes nor the end of things, but it proceeds by establishing facts and connecting them with each other by intimate relations. . . . The human mind ascertains the facts by observation and experience; it compares them and thence infers relations; that is to say, facts which are more general. These in turn, and this is the sole guarantee of their reality, are verified by observation and experience. It is the chain of these relations, extended further each day by the efforts of human intelligence, that constitutes positive science."

In referring to the same subject, the eminent physiologist Claude Bernard declares that:

"First causes are not within the domain of science, and that they always escape us, as well in the science of living bodies as in the science of brute matter."

The celebrated Pasteur says, in the same strain, that:

"Experimental science is essentially positivist, in this sense, that in its conceptions it never introduces the consideration of the essence of things, of the origin of the world, and of its destinies."

Were we to question the other great representatives of science, of present or past time, concerning the domain of the sciences in which they achieved such success, they would give us the same answer.[1] With Cauchy, Berthelot, Claude Bernard, Pasteur, they would tell us that science deals simply with facts and phenomena; that the methods and instruments of the scientist cannot be ap-

[1] It gives us pleasure to quote here from two of the most renowned, although two of the most neglected, scientists of the Middle Ages, viz., Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus—the former a Franciscan monk, the latter a Dominican friar. To these eminent scholars and to Galileo, of a later age, and not to Lord Bacon, is due the introduction of the inductive or experimental method in the natural and physical sciences. Roger Bacon, in his *Opus Majus*, p. vi., 1, says: "Duo sunt modi cognoscendi, scilicet per argumentum et experientiam. Sine experientia nihil sufficienter sciri potest. Argumentum concludit sed non certificat, neque removet dubitationem ut quiescat animus in intuitu veritatis, nisi eam inveniat via experientiæ." Albertus Magnus, *Opp.*, tom. v., p. 340, writes: "Harum autem, quas ponemus, quasdam quidem ipsi nos experimento probavimus, quasdam autem referimus ex dictis eorum, quos comperimus non de facile aliqua dicere nisi probata per experimentum. Experimentum enim solum certificat de talibus, eo quod de tam particularibus syllogismus haberi non potest."

plied to questions that belong to an order that is supersensible or supernatural. Ever ready to acknowledge the assistance afforded by philosophy and revealed truth; to recognize the light they throw on the many complicated questions which arise in the study of nature, they yet always have before them the lines of demarcation separating the sciences based on induction from those that repose on the firmer and more certain bases of reason and faith.

It has been such men, working in accordance with the principles indicated, that have given to the world the precious deposit of science it now possesses, and it is one of the glories of the Church that she can point to all the great masters of true science as those who, if not in every instance within her pale, were trained in accordance with her teachings and were ever, directly or indirectly, under her influence. She has always counted, and still counts, among her children the most eminent representatives of every department of science. Wherever there is question of original, practical work as distinguished from distracting, fickle theorizing, her children are the first to respond to the call.

But, as a rule, this is a kind of work of which the world hears little or nothing. There is nothing sensational about it; nothing that, as a rule, will secure fame, much less notoriety, for those who engage in it. It has not about it that glamour of novelty, that fascination of presentation which so captivates the superficial multitude in the speculations of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndal, Haeckel and others of their school. It is, however, just such work as is accomplished by these quiet, unassuming laborers in the fields of science that is appropriated for the construction of the various new-fangled hypotheses of which we hear so much.

And here, indeed, lies the great distinction between the two classes of scientists of whom we have been speaking. Those who are directly or indirectly under the influence of the Church are eminently practical men—men of fact, of patient research, of rigid demonstration; men who will accept nothing as science that is not proven and will entertain nothing as scientifically possible that contravenes any of the acknowledged truths of philosophy or revelation. Those, however, who boast of being free-thinkers—who are intellectually the lineal descendents of the proud, independent, self-sufficient spirits of the apostacy of the sixteenth century—the agnostics, materialists and atheists, to whom we have referred during the course of this article, are men who instinctively prefer, whatever they may aver to the contrary, fancy to fact, hypothesis to demonstration, theory to positive science. They are, in a word, men who wish to have a world without a God, and they bend all their energies to devise plausible arguments to deceive themselves and those who, like themselves, are seeking for some pretext for

being deceived. Only on this assumption can we account for the amazing popularity of the anti-religious theories of certain modern scientists who, in reality, have nothing to offer except simple negation of all that is grand and noble in religion and philosophy.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." We may compare the representatives of the two schools—the Catholic and non-Catholic, the Christian and the anti-Christian—and we shall find that even in those departments of science in which the latter boast of having accomplished so much it is to the former that justice must decree the award for meritorious work. Instances that prove the truth of this assertion abound in every period of the history of science.

Among some of the many who are now distinguished, or who in recent years have been distinguished, for their eminence in science, and for their loyalty to Holy Church, may be mentioned Leverrier, Faye, and Fathers Secchi, Denza, Ferrari, and Perry, among astronomers; the brothers Tulasne, among botanists; Barrande, Dumont, d'Homalius, d'Halloy, and de Lapparent, among geologists; Barf, Dumas, Berthelot, and Chevreul, among chemists; Chasles, Pussieux, and Cauchy, among mathematicians; General Newton, and Count de Lesseps, among engineers; Schwann, Johannes Müller, St. George Mivart, Claude Bernard, Canon Carnoy, Van Beneden, de Quaterfages, and Pasteur, among zoölogists and comparative anatomists. These illustrious men, faithful sons of the Church, and deserving well of science, have simply kept the traditions of their eminent predecessors in similar departments of science.

And what has been said of those just enumerated can also be said of many distinguished Christian scientists who, nominally without the fold of the Church, have never strayed far away from her benign influence. Among the numbers who, during the last quarter of a century, have added lustre to science, and borne witness to the truth of Christian teaching, we may count the names of James Clerk Maxwell, Gabriel Stokes, P. G. Tait, Sir William Thompson, Asa Gray, J. D. Dana, Joseph Henry, Sir David Brewster, Dr. Whewell, Adam Sedgwick, Sir Roderick Murchison, E. Hitchcock, Sir John Herschell, and Michael Faraday. And should we wish to go back further, we should find such men as Sir Isaac Newton, Cuvier, Euler, Leibnitz, Linnæus, Kepler, Hugh Miller, Davy, Volta, Galvani, Ampere, Oerstedt, Pascal, Descartes, and a host of others, scarcely inferior to them in genius and the extent of their attainments, who were as staunch defenders of revealed truth as they were valiant champions of science.

The Church, then, does not impede the progress of science. Her influence has not been of that blighting sort that her enemies are so fond of ascribing to her. On the contrary, the names men-

tioned—and it were easy to increase the list—are sufficient evidence of the falsity of the charge. Her standing in the scientific world to-day, represented, as she is, by the most brilliant minds in every department of human thought; her past history in reference to the development of science; and the fostering care which she has always bestowed upon those who devoted themselves to the study of nature, are an irrefragable argument for the validity of the position she has ever assumed, and still maintains, respecting the relations of the science of nature to reason and revelation.

We have already seen what has been the outcome, in their bearing on science, of the principles adopted and promulgated by the so-called reformers of the sixteenth century. The principles of Luther and Calvin and Zuinglius and Bucer have been carried out to their logical consequences by their followers, and we have to-day, as their representatives and lineal descendants in Germany, the Hæckels, the Voghts, the Büchners, the Strauses, the Schmidts, the Schopenhauers, and their legions of co-laborers and sympathizers. In France, the teachings of the Reformation are to be seen in the works of such authors as Renan, Madame Royer, and Paul Bert; and in England in the productions of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall.

Yet, notwithstanding all the evidence to the contrary, a certain class of writers still indulge in the fancy of referring to the Reformation as the one great event in the world's history that liberated mankind from the intellectual thraldom with which it had so long been oppressed by the Church of Rome. Science, they tell us, was then given free scope, something it never had in the past, and men of science rejoiced in a liberty that they had long sighed for, but had never known before. We have seen what are now the fruits of this liberty—a liberty that means materialism of the rankest kind, and atheism of the most pronounced character.

But was science given the free scope about which there has been so much boasting? Were men of science encouraged, and did the Reformation contribute to the advancement of science? This is a question of history, and to history we appeal for an answer.

We may quote, as authority, one who has always shown himself specially inimical to the Church, and whose testimony, therefore, cannot be called in question by his fellow anti-Catholics. We refer to J. W. Draper. In his "History of the Conflict between Science and Religion,"—a conflict, by the way, that has never existed, so far as the Church is concerned—the author in speaking of the effect of the Reformation on scientific development, says:

"Luther declared that the study of Aristotle is wholly useless; his vilification of the Greek philosopher knew no bounds. 'He is,' says Luther, 'truly a devil, a horrid calumniator, a wicked sycophant, a prince of darkness, a real Apollyon, a beast,

a most horrid impostor on mankind, one in whom there is scarcely any philosophy, a public and professed liar, a goat, a complete epicure, this twice execrable Aristotle.' The schoolmen were, as Luther said, 'locusts, caterpillars, frogs, lice.' He entertained an abhorrence of them. These opinions, though not so emphatically expressed, were entertained by Calvin. *So far as science is concerned, nothing is owed to the Reformation.*" [1]

When Luther comes to speak of universities and schools, his language is nothing short of the ravings of demoniac frenzy. Any one who will take the trouble to consult any of the earlier editions of his complete works—the later editions are more or less expurgated—can verify for himself the accuracy of this statement.

"Universities," according to Luther, "are dens of robbers, temples of Moloch, synagogues of perdition. All high schools," said he, "should be razed to the ground. Nothing more infernal or more diabolical, has ever come, or ever will come, upon the earth." He regarded them as the works of the devil, and said "that, during the reign of the popes, the devil spread his nets to catch the souls of men, by the erection of schools and convents."

But let us come to facts and figures bearing on the influence of the preaching of Luther and his coadjutors on the study and progress of science.

The dean of the philosophical faculty of the University of Erfurt, in an official report for the year 1523, says that

"No one, living before our day, would have believed it, if it had been foretold to him that, in a short time, our universities would have fallen so low—as they have fallen—that there would scarcely remain a shadow of their former glory. The subject of the University is so treated in the pulpits of the Reformers, that there is scarcely anything connected with it which, erstwhile, was held in estimation, that is not now condemned." [2]

From year to year, after the introduction of the Reformation, the number of teachers and students at Erfurt rapidly decreased. More than this, it soon became difficult to find proper persons who cared to accept a position in any capacity either in this or other universities or schools.

The number of students matriculated at Erfurt from 1520 to 1521 was 311. In the following year, the number sank to 120; in 1522 it fell to 72, and in the year 1523–4 there remained only 34.

The fate of Wittenberg was the same as that of Erfurt. Melancthon, the least vandalic of the Reformers, and the one who displayed the greatest love of learning, does not hesitate in his confidential correspondence to attribute the decline of science and

[1] Page 215.

[2] For the quotations here made, see the admirable *Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes zeit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters*, von Johannes Janssen, Band 2, p. 294, *et seq.*

the contempt in which studies of all kinds were held, to the Reformed theologians. He declares "that the age has become an age of iron, that the sciences are neglected and despised," and that he despairs of any revival in their behalf.

The universities of Northern Germany, as Leipzig and Rostock, fared no better. In Rostock which, before the Reformation, counted full 300 students, the number in 1524 had dwindled down to 38, and in the year following the roll-call was responded to by only 15.

The same sad picture was presented in South Germany and Switzerland, and notably at Heidelberg, Friburg and Basle. "The University seems dead and buried," was the wail that went out from Basle in 1524. "The rostrums of professors and the benches of students are empty." In the year 1522 it could count only 29 students, and in the year 1526 the number enrolled was 5.

Heidelberg, in 1525, numbered more professors than students. "I have now only six students, and these are French." Thus wrote from Freiburg, in 1523, the most celebrated professor of jurisprudence of his age, Ulrich Zasius.

Under the Emperor Maximilian I. the University of Vienna had attained to the rank of one of the most celebrated institutions of learning in Europe. It then counted its professors by the hundred, and frequently had a yearly attendance of 7000 students. But this happy condition of things was soon to undergo a melancholy change. In consequence of the religious disturbances, and social disorder induced by the Reformation, matters shortly came to such a pass that the attendance was reduced to scarcely a dozen, and the lecture-halls of the law-faculty had to be closed for want of students.

What has been said of the universities mentioned, may, to a greater or less extent, be said of all the educational institutions, where the Reformation was able to gain a foothold. It had the same blighting effect in Holland as it had in Germany and Switzerland. The decline of science and letters followed its entrance into Scandinavia, and a protracted period of scientific drought was consequent on its introduction into England and Scotland.

"There is," said Erasmus, "a dearth of letters, wherever Lutheranism reigns." This sect dissuaded students from taking degrees and endeavored by every means in its power to divert the attention of youth from the pursuit of science and the higher branches of knowledge. "Booksellers," observes the same writer, "declare that they could more easily sell three thousand books before the introduction of the new gospel, than they could dispose of six hundred after it."

"Under the pretext of the Gospel," writes in the year 1521 the

humanist, Cobanus Hessus, "the reformers here suppress entirely the liberal arts. By their pernicious teaching they snatch from the nobler studies all the regard which is due them, in order that they may palm off on the world their ravings as so much wisdom. Our school is deserted; we are held in contempt."

"So deep are we sunken," complained the noted scholar, Camerarius to a friend, "that there is left to us only a memory of our former good fortune; the hope of ever enjoying it again, is entirely dissipated."

"To what an issue have the sciences come?" wrote Nossen, another contemporary of the Reformers. "No one witnesses without tears, how all ardor for science and virtue has disappeared." And thus continued this calamitous state of affairs during the long and troublous years that witnessed, in the countries named, the dissemination of the baneful doctrines of the "New Gospel." Had it not been for the latent spirit of the Church, which, in spite of the ban under which it was placed, still continued to exert an influence for good, and which, finally, enabled the better nature of those who had so long lain in a state of thralldom to reassert itself, a great portion of what had been Christian Europe, would have reverted to barbarism and paganism. The Reformation—contrary to what is so often proclaimed—did not mean progress; it meant regress; and regress was prevented by that very body, and by it alone, against which the Reformers fought so vigorously and persistently, the Church of Rome.

With truth, then, does the illustrious German writer, Dr. Hettinger declare that "It is a fact that Protestantism checked the development of science for centuries." And any one who wishes to acquaint himself with the evidence bearing on the case need not go far in search of it. The erudite and conscientious Janssen, in his great work on the "History of the German People," and the learned Dr. Döllinger in his exhaustive work on "The Reformation," not to mention other eminent authors, will supply the searcher after truth with all the data and witnesses he may need to form a just estimate of the Reformers, their doings and their influence on scientific progress. No one, it may safely be asserted, who carefully, and with an unprejudiced mind, reads the works just mentioned, can come to any other conclusion than that reached by the well-known Apologist, Dr. Hettenger, in the words just quoted, viz., that it is a fact which cannot be gainsaid, that the Reformation retarded the development of science, and retarded it, not for a few years only, nor for a few generations, but, "for centuries."

But the Reformation impeded the progress of sciences in more ways than one. Not only were its principles inimical to science,

not only did the Reformers discountenance and discourage the study of nature, as being something that was antagonistic to faith and piety, but, in their blind fanaticism, they went so far as to make those who devoted themselves to scientific pursuits the objects of obloquy and persecution. This may sound strange to those who have been wont to believe that liberty—moral and intellectual—was what was claimed and what was gained for our race by the Reformation. There are, however, no facts in history better authenticated than are those instances of intolerance and persecution, persistent and systematic, by the Reformers and their descendants, of men of science, on account of their researches and discoveries. It is a fact that does not admit of question that the spirit of the Reformation, not only in its incipient stage, but in every subsequent period of its history, including our own time, is a spirit of persecution, not only in matters religious, social and political, but equally so in matters intellectual and scientific.

Hallam in his "Constitutional History of England" declares that "Persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformed Churches, that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive." This statement, however, is mild in comparison with the opinion of the historian, Lecky. He does not hesitate to say that

> "Persecution among the early Protestants was a distinct and definite doctrine, digested into elaborate treatises, indissolubly connected with a large portion of the received theology, developed by the most enlightened and far-seeing theologians, and enforced against the most inoffensive as against the most formidable sects. It was the doctrine of the palmiest days of Protestantism. It was taught by those who are justly esteemed the greatest of its leaders. It was manifested most clearly in those classes which were most deeply imbued with its domestic teaching."[1]

"When," says Draper, in the work quoted, the "Royal Society of London was founded [Protestant], theological odium was directed against it with so much rancor that, doubtless, it would have been extinguished, had not King Charles II. given it his open and avowed support."[2]

What a striking contrast between the circumstances attending the foundation of this society and those connected with the incorporation of similar scientific societies in Catholic countries like France and Italy! In these latter countries several societies that have deserved well of science were founded long before the Royal Society of London was thought of, and the first to encourage and protect, if not to join these societies, were eminent dignitaries of the Church.

The first president of the French Academy of Sciences was a

[1] *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. ii., p. 61. [2] P. 307.

Catholic priest, the celebrated astronomer, Jean Picard. Subsequently, the *Journal des Savants* was founded by another priest, Jean Paul Bignon, who was also the president of the Academy. During the course of the eighteenth century the presidential chair of this learned body was filled by no less than twenty-six ecclesiastics, and its most learned and most active correspondents, not only in Europe but in other parts of the world, were churchmen.

When the calendar, now in use in all civilized nations, was promulgated by Gregory XIII., in 1582, it met with the most violent opposition on the part of the Protestant nations of Europe. It was not introduced into England until 1752, when the Royal Society took the matter in hand, and induced Parliament to pass a law prescribing the new calendar. But the members of the Society who were chiefly instrumental in effecting the change found that they had raised a storm about them which it would be difficult to quell. Some of "The Fellows," says Draper, "were pursued through the streets by an ignorant and infuriated mob who believed it"—the Society—"had robbed them of eleven days of their lives; it was found necessary to conceal the name of Father Walmesley, a learned Jesuit; and, Bradley happening to die during the commotion, it was declared that he had suffered a judgment from heaven for his crime."[1] The people of England preferred, it has been said, to be at war with the heavens to being at peace with the Pope,—the only one capable, to borrow an idea from the learned Jesuit, Petavius, of propping up the falling year, of giving it completeness and security, and, what the ancients had no idea of, endowing it with perpetuity and constancy.

In Germany, the Gregorian calendar was not wholly adopted until 1774. The Protestant theologians of Tübingen strongly opposed it, and declared that its acceptance would be tantamount to an encouragement of impiety and Popery.

"We hold the Pope," said they, "to be a horrible, roaring lion. If we take his calendar, we must needs go into the Church when he rings us in." "Shall we, then," they continued, "have communion with Antichrist? What is there in common with Christ and Belial? If he succeed, under cover of imperial authority, in forcing his calendar upon us, he will soon lead us by the nose, and it will be impossible for us to defend ourselves from his tyranny in the Church of God. Thus will he lord it over us, and do with us as he pleases. Besides, of what good is the new calendar? There is not a second deluge to fear; and summer will not come either sooner or later; and even if the time of the equinoxes should be slightly changed, there will be no husbandman dolt enough to send reapers into the fields at Pentecost, or vintagers into the vineyards on the feast of St. James. The whole thing is simply a pretext of those in league with the Pope. This Satan has been expelled from the Christian Church, and we do not wish to have him steal in again."[2]

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[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 308.

[2] *Les Savants Illustres* du XVI. et du XVII. siècle, par C. A. Valson, Paris—Vie de Kepler, p. 104.

But the opposition to the calendar was not confined to the ignorant populace, or to antagonistic theologians. Even those whose scientific attainments rendered evident to them the truth of the new method of reckoning, allowed themselves to be carried away by their prejudices. "With them," in the words of Hallam, "truth was no truth when promulgated by the Pope," and they long obstinately refused to receive from the Court of Rome a truth which, according to the saying of Voltaire, "they would have accepted from the Grand Turk, if he had proposed it."

In Russia, for reasons similar to those recited in the case of Germany, the Gregorian calendar has never been introduced. That country still retains the old calendar of Julius Cæsar, and "prefers to disagree with nature rather than be in accord with the ruler of the Church of Rome."

Let us, however, come more specifically to the persecution of individuals. The enemies of the Church had, until recently, been fond of bringing up the case of Galileo, as a "martyr of science," but, in the light of recent research on this subject, they have been forced to drop the case as being without foundation in fact. The truth is, that all the martyrs of science, and there have been many, have met their persecutors, and their executioners, outside of the Church. All the Galileos that authentic history tells us of, all those who have suffered for the cause of science, were those, and those only, who were brought before the tribunal of the Reformation, or who were persecuted at the instigation of men who were the upholders of principles which the Reformation endorsed and promulgated.

We have a striking instance in the case of the great astronomer Kepler. He was banished from his home by the Reformed theologians of Tübingen, who heartily hated him because he had the courage of his convictions and because he dared to speak in favor of the Copernican theory and the Gregorian calendar, against which his co-religionists so vigorously and so fanatically protested. Not only was he banished, but, during his whole life, he was made an object of persecution on the part of the Reformed theologians of Germany. The only ones that recognized his transcendent genius and the only ones that assisted him in the hour of need, the only ones that he could call his friends and who always proved themselves such—and this in spite of his religious opinions—were the Jesuits and the Catholic rulers of Catholic Austria, the country in which, after his banishment from his native land, he spent the greater portion of his life. Among those who specially befriended Kepler were Father Christopher Schreiner, S. J., a learned mathematician and astronomer, who claims with Galileo the honor of having discovered the spots on the sun, and Father Cysatus,

S. J., who took charge of printing, at Ingolstadt, the first works of the immortal discoverer of the three grand laws of planetary movement.[1]

A portion of Kepler's life was spent in Prague, where he worked in conjunction with Tycho Brahe, the illustrious Danish astronomer. Tycho Brahe, like Kepler, is another "martyr of science," and, like Kepler, was driven from his own country and found friends and patrons only among those whom certain writers would have us believe must have been his greatest enemies—the Catholic rulers and ecclesiastics of his time. The distinguished Dane had erected in the land of his birth what was undoubtedly the most complete observatory of the time. He had spent full two hundred thousand dollars—an immense fortune at that time—on buildings and instruments, and by their means had enriched astronomy with the most extensive and accurate observations until then known, and which, of themselves, would have placed Tycho among the greatest of astronomers. It was by means of these same observations that Kepler was able to make his brilliant discoveries and that the way was paved for the brilliant achievements of Newton and others, scarcely less renowned. But, notwithstanding Tycho's many titles to honor and reward, he was forced by Christian IV.—the leader of the Protestant armies in the Thirty Years' war—and his underlings to leave his beautiful Uraniburg, the name he had given to his observatory; and this was in consequence of the report of the government commission which declared "that the studies of Tycho were of no value, and that they were not only useless, but noxious."[2]

But, not content with driving the great astronomer from the scene of his priceless labors, his ruthless enemies would not rest until they had razed the magnificent observatory of Uraniburg to the ground and had destroyed all the instruments that Tycho had been unable to take with him when he left the country. So complete was the work of destruction that a traveller, visiting the site of the observatory not long after, sums up what he saw in one sentence: "There is in the island"—the island of Huen, between Denmark and Sweden—"a field where Uraniburg was."

Kepler and Tycho Brahe, however, were not exceptional victims of persecution and fanaticism. Their renowned contemporary, the greatest genius of his age and one of the greatest geniuses of any age, and a devout Catholic, Réné Descartes, was another conspicuous object against which were directed the envenomed shafts of ignorance and intolerance. "When Descartes," we again quote

[1] Vie de Kepler, *op cit.*, p. 111.

[2] See *Martyrs of Science*, by Sir David Brewster, p. 157, and Vie de Tycho Brahe, par C. A. Valson.

from Leckey, "went to Holland the Reformed clergy directed against him all the force of their animosity, and by the accusation of atheism they endeavored to stir up the civil power against the author of the most sublime of all modern proofs of the existence of the Deity."[1]

But we have an instance of more systematic persecution, a case in which even history, as far as might be, has contributed to detract from, or, rather, remain silent regarding, the merits of one of the most gifted, and original, and successful investigators that England has ever produced. We refer to the second Marquis of Worcester, the inventor of the steam-engine. Savery and Newcomen, and notably James Watt, are usually spoken of as the inventors of the steam-engine, but if there is one chapter in history which, more than another, needs to be rewritten, it is the one which refers to the steam-engine and its inventor. To any one who has made a thorough and unbiased examination of the subject, he can have no doubt that Watt, and Newcomen, and Savery have long worn the laurels that have all along belonged to the Marquis of Worcester. It is a simple matter of record that the Marquis of Worcester invented a practical, working steam-engine; that he had it in operation in London for years, and that he had received a patent for it from Parliament over a hundred years before Watt was granted his first patent.

The Marquis was fully aware of the value of his invention, as he tells us in the only work of his that has been spared to us, his "Century of Inventions," and made for years every possible effort to bring his "semi-omnipotent engine," as he loved to call it, to the notice of his countrymen. But his efforts were unavailing. Learned travellers from France and Italy, among others the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo de Medici, called to see his engine and workshop, and had only words of praise and admiration for what they saw. But the learned men of England were unable or unwilling to show any appreciation of the most important mechanical contrivance of the greatest inventive genius of his own or of any age. The members of the Royal Society talked of the engine of the noble Marquis only that they might sneer at it. Dr. Robert Hooke, one of its members, went to see it only in order that he might—we use his own words—"laugh at it." "As far as I was able to see it," he writes, "it seemed one of the perpetual motion fallacies."

The secretaries and historians of the Royal Society make no mention of an invention with which, it is certain, they were acquainted, for it had been discussed in public meetings of this body.

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[1] *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. ii., p. 50.

On the contrary, a studied silence is observed whenever there is question of the noble Marquis and his marvellous invention; a silence, which—barring a few depreciatory notices given at intervals by odd writers—continued until the publication, a few years ago, by Henry Dircks, Esq., of his masterly work on "The Life, Times and Scientific Labors of the Second Marquis of Worcester." In this masterpiece of industry and patient research, the learned author clears up the mystery that has so long enveloped the life of the illustrious inventor, and shows why he was treated with such indifference during life, and why so little had been said of him since his death. He shows us how, "in scientific acquirements," the Marquis of Worcester "stood grandly alone," and tells us how he proved himself "one of the most extraordinary mechanical geniuses of the seventeenth, or any preceding century." But, notwithstanding all this,

"He was neither understood nor appreciated in his own day, ... while the influence of combined prejudice and ignorance served further to obstruct his rising in public estimation. The Marquis besides was a hundred years in advance of his time. He lived in an 'age which burned and drowned so-called witches, which believed in the transmutation of base metals into gold, put faith in the curative effect of sympathetic powders, and the king's touch for bodily distempers, saw portents in meteoric phenomena, and considered astrology as sound science.' Books and pamphlets were constantly being published filled with mysticism, gravely recording day-dreams of fanatics and impostors, and letters lent their aid to promulgate such fables; yet here was a new agent at work—the steam engine of the Marquis, of such potent power that its like had never been seen, which, nevertheless, men saw, heard and listened to in dumb astonishment, with the infantile simplicity of the poor Indian, ignorant of the value of gold or diamonds strewn in his path."[1]

But, what, at bottom, was the cause of the unparalleled persecution of which the noble Marquis was so long made the object? Ignorance, jealousy, prejudice do not afford an explanation of the ridicule heaped on the great inventor during life, and the studied silence that has been guarded concerning him and his work for upwards of two centuries. The light of true history, which has at length been thrown upon the life of this remarkable man, explains what would otherwise remain an inexplicable paradox.

The Marquis of Worcester belonged to a hated and a proscribed people. He was a Roman Catholic.

In the brief notice of the Marquis in his "History of England," Lord Macaulay, speaking of the work of the great inventor says, with no less point than truth, "But the Marquis was suspected to be a madman, and known to be a Papist. His inventions, therefore, found no favorable reception."[2]

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[1] *The Life, Times and Scientific Labors of the Second Marquis of Worcester, to Which is Added a Reprint of his Century of Inventions, 1663, With a Commentary Thereon.* By Henry Dircks, Esq. London: Bernard Quaritch, 1865. P. 339.

[2] *History of England*, vol. i., p. 408.

The cynical and supercilious Walpole, in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," in referring to the Marquis of Worcester, displayed his ignorance and bigotry by flippantly observing, "But, perhaps, too much has been said on so fantastic a man; no wonder he believed in transubstantiation, when he believed that he himself could work impossibilities."[1]

Did we not have the evidence before us, we could not believe that ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, injustice could go to such lengths. But the facts in this case are undeniable, and the treatment the Marquis of Worcester received at the hands of his countrymen on account of his religious convictions, will ever remain a standing monument to the folly and persecution of a nation that has always been so loud in professions of liberty and enlightenment.

But, it may be said that the case of the Marquis of Worcester is exceptional in England, and that it should not be insisted on so strongly. We could wish that it were so; but history tells us differently. It tells us that the vaunted liberty, promised by the Reformers and their followers, was only a delusion and a snare, and that it has never had any existence in fact, either in England or anywhere else. A few more instances, bearing on this subject,—numberless cases of similar import might be cited,—must suffice to prove to the most skeptical the truth of the position here assumed.

"In 1772," says a Protestant writer, in speaking of the attitude of "Protestant England" towards men of science, "sailed the famous expedition for scientific discovery, under Cook. The greatest, by far, of all the scientific authorities chosen to accompany it, was Dr. Priestly. Sir Joseph Banks had especially invited him; but the clergy of Oxford and Cambridge intervened. Priestly was considered unsound in his views of the Trinity; it was expected that this would vitiate his astronomical observations; he was rejected, and the expedition crippled."[2]

He also quotes for us authorities who tell us how, in Scotland, at the beginning of this century, the use of fanning-mills for winnowing grain was denounced as contrary to the text: "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and "As leaguing with Satan, who is prince of the powers of the air, and as sufficient cause for excommunication from the Scotch Church."

In referring to the opposition which geologists met with in their investigations, the same writer, reiterating what Sir Charles Lyell had so forcibly stated before him, declares, "that, of all countries, England furnished the most bitter opponents to geology at first, and the most active negotiators in patching up a truce on a basis of sham science afterward."

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[1] Quoted by Dircks in his introduction to *The Century of Inventions*, p. 349.

[2] *The Warfare of Science*, by A. D. White, p. 69.

English churchmen felt called upon to denounce geology as "a dark art," as something which "was not a subject of lawful inquiry," as something that was positively "dangerous and disreputable." And those who devoted themselves to geological research, were regarded as "invading a forbidden province," "as attacking the truth of God," and as "impugners of the Sacred Record." How different the attitude of these men from that of our illustrious Cardinal Wiseman in reference to the subject in question. "The conduct of this pillar of the Roman Catholic Church," says the Protestant writer whom we have been quoting, "contrasts nobly with that of timid Protestants, who were filling England with shrieks and denunciations."

But it is in the science of medicine that we find the most striking instances of ignorance, prejudice and persecution. The lives of Harvey, Jenner, Simpson and other distinguished masters of medical science, show what opposition they had to encounter even when conferring upon poor afflicted humanity the greatest boons in the giving of the healing art. The illustrious Harvey had his house torn down over his head, had his papers and books destroyed, and was so harassed on all sides, that, after making known his discovery of the circulation of the blood, he had not the courage to do further original work.

Those who discovered and introduced inoculation, vaccination and anæsthesia, were made the victims of similar assaults. And those who were the most violent denunciators of these noble benefactors of our race, were precisely those who had set themselves up as teachers of men, and who were, in their time, regarded as the representatives of the Established Church of England. From the pulpit of Canterbury—the seat of the primacy—and that of Cambridge—the stronghold of English science—and from numerous other pulpits also, anathemas without number were hurled against Jenner and Simpson and their co-laborers. They were charged with practices contrary to the law of God, and of introducing methods for preventing or counteracting disease, that were characterized as "diabolical operations," and as attempts to bid "defiance to heaven itself."

The same opposition in Protestant countries was manifested to that wonderful tonic and febrifuge—that most remarkable of specifics—quinine. This valuable drug is one of the constituents of the bark of the Cinchona tree, indigenous to the slopes of the Bolivian and Peruvian Andes. It was first introduced into Europe by the Jesuit missionaries, and, from this circumstance, was long known as Jesuits' bark. In the Catholic countries of Europe,—in Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, especially—the great remedy was received with joy and thanksgiving. But Germany and England

would have naught to do with it. It was looked upon as a dangerous Papal device; as some lethal woorara more potent than the poison of the fabled upas tree, with which the crafty Jesuits and their abettors designed to execute fierce vengeance on their enemies. In England—to such an extent had distrust and fear taken possession of the public mind,—quinine was not accepted as a remedial agent until after the distinguished physician, Sir Roger Talbot, had introduced it under a fictitious name, and had proved its efficacy by numerous and striking cures.

A similar violent opposition was manifested both in England and in our own country against the use of Franklin's wonderful invention—the lightning-rod. It was gravely asserted by the Protestant religious doctors of the day that the lightning-rod disturbed the equilibrium of the elements; and, when in 1775, a severe shock of earthquake was felt, it was at once credited to the diabolical invention of the American philosopher. A Boston preacher even went so far in 1770 as to denounce lightning-rods as "impious contrivances to prevent the execution of the wrath of heaven."

And all this was during the time that several eminent ecclesiastics, in France, Spain, and Italy, were making special efforts by their writings and experiments to make known the merits of Franklin's remarkable invention, and have it brought into general use. The famous Abbé Nollet lectured on the subject in Paris; the Abbé Mazeas made experiments connected with the same matter at the Chateau de Maintenon, while their compatriot, the learned Father Paulians, distinguished himself both by writings and inventions in the field of electricity. During this time the Abbé Toaldo and other ecclesiastics, in Austria and elsewhere, were at work showing the practical application of Franklin's invention, and urging its adoption.[1]

As a matter of fact, the first lightning-rods used in Austria were put up under the direction of Abbé Toaldo. What has been said of the ecclesiastics just mentioned, may be reiterated regarding Fathers Bartear and Berand, the Abbés Berthelon and Poncelet, and others of their confrères in religion, whose investigations and experiments contributed not a little towards the dissemination and development of knowledge concerning the then mysterious phenomena of atmospheric electricity.

But why multiply examples? It were easy to adduce other instances similar to those given, but it is unnecessary. Those just referred to are abundantly sufficient to substantiate all that has

[1] See *Histoire de la Physique*, par Ferdinand Hoeffer, chap. iv., and *Contestacion a la Historia del Conflicto entre la Religion y la Ciencia*, de Juan Guillermo Draper, por el P. Fr. Tomas Camara, Valladolid, 1880, cap. xi., sec. ii.

been said regarding the illiberal and intolerant principles that have ever characterized the Reformers and their successors, and show, alas! too clearly, that the spirit of persecution which Luther and his colleagues let loose nearly four centuries ago is still dominant, wherever it is in a position to exercise its power.

The same spirit that moved Calvin to burn Servetus at the stake, impelled the brutal mob to guillotine the illustrious chemist Lavoisier, and provoked the infamous Dumas—then president of the revolutionary tribunal—to declare that "the republic has no need of chemists." It was the same spirit, too, that persecuted Harvey, that destroyed his property, and forced him to desist from making many contemplated contributions to science.

And Harvey must have noticed the contrast that impresses itself so forcibly on ourselves, although such distant spectators of occurrences that so closely concerned him. In Italy, almost under the shadow of the Vatican, he quietly, under the direction of his distinguished master, Fabricius of Aquapendente, pursued those researches that have made him famous, and there under the eye of the Popes he met with that appreciation, and received that encouragement, that was denied him in his own country, until it was forced by very shame to recognize his ability, and give him the credit which was so richly his due. But Harvey's case is not an exceptional one.

While the Reformers of Germany under Luther, of Switzerland under Calvin, of Scotland under John Knox, of England under Henry VIII., were carrying on their work of destruction, and burning at the stake all those who dared to differ from them, the sons of Holy Church, headed by learned Religious of various Orders—the Jesuits, the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Benedictines, and others, were carrying on the work of scientific research and discovery in the various departments of science, in every part of the Old and of the New World. They occupied, not only the foremost places in the lecture halls and laboratories and observatories of Europe, but were equally distinguished in the Orient, and in the newly discovered lands of America. Not only as zealous evangelists, but as scientists, they were to be found in the palace of Peking, instructing the learned men of the Celestial Empire in the science of astronomy, while awaiting an opportunity to impart to them a knowledge of the Gospel of Peace. And, whilst traversing the plains of Tartary and the steppes of Siberia, and feeling their way through the jungles of India, they ever showed themselves as much devoted students of nature as they were always zealous ministers of the Word. And so, too, was it when pushing forward through the snows of Canada, or wending their way through the forests or over the prairies of what is now known as the United

States. And the same was it, likewise, when they conducted those marvellous explorations that have made them famous the world over, when they were carrying on the work of discovery connected with our great lakes and rivers; when they were making surveys of the abysmal cañons of our boundless West; when they were reconnoitering the table-lands of Mexico, and the pampas of South America; when they were penetrating the dark defiles and climbing the steep declivities of the Andes and the Cordilleras; when they were carrying the banner of the Cross to the isles of the Pacific, and bearing it in triumph to the heart of the "Dark Continent." Everywhere they were recognized, not only as the messengers of the good tidings of the Gospel, but as reverent and industrious investigators of the wonderful works of God; of works which they were the first of civilized men to behold, and the first to make known to the learned of the Old World. It was thus that, until comparatively recent times, the knowledge that was possessed of the flora and fauna, of the languages and races of men, of the topography and civilization of the world, was obtained through those who are so often characterized as being indifferent to, if not opposed to, the advancement of natural knowledge.

There is scarcely a museum in Europe that is not more or less indebted to these same indefatigable missionaries for some of its most precious collections. The archives of the various academies and learned societies, filled as they are with their communications, memoires and *relaciones* on almost every branch of human knowledge, testify in the most conclusive manner to their tireless activity and to their intelligent and well-directed methods of research.

And what these studious and accomplished missioners did for the museums and learned societies of Europe they did for its botanical gardens, and for agriculture and horticulture. It is simply a matter of botanical history that the most useful vegetable products, now so extensively used for food, medicine and as articles of luxury, and the most prized plants and herbs, now the ornaments of our gardens and conservatories, were brought to the knowledge of the people of the Old World by the priests and monks, who were sent to evangelize the peoples of the distant lands of America, Asia, Africa and Polynesia.

The poet-priest Martin del Barco was the first to describe the flora of Paraguay and the first to bring to the notice of Europeans the beautiful Passion Flower, a plant that has since been introduced into every part of the civilized world. A knowledge of the Cochineal cactus and the insect found on it, of Tolu balm, of the Agave plant and other wonders of vegetation is due to Father F. Lopez de Gomara.[1]

[1] *Histoire de la Botanique*, par Ferdinand Hœffer, Paris, livre iii.

But it is unnecessary to go into details. Were we to do so it would be tantamount to giving whole chapters of the history of botanical science. It may, however, be said, in this connection, that not a little of the reputation of the English botanist, Ray, rests on his description of floral collections sent by Catholic missionaries from America. But the one who was best able to appreciate the value of the contributions made by these missionaries to the science of botany was the very one who was ever ready to acknowledge the debt that was due them. He was no other than the illustrious botanist, Carl von Linnæus.

In order that we may more fully realize how much has been done by ecclesiastics, not in any one department only, but in every branch of knowledge, we may take as an illustration the manifold contributions, on every subject, they have made regarding the history, products, language, antiquities and people of Mexico. To such an extent are modern investigators indebted to ecclesiastics respecting what is known of the past history of this interesting country, that it would be scarcely too much to say that if we were to eliminate what they have done there would be little more for the historian to consult than myths and the fictions of his own imagination.

Father Antonio de Solis, the distinguished Spanish historiographer, gives us the first readable and reliable history of Mexico as it was at the time of the conquest. Las Casas, a Dominican, offers us a more detailed account of the country and its inhabitants as they were seen by Cortez and his gallant band. Clavigero, a Jesuit, spent thirty-six years in collecting and collating materials for his great work, the "Storia Antica del Messico." He mingled with the people, inquired into their traditions, studied their languages, examined their monuments, manuscripts and paintings, and carried his arduous undertaking to a more successful issue than any one who had preceded or who has succeeded him in the same fertile field of inquiry. Of the learned French archæologist, Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, scarcely less can be said than what has been declared of Clavigero. His works on Mexico, especially on Yucatan, are more voluminous, and more thorough, and have thrown more light on many disputed points of Mexican history than any similar productions of modern times. Indeed, one can say without any fear of being contradicted, that had it not been for the writings and researches of the illustrious authors just mentioned, and others of their brethren, Prescott would never have thought of his "Conquest of Mexico" and Humboldt would never have attempted his masterly "Vues de Cordilleres" or his "Essai Politique sur le Royaume de la Nouvelle Espagne." Both of these distinguished writers are constantly obliged to refer to the authori-

ties just mentioned—except Brasseur de Bourbourg, who comes long after them—and Humboldt, particularly, is frequently forced to admit the accuracy of their accounts and to bear testimony to their indispensableness in the preparation of his own works.

Let these instances suffice. It were easy to adduce many others of similar purport. But the ones given may serve as types of the others, and will confirm what has been so strongly insisted on during the course of this article, viz., the eminently practical character of the work accomplished in the various departments of science by the sons of Holy Church, and by those, who, although outside of her pale, have always been, more or less, under her influence, and who owe to her inspiration, most, if not all, of the success they have achieved in the study of nature.

The examples cited will also show how much of the science usually ascribed to certain lauded professors and much over-rated naturalists, men who should be known rather for their professions of irreligion than for their scientific achievements, is in reality due to those quiet, persevering, successful workers, whose names scarcely ever reach the public ear, but who, in every instance, are the ones, and the only ones, who have laid the foundations, broad and deep, of the beautiful structure of science. Your modern scientific theorizers who are so much talked about, your scores of scientific speculators, to whom an ignorant public still attributes all the advance made in the natural and physical sciences, are simply so many parasites that live on the labors and the discoveries of others; men, who appropriating the observations of the thousands of reverent minds who in their study of nature never fail to see nature's God, work these same observations into the warp and woof of their fantastic and godless theories; men who spend their lives in day-dreams, and in imagining, no less than the benighted multitude that renders them homage, that their useless hypotheses are, and must be, accepted as so much veritable science.

The illustrious Catholic chemist, J. B. Dumas, in speaking of this subject, pertinently observes that

> "People who only exploit the discoveries of others, and who never make any themselves, greatly exaggerate their importance, because they have never run against the mysteries of religion which have checked real savants. Hence their irreligion and their infatuation. It it quite different with people who have made discoveries themselves. They know, by experience, how limited their field is, and they find themselves at every step arrested by the incomprehensible. Hence their religion and their modesty. Faith and respect for mysteries is easy for them. The more progress they make in science, the more they are confounded by the Infinite."

The history of all genuine science demonstrates the truth of these observations. Every Catholic, every Christian, scientist is a living example of their accuracy. All the great scientists of the

world have been, are, and ever must be, men of faith, men of religious instincts, men who have felt on them the spell of Christian teaching.

"Unless," says Cardinal Manning, "men of science, the Atomists and the Dynamists ascend to the Creator and see Him in all atoms, and forces, and points, as the sole intelligible reason of the Cosmos, they speak but half-truths, which the reason rejects as inadequate."

It is, then, a mistake to suppose, as is popularly imagined, that the eminent scientists of the world, it matters not to what age they may have belonged, have been men without faith, without religion. On the the contrary, they have all been God-fearing, God-serving men.

The famous mathematician, Euler, was always conspicious for the love and veneration which he ever cherished for the Sacred Scriptures.

"The day is near at hand," writes Kepler, "when one will know the truth in the book of nature as in the Holy Scriptures, and when one will rejoice in the harmony of both revelations."

Sir Isaac Newton, whose modesty was equaled only by the magnitude of his discoveries, was so impressed with his own littleness in the contemplation of the wonderful works of God, that he declared, a short time before his death: "I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in, now and then, finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.[1]

"The true chemist," observes the illustrious Sir Humphrey Davy, "sees God in all the manifold forms of the external world."

The great Linnæus exclaimed, in a spirit of rapture: "I have traced God's footprints in the works of His creation, and in all of them, even in the least, and in those that border on nothingness, what power, what wisdom, what ineffable perfection!"

"As astronomy," declares the distinguished savant, J. Mædler, "comes from heaven, so does she show herself worthy of such an origin. She claims on her side a knowledge of God, while she unfolds truths that make us acquainted with His great works, and unfolds laws, which bear the name of laws of nature, and with right, not because nature has given laws to herself, but because God has written them out for her."

And to the witnesses just quoted, may be added the testimony of one who has most deeply penetrated the many mysteries that

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[1] *The Life of Sir Isaac Newton*, by David Brewster, New York, Harper, 1831, p. 301.

ever present themselves to the student of nature, and who, by a life of profound study and fruitful research, was specially prepared to appreciate the utter worthlessness of the numerous theories that are sprung upon the world in the name of philosophy and science. We would refer to the eminent physicist and mathematician, the late James Clerk Maxwell. "I have," he observes, "looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen none that will work without a God."

No, it is not true,—let us repeat it,—it is not true, that the great scientists of the world have been atheists, or men of irreligious bias. Their writings and their lives prove the contrary. They have been Catholics, or men who have ever been under the benign and inspiring influence of Catholic teaching. From Leonardo da Vinci, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Pascal and Descartes, all devoted Catholics, to Volta, Ampere and Galvani, their co-religionists, and down to Father Secchi, Barrande, Chevreul, Van Baneden and Pasteur, of the same glorious household of the faith, the torch-bearers of science have always been as distinguished for the ardor of their religious convictions as they have been eminent for their attainments in the various branches of natural knowledge.

No; atheists have not been, intellectually, great men, or they would have been able to accomplish more than they have accomplished and to have wielded a greater influence than they have wielded. Atheism is sterile, and always has been; and rejecting, as it does, the Author of nature, it is inevitable that it should be sterile. It is only when atheists go counter to their professions, that they are able to effect anything of importance, or of lasting value. And then the results they attain are reached, not in consequence of their professed atheism, but in spite of it.

They achieve success, in virtue of having followed, unconsciously and unintentionally, it may be, the methods of Christian teaching and of Christian philosophy. All that is done in opposition to this teaching and this philosophy is false, changeable, ephemeral.

Where, now, are the proud unbelievers of the last century, who fondly imagined that, by their science, they had demolished the Church, and had proven the fatuity of her doctrines? Swallowed up in oblivion; "unwept, unhonored and unsung." The same fate awaits the boasting unbelievers, the proud, would-be scientists of our own day. A just retribution will, in a few short years, expose the shallow pretensions of the Hæckels, the Vogts, the Büchners, the Strauses, the Berts, the Moleschotts, the Huxleys, Darwins and Tyndalls, who are now making so much noise, and creating such a stir among their credulous worshippers. Yes; in a few short decades hence, their names will scarcely be remembered

and their cherished theories, to which so much importance is now attached, will, like the vain imaginings of their unbelieving and materialistic predecessors, give way to speculations and systems that may then, for a time, commend themselves to the folly of those who say in their hearts, "there is no God."

But, with all these changes of theory and system, the works of Christian savants will remain,—ever extending the domain of mind over matter,—always adding to the magnificent treasure of human knowledge, and contributing to the well-being and happiness of mankind.

A few words now as a *résumé* of what we have gone over and we conclude.

We have seen how intimately the inductive sciences are connected with philosophy and revelation, and how a successful cultivation of the former depends on the light and assistance afforded by the latter. We have seen, too, how the Catholic Church is the only institution on earth which can render to scientists groping after truth the aid and intellectual illumination that alone can prevent them from lapsing into error. We have noted how those who are popularly reputed as the representatives of modern science have given themselves up to the pursuit of *ignes fatui*, and have allowed themselves to be carried away by vagaries of every character conceivable. We have found that this straying away from the truth, this wandering after phantoms, is the inevitable consequence of their anti-Catholic attitude, of their materialistic and atheistic creeds, of the principles promulgated and propagated by the so-called reformers of the sixteenth century. We have examined these principles and the doctrines inculcated, and found them illiberal, intolerant, and radically opposed to scientific progress. We have considered instances of bigotry and persecution in matters of science that would seem incredible were they not perfectly attested by the seal of authentic history. We have observed how eminently practical Christian scientists have ever been, and how, thanks to their faith, and the principles of a sound philosophy, they have been able, whilst reconnoitering the vast expanse of nature, to avoid the quicksands of error, and attain to the veiled sanctuary of science and truth. We have learned that the great savants of the world, are, and have ever been, men of the most ardent faith and of the loftiest religious sentiment. They have been men, who, like the illustrious Barrande, tell us of what they "have seen,"[1] and not of what they have imagined; men who have made themselves useful by enlarging the sphere of positive knowl-

[1] Joachim Barrande, the ablest Palæozoic naturalist of his age, puts the words "*C'est ce que j'ai vu*," at the head of all his writings. See an interesting account of his life and scientific labors in the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, Julliet, 1884.

edge; men who have steered clear of the fogs of unbelief and the rocks of materialism, which have been the destruction of many who might otherwise have deserved well of science and of their race.

"Science is the handmaid of religion," and the two are united by bonds that may not be severed. Religion can dispense with science, but science cannot progress without religion; cannot ignore revelation. Only under the fostering care of the religion of our fathers; only under the patronage of the Catholic Church, therefore, can science find that stimulus, or experience that energizing influence that favors the development of which she is capable, and which alone can prepare her for those glorious triumphs for which she is destined.

A SAD CHAPTER FROM THE STORY OF IRELAND.

DO many of the readers of the CATHOLIC QUARTERLY allow themselves occasionally the pleasure and distraction of a good novel? To such we may recommend Walter Besant's "For Faith and Freedom"; very much for its own intrinsic merits, but more for another reason they will afterwards understand.

Many may be surprised to hear it is an historical novel. For, Mr. Besant has earned his loudest fame in another very different field, as the delineator of the sad condition of the working and lower classes in London, and the author of some successful schemes for improving and brightening their lives. Philanthropists are rather popular people just now,—admiration for them has become quite a fashion,—consequently, Mr. Besant and his social novels have captured an unusual amount of the world's attention. But, probably, he does not forget that fashions change perpetually in this fickle world, and in his historical novels we imagine he is building himself a monument of more enduring fame. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" has served its purpose and most effectually; when social conditions change a little, or when a new fashion in philanthrophy is invented, its interest and its fame can hardly survive. "For Faith and Freedom" speaks, not to one age, or for one order alone; its interest and charm are universal, and will be lasting.

The story is intended to show the causes which prompted and

gave an ephemeral success to Monmouth's mad rebellion, and to describe its consequences to his unfortunate adherents. It is told almost entirely by Alice Eykin—its central figure—who walked with the maids of Taunton when they presented the flags and Bible to King Monmouth. In her quaint, simple style she tells of her happy life at Bradford Orcas, before the rumors of rebellion came to disturb its peace. Her father had been rector of the village church, but holding to his old Puritan ideas, and refusing compliance with the act of uniformity, he was driven forth from his home and from his church, protesting still that his business was to proclaim the Word, and that business he would do in season and out of season, whatever be the law. He was but one of two thousand, who, giving up as he did, for conscience sake, ease and comfort and plenty, kept before the people in their persons and in their secret preaching a living record of the treachery and the tyranny of the Stuarts. Twenty-six years later, the seed thus sown by Charles II. sprang up armed men who drove his family and his name forever from the throne of England.

We are surprised to find the ejected minister and his family in most friendly relations with Mr. Boscorel, his reverend supplanter in the rectory, and son-in-law to Sir Christopher Challis, the simple, honest, village squire. In the beautiful summer days, leaning on the churchyard wall, Sir Christopher talks to Alice and the boys of God's love and the happiness unspeakable that awaiteth God's saints. But Mr. Boscorel is reminded of Virgil and Theocritus, and the shepherds of Mantua and Sicily, who nowhere even in sunny Italy could have found a scene more sweetly pastoral to describe. A travelled scholar, Mr. Boscorel loved to talk of music, painting, poetry. Alice, Puritan that she is, is astonished to find that he quotes Shakespeare and Ben Jonson more readily than the Word of God, and looks on the Pope with as much toleration as he bestowed upon an Independent.

The gentle narrator describes lovingly the happy, humble home of her girlhood where she sat beside her mother at the spinning-wheel which earned them bread; and her second home, the manor house, where Mr. Boscorel delighted to instruct her in the music and the arts he loved so well. She traces, too, with charming sympathy, the boyhood of her young companions who play so prominent a part in her story. In her pages we feel the glow of enthusiasm for Monmouth's person excited by his triumphal progress through the west of England in 1680, during his father's lifetime,—a glow which soon burst forth into a belief in him as the champion of religious liberty and the rightful heir to his father's kingdom—and the consequent consternation in Somerset and Devon, when, on the death of Charles, James II. quietly ascended

the throne. Monmouth thinks his time has come. He lands at Lyme Regis to claim his kingdom, and Bradford Orcas sends its full complement of recruits to his standard.

Dr. Eykin sees again religious liberty and a chance of plying his one and only trade of preaching in Monmouth's camp. "I have been muzzled—a dumb dog, I say—though sometimes I have been forced to climb among the hills and speak to the bending tree-tops. Now I shall be free again, and I will speak and all the ends of the earth shall hear." He will not be turned from his purpose, though his son, Barnaby, the hearty sailor, tells him that the cursing of the soldiers will scare him out of his cassock. He even insists that his wife and daughter shall accompany him, dedicated with himself to the great cause of the Lord.

We need not dwell on the fortunes of the rebellion. Alice Eykin at Taunton learns of the disastrous defeat at Sedgemoor, where she has a father, a brother and a lover among the rebels; and, after many anxious days and much personal danger, she knows that all are prisoners, waiting trial before Judge Jeffreys at the Bloody Assizes, and yet she is hardly in the beginning of her woe. She is cruelly deceived, and makes a dreadful and useless sacrifice to save them. Finally, on board ship at Bristol, the captain declares her sentence: "You have been given by the king to some great lord or other, and by him sold to the man Penne, who hath put you on board this ship, to be conveyed with a hundred prisoners, all rogues and thieves, to the Island of Barbadoes, where you will presently be sold as a servant for ten years; after which period, if you choose, you will be at liberty to return to England."

The fate of Alice Eykin, a white slave in Barbadoes, the reader will best learn from Mr. Besant's book.

We have come to the point where we may disclose our chief reason for noticing "For Faith and Freedom." Why have we no Irish writers who will do for our country and our history what Englishmen and others are proud to do for theirs? Are our history and traditions so dull, are our habits and character so common-place as to offer no subject worthy the exercise of Irish genius? Why must our Irish writers go elsewhere for plot and character to develop? Have we not stories to tell, as tragic as that of Alice Eykin? She was not the first white slave, nor the first lady, sold to the West Indian planters. Before her, thousands of Irish girls were decoyed and dragged away from home and friends, to suffer the horrors Mr. Besant describes, and many worse he does no more than hint at. How is it that all our Irish writers have passed by such a subject?

Yet we may hardly blame them. Our Irish historians (if we have any who deserve the name) barely mention the fact, giving no de-

tails to arouse the slightest attention or interest. These details the perusal of Alice Eykin's story attracted us to search for. We have gathered together such as we found scattered here and there; nothing that is original, much that was new to us, and, probably, will be to many of those who may honor our sketch with their notice.

The execution of Charles I. seemed likely to unite the conflicting armies in Ireland against their common enemy. Such a coalition would make them formidable, and a real danger to the leaders of the Commonwealth, who immediately saw the necessity of sending their best general and army to crush them once for all. Cromwell was not anxious for the task; but he had no choice and, after much preparation, arrived in Dublin in August, 1649. He came, determined on a real war of extermination, and proclaiming that the Irish should be dealt with by him, as the Canaanites had been by Josue. His Jericho was Drogheda, believed by Ormond to be impregnable. The town was taken, and no quarter given to age or sex. For five days "the whole army executed all manner of cruelty, and put every man who belonged to the garrison, and all the citizens who were Irish, man, woman and child, to the sword.[1] Thirty alone were spared to suffer a harder fate as slaves to the West Indian planters.

It was probably Cromwell's object, by sheer terror of his butcheries, to break down all idea of resistance .The fate of Drogheda spread alarm and horror through the island, and other towns and cities which offered the slightest resistance were treated with equal barbarity. Quarter was seldom given; when given, was seldom respected.

The general horror of the nation was voiced toward the end of the year, in December, 1649, by twenty-six Irish prelates assembled in council at Clonmacnoise: "We order and decree, as an act of this congregation, that a declaration be issued from us, letting the people know how vain it is for them to expect from the common enemy, commanded by Cromwell by authority from the rebels of England, any assurance of their religion, lives or fortunes."[2] And in another document, they declare: "We cannot, in our duty to God and discharge of the care we are obliged to have for the preservation of our flocks, but admonish them not to delude or lose themselves with the vain expectation of conditions to be had from that merciless enemy."[3] The prelates have fathomed Cromwell's designs and, appealing to his own words as evidence, say, "We hereby declare as a most certain truth that the enemy's resolution

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[1] Clarendon's *Rebellion*, vol. iii.

[2] *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, vii., 42.

[3] *Idem*, ii., 39.

is to extirpate the Catholic religion out of all His Majesty's dominions. It is notorious that the estates of the inhabitants of this kingdom are sold; and it is intended to root out the common people also, and plant this land with colonies to be brought hither out of England, as witness the number they have already sent hence for the Tobacco Islands, and put enemies in their places. And, in effect this banishment and other destructions of the common people must follow the resolution of extirpating the Catholic religion which is not to be done without the massacring or banishment of the Catholic inhabitants."[1]

It was Cromwell's policy to excite dissension amongst the Irish; he was not at all confident of subduing them, if united. Therefore, from his winter-quarters at Youghal, he issued an answer to to the Bishops' Declaration, "for the undeceiving of deluded and seduced people." It was a characteristic and audacious piece of lying, so far as it contravened the Declaration which unfortunately, subsequent events proved only too correct. About the massacring and banishment, he writes: "Give us an instance of one man, since my coming to Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed or banished, concerning the massacre or destruction of whom justice hath not been done or endeavored to be done. And as for the banishment, it hath not hitherto been inflicted upon any but such as, being in arms, might justly, upon the terms they were taken, have been put to death; as those who are instanced in your Declaration to be sent to the Tobacco Islands."

However it was then about the banishing—and, in view of what he says of the massacring, we can place no reliance upon his word—soon at least this pretence of defending it as the banishment of criminals deserving death was abandoned.

Cromwell's massacres had probably attracted uncomplimentary notice even in England; he saw that banishment would be just as effective for his purpose, less unpopular, and more remunerative. The West Indian islands, many of them, had lately been colonized from England, and the planters, in need of labor, were crying out for slaves. Many of them too, those of Barbadoes in particular, loyalists in politics, had taken the king's execution very badly, and were muttering treason against the Commonwealth; anxiety to provide them slaves might appease a most rising and lucrative colony. Why might he not send them the captured and conquered Irish? The planters would pay well for them, would turn them to some use, and might be trusted to dispose of them when no longer useful, in the most satisfactory manner. No fear of their returning to trouble him in Ireland. An admirable plan, at once

[1] *Spicil. Ossor.*, ii., 38.

adopted and put into execution when he commenced his campaign in 1650. The Most Rev. John Moloney, Bishop of Killaloe, writing in that year to the Secretary of the Propaganda, who had been Auditor with the Nuncio in Ireland, and giving him a sad account of Catholic reverses since their departure, of war, famine, and pestilence devastating the country, and of towns and fortresses taken by the enemy, adds that those whom they do not kill they send away in chains to the islands of St. Christopher and Barbadoes.[1] The good bishop did not long survive to witness these horrors. He died in Limerick during the siege in 1651, mercifully spared the harder fate of his colleague, the Bishop of Emly.

In May, 1650, having broken the strength of the Irish resistance, Cromwell departed for England where fresh troubles were arising, leaving his lieutenants to complete the work of conquest and extirpation. In two years after the conquest was finished, the last Irish army surrendering in September, 1652. Then came the extirpation, in preparation for which the disbanded Irish soldiers were first to be gotten rid of. They were easily induced to take service in Spain, France, and Poland. "The chiefest and eminentest of the nobility and many of the gentry have taken conditions from the King of Spain, and have transported 40,000 of the most active spirited men, most acquainted with the dangers and discipline of war."[2] If they had died at home for their country instead of dying abroad, unthanked and ill-treated, for foreign princes, how diffenently the story of Ireland might have been written! They left their country in her agony, "bound and bleeding 'neath the oppressor," with nothing to save her but her faith and constancy, and her trust in the strong right hand of God.

Everything was arranged in London in the most business-like manner for shipping off the Irish to the West Indies. Hitherto it had been done a little and at random. New and improved methods were now adopted. Bristol chiefly traded with the islands, and the Bristol merchants, slave dealers by habit and tradition for centuries,[3] were willing for a consideration to pay the State twenty shillings apiece for Irish captives,[4] and have all the trouble and expense of shipping them across the sea. That consideration was permission to sell their captives as slaves to the planters. The British Government quite willingly granted it, and moreover agreed to give them every help and facility in secur-

[1] *Spicil. Ossor.*, i., 355.

[2] Gookin's *Great Case of Transplantation in Ireland.*

[3] It is curious that Ireland itself was long their best and favorite slave market. St Wulstan made a great effort to convert the Bristol slavers from their barbarous traffic, with only very temporary success. See *Month*, April, 1890.

[4] *Spicileg. Ossor.*, ii., 135.

ing their prey in Ireland. These excellent Puritans, of course, saw no injustice in their action; quite the contrary. The measure was beneficial all around, said the government; to the West Indian planters who needed help, to Ireland relieved of unprofitable and unnecessary inhabitants, to the slaves themselves, who might, they were told, become thereby English and Christians. "I think it might be of like advantage," wrote Henry Cromwell later on, in 1655, concerning Irish boys to be sent to Jamaica, "to your affairs there and to ours here, if you should think fit to send one thousand five hundred or two thousand young boys of twelve or fourteen years of age to the place aforementioned. We could well spare them, and they would be of use to you; and who knows but it might be the means to make them Englishmen, I mean, rather, Christians."[1] The advantages being so manifest, there was no necessity of asking or obtaining the consent of the intended slaves, and even if they foolishly resisted, force might be most lawfully employed to coerce them. "Although we must use force in taking them up, yet it being so much for their own good, and likely to be of so great advantage to the public, it is not in the least doubted that you may have such number of them as you shall think fit."[2]

The merchants and their agents soon appeared in Ireland. Unlike the African slave traders in this alone, they came furnished with credentials from the English Government. "The Commissioners for Ireland in London gave them orders upon the governors of garrisons to deliver to them prisoners of war, upon the keepers of gaols for offenders in custody, upon masters of workhouses for the destitute in their care who were of an age to labor, or if women were marriageable and not past breeding, and gave directions to all in authority to seize those who had no visible means of livelihood, and deliver them to these agents of the Bristol sugar merchants."[3]

Press-gangs were formed and regular slave hunts organized through the country. The quality of persons designated in the orders were sufficiently elastic. Every Catholic was, or might be at any moment an offender in custody, and, in the actual condition of the country, devastated by more than twelve years' warfare, few could show visible means of livelihood. The unfortunate captives in order to claim legal release had to prove to the satisfaction of their captors that they had such settled profitable employment as yielded them means of their own to sustain them. The fable of the wolf and the lamb at once suggests itself. The slave hunters were practically at liberty to seize and sell whom they could—a liberty they had no conscientious scruples against using.

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[1] *Thurloe*, iv., p. 40.

[2] Prendergast's *Cromwellian Settlement*, p. 89.

[3] *Thurloe*, iv., p. 23.

But while only the Irish suffered no one minded. At last even the daughters of some of the English themselves were kidnapped, and attention became directed to the fearful excesses of the slave agents. In December, 1653, orders were issued to hold and search the slave ships leaving Ireland for Barbadoes and other English plantations, and to deliver such captives as there was no warrant for arresting. This order proves the shocking abuses committed; there is no proof that the English officers could or would execute it very exactly. On the contrary, every presumption points the other way. We know well their feelings towards the Irish enemy. In Cork, the "merciless Broghill" directed that no one once apprehended should be released except by special written order of his own. How was a poor Irish captive or his friends to obtain that against the influence of his rich captors, and the prejudice and hatred of Broghill and men like him. Some of the English officers and governors were slave dealers themselves. Colonel Stubber, Governor of Galway, made frequent excursions by night with armed troops into the country, and seized upwards of a thousand people, without regard to rank or condition, all of whom he shipped to the West Indies and there sold as slaves.[1] This same Stubber was also a dealer in marbles which he tore from the churches in Galway and sold in England.

Once captured the slave had no escape, and capture it was difficult to avoid. Not only force, but every form of fraud and treachery was employed. The government order of the 4th of March, 1655, forbidding further seizures by the merchants, mentions that they employed persons to delude poor people by false pretences into by-places and thence they forced them on board their ships. The persons employed had so such apiece for all they so deluded, and for the money's sake they were found to have enticed and forced women from their husbands and children, children from their parents who maintained them at school; and they had not only dealt so with the Irish, but also with the English; which last circumstance no doubt was the true cause why the concessions made to the merchants were revoked.

This order affected the slave trade only as carried on by private merchants, and did not at all put an end to it generally, as Mr. Prendergast would seem to believe. The government itself had been sending out slaves all along, and still continued the practice for many years after. In the end of the same year, 1655, it sent out two thousand Irish, boys and girls from Galway to Jamaica.[2] None of them were above fourteen years old, and quite incapable of supporting the hardships of slavery in such a climate, they must

[1] Hardiman, *History of Galway*, p. 134.

[2] *Thurloe*, iv., p. 100.

have perished there at once; nothing was ever heard of them afterwards.

The repeopling the conquered country with English settlers was not carried out so successfully as the government had hoped. There was no inclination amongst the honest and industrious in England to embark in such an enterprise. The majority of the new settlers were quite useless for good, being the very dregs and offscourings of the English cities; and, such as they were, numbers of them died of the plague before many months. The retention of the Irish peasantry became an absolute necessity to the new land owners, and on their representations, the extermination policy was abandoned. The government was pleased to allow the Irish peasants to remain at home to till the land for its English owners, yet only on condition of their becoming perverts from their ancient faith. Persecution for conscience's sake was added to the other sufferings of the unfortunate people. The priest who ministered to their spiritual needs did so at his life's peril. Five pounds his head was valued at; if he was a bishop or dignitary it was worth ten. If the people assisted at his Mass, or gave him help, or home, or hiding place, their danger equalled his. Their's indeed was the greater, for it did not fall on themselves alone. The Irish priests cared little for themselves; they had no greater trial or trouble than the constant danger their presence caused to their devoted flocks. We find continually in their letters the deepest distress on this account. One example may stand for all—the letter of Fr. Francis Magruairk, a Franciscan, in 1655, to one of the Roman Congregation.[1] Beginning with a sad picture of the state of the country under the persecution, he declares that he is deputed by the surviving clergy, secular and regular, of the province of Armagh, hiding amidst the rocks and in caverns of the hills, and in constant danger of capture and death, to lay before His Holiness their doubt and perplexity, which was their most pressing duty, to remain in Ireland or to leave it. If they remain they will occasion the destruction of the entire nation and of its religion with it. Death is the punishment equally of the priest who celebrates Mass, of the clerk who assists him, and of the friend who shelters or helps him in any way. And not only is the latter put to death, but in addition his property is confiscated and his wife, children, and domestics, now destitute, not to be a burden to the country, are sold for money to be transported to Barbadoes or Bermuda. On the other hand, if they leave it, they fear God, abandoning His people to devouring wolves, the youth to heresy, the old to an unprepared and miserable death. And, in conclusion, he begs the

[1] *Spicil. Ossoriense*, i., 412.

Cardinals to obtain for him from His Holiness advice and help in his difficulty.

The good friar did not in the least exaggerate. A painful story, told by Morison,[1] confirms his worst fears. In 1657, when the persecution had moderated a little its first violence, a priest obtained shelter in the house of Daniel Connery, whom Morison styles a gentleman of Clare. His retreat was discovered, and the vengeance of the law fell upon his host. Daniel Connery was arrested and sentenced to banishment, and his property was seized for the crown. His wife died in poverty, "three of his daughters, beautiful girls," Morison says, "were transported to the West Indies to an island called Barbadoes, and there, if still alive, they are miserable slaves." But the slavery, I fear, was their least suffering. Dangers worse than that awaited them in Barbadoes, as the reader of Alice Eykin's story may understand. "Hide that face, child! Hide that face. Let him never see thee. Oh! there are dangers worse than labor in the fields—worse than whip of overseer!' She sprang to her feet and clasped her hands, 'You talk of the Lord's will! What hath the Lord to do with this place? Here is nothing but debauchery and drinking, cruelty and greed. Why have they sent here a woman who prays?'"[2]

But not the priests alone, and those who sheltered them were exposed to death or slavery—the common people were equally at the government's mercy.

For the better destruction of the Catholic religion, an oath of abjuration was proposed to the people in 1656. It included a denial of the mystery of Transubstantiation, of the doctrine of Purgatory, of the adoration due to the Most Holy Sacrament, of the veneration of the Crucifix and other images, of the efficacy of good works to salvation, of the authority of the Supreme Pontiff, in short, of every distinctively Catholic article of belief. For refusal to take the oath the punishment was the loss of two-thirds of one's property, and each subsequent refusal was subject to the same fine. And if a person still refused compliance, and had no longer means to pay, slavery in the West Indies was the final sentence.[3] And now people did refuse to the last, braving for their faith hardships worse than death. The letters of that time are full of praise of their courage and devotedness. Life and property they no longer valued when they could preserve them only as perverts from their ancient faith. They faced slavery and death with the calm joy of the early martyr, knowing that they had not here a lasting dwelling, but, as children of saints, looked forward to

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[1] *Threnodia Hiberno-Catholica*, p. 287.
[2] *For Faith and Freedom*, c. 36.
[3] *Spicileg. Ossoriense*, i., 424.

another inheritance. And surely once again as of old from the blood of martyrs sprang a church as devoted and as faithful as were they.

Under Elizabeth, says an account of the state of Ireland in 1656, the persecution had never been so violent. Then ecclesiastics only suffered, now all are persecuted, men and women, peasants and nobles. Women may be seen running after their exiled husbands and rushing into the sea in vain endeavor to accompany them on board ship; children in search of their mothers and dying on the highways; men wandering about insane with grief and terror; whole villages transported to Barbadoes; homesteads abandoned a prey to any comer; maidens outraged; infants slain; inhabitants exiled in troops. No wonder Fr. Talbot, S.J., could write in 1654:[1] "In that kingdom there is nothing but wailing and lamention and cursing. They curse Ormand, they curse the king, and the Pope and his Nuncio and the clergy, and they curse themselves that they were ever born. May God give them consolation."

Another contemporary account of Ireland in 1654[2] describes the scenes of horror which the slave trade was making of daily occurrence throughout the island. After alluding to the violence of the persecution, it goes on: "Another scourge is added, that most dreadful plague, which for many months has mowed down almost the entire island, Ulster alone being spared, which mercy not alone the people of Ulster, but many others consider the reward of their devotion to the Nuncio. After the war and pestilence came famine, such as hardly another land has suffered since the creation of the world. And then in addition, exiling and banishing more dreadful than death itself, continued unceasingly since Cromwell's arrival in 1649. English ships laden with clergy and people are sailing to the islands of America and other regions lately colonized by the English, where our countrymen are to serve them in bitterest slavery. Others are being carried off to fight under the Catholic king and under Condé in Spain and Belgium. Those who are being sold in America into worse than Turkish slavery, are chosen without regard to age, the tenderest or the most advanced; or to condition, be they priests, religious; or to sex; so that with barbarous cruelty wife is torn from husband, husband from wife. Nothing is sadder than to see them put on board ship. Father is separated from son, brother from brother, sister from sister, kindred from kindred, husband from wife, the most savage and cruel heretics of England trampling on the dearest ties of nature. The whole island re-echoes with the moaning of the Catholics, lamenting their property lost, their

[1] *Spicileg. Ossoriense*, ii., 135.

[2] *Spicileg. Ossoriense*, ii., 130.

dearest dead or imprisoned, their friends exiled or in slavery. Youths there were, of the highest families, the hope and comfort of aged parents, delicately reared and liberally and becomingly educated, not only deprived of all hope of their ancestral estate, but stripped of their rich garments and clothed instead in vile rags, with bruised limbs and wounded bodies, driven in herds like cattle on board these infamous galleys. Most respectable maidens were to be seen, piously, chastely, and religiously educated in their father's home, for the most part of noble birth, and of an age to contract becoming nuptials, who having in one week seen their parents murdered, their rich relations hurried to the gallows, and their patrimony a prey to the heretical butchers, were themselves dragged away on shipboard, almost naked, crying to heaven. There were most loving consorts, who, having seen their children, some slain in battle or on the scaffold, the rest dispersed in miserable exile, and living only in the hope of being allowed to pass their old age together and share their common sorrow, have been driven forth in chains from their homes, and, while the wife was cast into prison in Ireland, the husband condemned to slavery was shipped to the English colonies in America. Amidst all which English barbarity, the saddest of all was their weeping as they cried out that they would bear all most patiently if only they were sent, not separated from each other but both together, no matter where, even as exiles or as slaves." "I have seen," says the writer, "in trustworthy letters written to Rome, that in this year, 1654, scarcely a sixth part of the nation is surviving, and out of this sixth part that fifty thousand of our countrymen are exiles, sent away either to the aforesaid English colonies in America, or to Belgium and Spain."

"The American poet, Longfellow," writes A. M. Sullivan, in his "Story of Ireland," has, in the poem of Evangeline, immortalized the "Story of Acadia." How many a heart has melted into pity, how many an eye has filled with tears, perusing his metrical narration of the "transplanting" of *one* little community "on the shore of the basin of Minos?" But, alas! how few recall or realize the fact—if, indeed, aware of it at all—that not *one* but *hundreds* of such dispersions, infinitely more tragical and more romantic, were witnessed in Ireland in 1654, when, in every hamlet throughout three provinces, "the sentence of expulsion was sped from door to door." Longfellow describes to us how the English captain read aloud to the dismayed and grief-stricken villagers of Grand Prè the decree for their dispersion. Unconsciously the poet merely described the form directed by an Act of the English Parliament to be adopted all over Ireland when, "by beat of drumme and sound of trumpett, on some markett day within tenne days

after the same shall come unto them within their respective precincts," the governor and commissioners of revenue, or any two or more of them within every precinct, were ordered to publish and proclaim, "this present Declaration, to wit, that all ancient estates and farms of the people of Ireland were to belong to the adventurers and the army of England, and that the parliament had assigned Connaught for the habitation of the Irish nation, whither they must transplant with their wives and daughters and children before the 1st of May following (1654), under penalty of death, if found on this side of the Shannon after that day."

Though the death penalty was thus threatened for the crime of not giving up lands and home and moving away to Connaught, and was frequently inflicted, yet, says Prendergast[1] "wholesale executions for this crime seem to have been thought inexpedient but the government had no scruple to sending them to the West Indies." One excellent officer writes to London, in March, 1655: "The officers are resolved to fill the gaols and to seize them"; by which this bloody people shall know they (the officers) are not degenerated from English principles; though I presume we shall be very tender of hanging any except leading men, yet we shall make no scruple of sending them to the West Indies, where they will serve for planters, and help to plant the plantation of Jamaica which General Venables, it is hoped, hath reduced."[2] And thus, in December of the same year, the Commissioners for Ireland write to the Governor of Barbadoes, notifying him of the sailing of a ship containing a cargo of proprietors deprived of their lands and then exiled for not transplanting. The ship also, amongst others, contained three priests, and the significant hint is given that they are to be so employed that they may not return again to do mischief in Ireland.[3]

Other examples there are in plenty of Irish proprietors sentenced to slavery for not transplanting; but the action of the government in this respect can be sufficiently understood from what I have already given.

It is really wearisome, counting all the charges under which one might have been then condemned to slavery. An example of one other charge only I shall quote from Prendergast.[4]

"Denis Brennan and Murtagh Turner, persons lately in the army and pay of the State, troopers of Colonel Hewson (probably conformers to the English religion), being engaged near the castle of Lackagh, in the same county of Kildare, repairing houses of some of the transplanted inhabitants, were barbarously murdered,

[1] *Cromwellian Settlement*, p. 145.
[2] Letter quoted in *Cromwellian Settlement*, p. 128.
[3] *Cromwellian Settlement*, p. 323.
[4] *Cromwellian Settlement*, p. 338.

to the great terror of the rest of the peaceable inhabitants of the county. All the Irish of Lackagh of the Popish religion (except four who were hanged for the benefit of the rest), to the number of thirty-seven—being three priests, twenty-one women and thirteen men—were on the 27th of November, 1655, delivered to Captain Coleman, of the Wexford frigate, for transportation to Barbadoes. The names of the priests were James Tuite, Robert Keegan and John Foley. There were, also, the wife of Blind Donagh, and the whole family of Mr. Henry Fitzgerald, of Lackagh Castle. Mr. Fitzgerald's case was one of great hardship. He and his wife, Mrs. Margery Fitzgerald (both of the house of Kildare) were fourscore years and upwards, and no one could charge them with being Tories, or countenancing them, and they could scarcely be deemed guilty of not running after them with the hue and cry. The Tories, too, had frequently despoiled them. Yet they, with their son Maurice, their daughters Margery and Bridget, Mary, the widow of their oldest son Henry, with their man-servant and maid-servant, had to lie in prison till the ship could be got ready to carry them with the rest of this miserable cargo. They were assigned to the correspondents of Mr. Norton, a Bristol merchant and sugar-planter, who was to be at the charge of transporting them to Barbadoes."

These are some of the deeds that have raised up a wall of hatred between two nations which might have dwelt together in friendship; and by deeds as like them as better times will sanction, are many still striving to strengthen its yielding and tottering foundations.

It is hardly possible to make an accurate estimate of the numbers of Irish destroyed or banished during these dreadful years. The population of Ireland, in 1641, was reckoned by Sir William Petty, at 1,466,000.[1] Of these he considered 260,000 were Protestants, to whose numbers we must add 200,000, the quantity of new colonists introduced during the subsequent years.[2] So that there are altogether about 1,200,000 Catholics, and almost 500,000 Protestants to be accounted for. After the devastation of the country by the Puritans, Sir W. Petty considered it impossible to make any approximation to a census of the inhabitants, but thought the proportion of Catholics to Protestants to be about eight to one. Now Cardinal Moran thinks there were about 500,000 Catholics surviving,[3] with whom, according to Petty's proportion, there would be 62,000 Protestants. I do not know if this be more accurate than the statement I have lately cited which declares that only a sixth part of the nation survived in 1654, which would be no more than

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[1] *Political Anatomy*, p. 13. [2] *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, ii., 75.
[3] *Memoir of Dr. Plunket*, Introduction, Sec. 9.

250,000, out of which should be taken 50,000 who were in exile. But, at the best, it would appear that Ireland lost 700,000 Catholics and 400,000 Protestants, or two-thirds of its population during, principally, the period of the Commonwealth in England. Pestilence chiefly, and perhaps abandoning the country in disgust account for the Protestant diminution. I need not assign the causes which effected that of the Catholics.

How many Catholics were banished to the West Indies alone, directly concerns my present sketch. Prendergast,[1] giving 6400 as the number seized by the Bristol slave-dealers, before March, 1655, and 2000 as subsequently in the same year sent to Jamaica, would appear to make the total number 8400. But, manifestly, such is not his intention, for he mentions many other companies of slaves which he has not included in that amount.

Bruadin[2] says that, altogether, 100,000 exiles were, about that time, banished from the country. About 40,000 of these were soldiers who took service in various parts of Europe, and Cardinal Moran[3] mentions a contemporary document which proves that 20,000 Catholics sought refuge from persecution among the Scottish islands. If we suppose Bruadin, whose book was published at Prague in 1669, to have known of these latter, which may well seem doubtful, then his statement may warrant us in putting the West Indian captives at 40,000. This would be more than confirmed by a private letter written in 1656, which Dr. Lingard[4] had in his possession, and which declared that 60,000 Irish had been sent to Barbadoes and the American islands. An earlier letter of Fr. Gearnon, a Franciscan, written about 1653, gives the number already sent to Barbadoes as 14,000.[5] An Irish priest, Fr. John Grace, who visited the West Indian islands as a missionary in 1666, and whose report I shall give later on, puts the number of Irish then surviving there at 12,000. Any one who reflects on the treatment and condition of the white slaves, as described in Mr. Besant's book, must agree that hardly one in four had a chance of surviving beyond ten years. Such a calculation would make the number which reached the islands close on 50,000, which may not be far from the truth.

We may well understand that the treatment the wretched captives received on their voyage to the West Indies was on a par with the fate which awaited them there. Neither the government nor the Bristol slave traders were tender of the health or lives of their captives. The merchants were supposed to make every provision for them for a voyage which in the fairest weather lasted over six

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[1] *Cromwellian Settlement*, p. 92.
[2] *Propugnac. Cath. Relig.*, p. 692.
[3] *Memoir of Dr. Plunket*, Sec. 2, note.
[4] *History of England.*
[5] *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, i., 404.

weeks. But they did so most inadequately; it was so much cheaper to lose a few than to procure clothing, sound provisions, and medicine for all. Alice Eykin's fellow prisoners "were huddled and crowded together below the deck; they were all sea-sick; there was no doctor to relieve their sufferings, nor were there any medicines for those who were ill. Fever presently broke out amongst them, so that we buried nine (one-tenth of all) in the first fortnight of our voyage." Their food was of the coarsest and they had planks, for sleep, of the hardest. No wonder they were a sorry sight when they arrived and stood before their future owners. "He read the first name on the list, 'Robert Bull, stand forth.' Then arose from the deck where he had been lying a poor wretch who looked as if he could hardly stand, wasted with fever and privation, his eyes hollow. The planters shook their heads."

Mr. Swinburne in his last volume has a sad poem, the lament of a Jacobite exile in France, whom no beauties of that kind strange land, and no tenderness of its people could console for the sea banks fair and the sweet gray gleaming sky of Scotland, and his friends and kindred afar ayont the foam.

The Antilles islands, "which stand like a string of emeralds round the neck of the Carribean Sea,"[1] have been blessed by nature with more than ordinary beauty and fertility; and perhaps even an exile, weary of strife and persecution, leaving a land which strangers were rending asunder, might find rest and peace and comfort amidst their luxuriant valleys. But a slave—in despair, hearing already the crack of the whip and the curses and jeers of the drivers, where was his rest or comfort but in death, "the mighty consoler?" A strange, cruel land they were to him, until deep in their bosom they gave him a grave to bury his sorrows and hide his broken heart.

The different islands were colonized by different nations, some earlier, some later. Many of them owned English authority and belonged to English subjects, Barbadoes, for instance; St. Christopher's and others to the Earl of Carlisle until 1663, when they were acquired by the crown. The two we have mentioned were first colonized about 1624. Barbadoes flourished rapidly, having in 1650, 20,000 of a white population. In 1670 there were 50,000 whites and 100,000 blacks. But afterwards these numbers decreased considerably, and about the beginning of the present century there were no more than 15,000 whites and 65,000 blacks. Its present population, says Mr. Froude, is 200,000, of whom nine-tenths are black—about 1200 to the square mile!

St. Christopher's had a harder struggle. A French colony settled in one part while the English occupied another, a source

[1] Froude, *English in the West Indies*, c. iii.

of constant quarrelling, till in 1713 it was all ceded to England. The first English colonists were ruined by a hurricane, and the Earl of Carlisle had others sent out, amongst whom there must have been many Irish Catholics. Transplanting was going on then also in Ireland; probably the dispossessed natives volunteered or were forced to emigrate. But they found no more peace and justice there than they had experienced at home, and in 1632 persecution became so unendurable that many of them, leaving almost all they had, passed over to the neighboring island of Montserrat and there founded a new colony.[1] There must have been considerable emigration from Ireland to these islands. In a petition received from them in 1643[2] asking that priests should be sent to them, their number in all the islands is said to be twenty thousand. In 1648 in Montserrat alone there were more than one thousand families, all Irish and Catholics. One of the largest hills in St. Christopher's received the name of Ireland's national saint. Catholics must have continued to predominate in Montserrat, though under difficulties, for about 1668 an Irish Catholic was appointed governor of the island.[3]

But however well these islands may have been known to many of the Irish, Barbadoes seems to have been quite unknown to them. Would to God it had remained so! It was then the great centre of slavery in the West Indies, and the condition of the slaves there, and of the white slaves in particular, was the most wretched upon earth. The Barbadoes planters had a sad character as slave owners. The slaves, fed on insufficient and unhealthy food, labored all day under an intolerable sun, with eyes well-nigh blinded, head aching, every limb tortured, and a terrible thirst tormenting them which only rest, such as it was, at night in their suffocating pig-sties, could assuage. And for the least skulking the whip was laid on, and if there was a word of impatience or murmuring, it was called stark mutiny, for which the miserable slave, man or woman, was tied up and flogged with incredible barbarity. "On the least symptom of insubordination," says Froude,[4] "they were killed without mercy; sometimes they were burnt alive, or were hung up in iron cages to die." In the French and Spanish islands, he says, the souls of the slaves were cared for, but not in the English. No wonder the white slaves seldom lasted long. Few survive, says Mr. Besant, beyond five or six years, and most of them, reduced by the miseries of the voyage and exhausted by the hard labor to which they were put, quickly fell ill and died like rotten sheep. "Like rotten sheep, I say, they die, without a word of Christian exhorta-

[1] Edward's *West Indies*, iii., c. iv.
[2] *Spicileg. Ossor.*, i., 286.
[3] *Spicil. Ossor.*, i., 487.
[4] *English in the West Indies*, c. iv.

tion, and like brute creatures who have no world to come are they buried in the ground."

What a life, and what a death for our poor Irish Catholics with their lively spirit of faith, abandoned on the threshold of an unknown world, eternity opening out to receive them, God's dreadful judgment looming dark and terrible before them, and no minister of their beloved faith beside them to comfort them, no sacraments to purify and strengthen their souls! But God's hand is not shortened, and He, for whose honor they had given up home, and liberty, and kindred, knew how to shed upon their dying eyes the peaceful happy light of the kingdom they had so well deserved.

Providence did not leave the Irish slaves in the West Indies altogether without religious consolation. Many priests were sent out amongst them after a few years when persecution was less violent, and slavery was substituted for death. A choice was given to the captured priests—exile to France or Spain for those who would promise never to return to the country, slavery in the West Indies for those who refused. An account of the state of Ireland in 1656[1] mentions that ninety-six priests and religious were collected together at Carrickfergus and shipped thence as slaves to Jamaica, or to Barbadoes, as Prendergast says, quoting a state paper.[2] And the "Spicilegium Ossoriense" gives us on page 434 of the first volume one solitary instance of a ransomed Irish slave, a Jesuit Father, who, after five months captivity in Dublin, was sold in Barbadoes and, after much suffering there, was ransomed and returned home. Fr. James Phelan, a priest of Ossory, returning from Paris to Ireland, writes in 1656 to the Secretary of the Propaganda[3] that in Ireland he must lodge with Protestants, lest, found with the Catholics, he be arrested and transported to Barbadoes. The practice, therefore, must have been common.

But the fate of the priest in Barbadoes was not different from that of his people, and not all of them shipped for the West Indies ever reached them. Again, the "Spicilegium" gives us an example: "I have learned for certain," writes a Capuchin, 14th March, 1656,[4] that Fr. Fiacre has been taken by the heretics, condemned to life-long slavery to the English in America, and sent thither for that purpose." Another letter (p. 422) completes Fr. Fiacre's story. "Fr. Fiacre Tobin was a native of Kilkenny, who labored so successfully in God's vineyard that I am in doubt, writes his brother Capuchin, when he did most for God and the salvation of souls, whether when free or when in prison. Free, he

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[1] *Spicil. Ossor.*, i., 415.
[2] *Cromwell. Settl.*, 323.
[3] *Spicil. Ossor*, i., 421.
[4] *Spicil. Ossor.*, i., 419.

labored unceasingly in Kilkenny during the plague and siege (by Cromwell in 1650), and in the sad days after the capture of the city. But he was quickly arrested and cast into prison. Through God's mercy the faithful had free recourse to him there, an opportunity he and they turned to the best advantage. After some months, he was released on the petition and under the bail of a rich Catholic, and under promises not to leave the city. Fearlessly he used his liberty in God's service, aiding his brethren in every possible way. His zeal offended the heretics, who again seized on him, and, sparing his life for the prayers of his friends, banished him to France. But he could not rest in exile, knowing the spiritual destitution of his people in Ireland, and he availed himself of the first opportunity to return to his country. After three years of hard but fruitful labor in his ministry, he was again captured, and this time his sentence was slavery for life in Barbadoes. Put on board a ship at Dublin, in the first few days he was robbed of everything he had, and the privations to which he was subjected, brought on a fever. Violent weather drove the ship into Waterford, where, deprived of every comfort, half-starved and exposed to the cold of a most severe winter, he died a real martyr on the 6th March, 1656. His life and his death I have quoted as a type of many others."

The exiled priests who reached the islands did what best they could for their fellow-captives, and what they could do at the best was little. Slaves, themselves, they had no liberty of action, and religious persecution was as bitter there as at home.

But not exiled priests alone were there to help. Wherever the Irish go, their priests follow in their footsteps, and the West Indies were no exception. I have mentioned how Irish colonists settled in St. Christopher's and Montserrat. Irish priests followed them. We find in the "Spicilegium Ossoriense"[1] a letter dated December, 1639, from Dr. Malachy O'Queely, Archbishop of Tuam, deploring the death of the priests whom he had sent there and asking special faculties from Rome for others whom he was sending out. The same unhealthy climate and fierce inhabitants must have made a quick end of them also, and the Archbishop, a central figure in the war which followed the rising of 1641 (in which he lost his life, slain in battle in 1645), being unable to attend to the interests of the colonists, they sent the petition I have already mentioned through the French Admiral, who placed it in Paris in the hands of Fr. O'Hartegan, a distinguished Jesuit, who was then agent for the Confederation at the French Court. In a letter to Rome, Fr. O'Hartegan strongly urges his own fitness for that mission: "I

[1] i., 246.

entreat you to be pleased to send me thither. I shall soon have finished the business intrusted to me at this Court; my health is sufficiently robust, and I know thoroughly the French, English and Irish languages which are commonly spoken there; my zeal for souls by God's grace is intense, and I ardently desire this or a similar mission."[1]

Who were sent out we have not found recorded, but Fr. O'Hartegan was then too useful at home, and soon after we find him acting as Chaplain-General to the Irish army in Ulster, and in June, 1646, bringing to Limerick news of the great victory of Benburb, and thirty-two captured flags, a present from Owen Roe O'Neill to the Nuncio.

It is curious that Mr. Lenihan[2] dates the reception of this petition in 1650, and indicates that it came from Irish slaves. What we have said about the early colonists of St. Christopher's, and the two letters we have just quoted, convince us that he is mistaken in the date of the petition, and the condition of those who sent it.

We hear nothing afterwards of Fr. O'Hartegan, at least under his own name. It may be believed that he obtained his desire of serving his countrymen in the West Indies. The Jesuit house in Limerick looked on that mission as their own, and attended to it as well as reduced numbers would allow them for a century after. In 1650, an Irish Father, De Stritch (under which Limerick name Fr. O'Hartegan is supposed to have concealed his own as too well-known to his enemies) arrived at St. Christopher's, to the great joy of the Irish there. Having heard the confessions of three thousand of them, he went, disguised as a timber-merchant, to Montserrat, employed numbers of Irish as wood-cutters, revealed his real character to them and spent the mornings administering the sacraments and the day in hewing wood to throw dust in the eyes of the English. Probably, his condition and mission were discovered, for religious persecution again became active in St. Christopher's, and the state of the Catholics there, a second time, became desperate. Three hundred of the chief among them were seized and carried to a small island or rock near, where they were abandoned, without provisions or the means to procure them. All perished there by starvation, except two who desperately attempted to swim across to the mainland, in which attempt one perished; the other succeeded.[3]

In consequence of this outrage, Fr. De Stritch collected as many Catholics as he could persuade to accompany him, and succeeded in escaping with them to the French island of Guadaloupe, where he

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[1] *Spicileg. Ossoriense*, i., 286.
[2] *History of Limerick*, 668.
[3] *Spicileg. Ossor.*, i., 411.

lived a long time amongst them, now and then going in disguise to visit the Irish in the adjoining islands.[1] It may be supposed that the Irish slaves in Barbadoes received some of his attention. Later, in 1699, Fr. Garganel, S.J., Superior of the Jesuits in Martinique, asked for one or two Irish Fathers for that and the neighboring islands which were full of Irish; for, he says, every year, shiploads of men, boys, and girls, partly crimped, partly carried off by main force for purposes of slave-trade, are conveyed by the English from Ireland.[2]

The next record of a mission to Barbadoes, occurs in a letter of Dr. Burgatt, just named Archbishop of Cashel, to the Secretary of the Propaganda, in which he encloses a letter and report of Fr. John Grace, a priest of Cashel, who had been sent as missioner to the West Indies.[3] He writes from Paris, in July, 1669, and says: "I send the report of Fr. John Grace, the missioner to the American islands, who has been compelled to return for the reasons which he mentions, and which I am confident are true, for I know the character of the heretics amongst whom he had to work, and I know also his own candor, zeal and piety. If I cannot find him companions here, he will come with me to Ireland where I hope to find some who will undertake that mission. Nor is there anything that tortures me more than to think of so many of my fellow-countrymen in so great misery and spiritual danger, and I call God to witness that if my age allowed me, I would myself more readily and more eagerly go to them as a simple missioner than even as archbishop to Ireland."

The following is Fr. Grace's letter: "Advised by my Ordinary, the Most Illustrious and Most Rev. Archbishop of Cashel, to give you a report of the mission I undertook to the islands of Western America, I most humbly obey and give it as follows: So watchful is your lordship's charity and zeal in the preservation and spreading of the faith that you are not ignorant that many islands lie along the coast of Western America subject to many and different nations, but chiefly to the French and English, and that in those which are subject to the English there is a great multitude of Catholics who, under the Government of Cromwell and other cruel enemies of the Catholic Church and faith, were conveyed there from Ireland to cultivate the land for the English, and who are most wretchedly and cruelly treated, not only materially, but most of all spiritually; inasmuch as the benefit of the sacraments and of all Catholic instruction is forbidden them, and the priests of this Church are not allowed to approach them; nor where the

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[1] Lenihan, *History of Limerick*, p. 669.

[2] Lenihan, *l. c.*, p. 669.

[3] *Spicil. Oss.*, i., 482.

English prevail could any one without danger to his life settle down or remain for such a purpose, so that none were found willing to face the danger and undertake the labor, notwithstanding its extreme necessity. Moved by these miseries and encouraged by some devoted men of our nation residing in Paris, though destitute of almost everything necessary for so long and dangerous a journey, I set out for the place in the beginning of 1666, in company of some French merchants, and discovered on arriving that rumor had not exaggerated the wretched condition of the Catholic inhabitants. I began at once to catechise, hear confessions, administer the Blessed Eucharist and Extreme Unction and bury the dead; and so by God's favor did I spend more than two years with much success. About thirty even of the English abjured their heresy before me, as is shown by many letters of well-known persons which I have brought back with me, one of which, given me by the Jesuit Fathers when I was leaving St. Christopher's, I send to your lordship as a sample of all. They show that the salary paid to me by the pious charity of the S. Congregation was not uselessly or badly expended; for which and for your other kindness to me I offer my best thanks, and beg your lordship to excuse me if you have not had letters from me, as I have frequently written to those who advised my going and obtained your charitable help for me, as my Most Illustrious Lord Elect of Cashel well knows. I am now going to Ireland, intending always to return, when the opportunity offers, to these most wretched islands, if it so seem good to my Ordinary and if fit companions in such a labor can be found. For one or two are not enough for such a mission, owing to the great distances to be traversed and to the great numbers of the Catholics, who are not less than twelve thousand. On the last occasion I expended whatever I had of my own or could beg or borrow from my friends, until by the peace and a treaty between the kings the captured islands were restored to the English, so that I could no longer remain in them, or pass over to the other English islands. For the English will visit all their losses on the Irish Catholics and on myself in particular, although I was not there at all when the war commenced, so that I thought it better on the advice of my friends to leave the islands for a time so as not to suffer the fate of a thief or a robber."

With his letter Fr. Grace sends the following report which gives further particulars about the Irish then there.

"The first of the American islands at which the French and other nations also call, is named Martinique, in which before the recent troubles there were some few Irish, whose numbers have been lately increased by those cast out from the other islands, so that I consider there are there now about two hundred. Their

spiritual necessities are not so great as those of the others who live in the following named islands, for, being amongst French Catholics though ignorant of their language, they can when necessary use signs and gestures and receive the sacraments from the ecclesiastics who labor there in the Lord's vineyard.

"Sailing thence to the south about sixty leagues we meet the celebrated English island called Barbadoes, which contains at least forty thousand inhabitants" (he does not include the blacks, of whom there were close on a hundred thousand then there), "amongst whom there are at least eight thousand Irish Catholics. Destitute of every religious help, their constancy in the faith, notwithstanding the heavy fines, threats, promises and other means by which the heretics endeavor to pervert them, is wonderful and miraculous. To the north, thirty leagues distant from Martinique, is another large island, Guadaloupe, in which in the same, or in a worse spiritual state there are living amongst the French at least eight hundred Irish, dwelling in the barren and remote parts of the island. And although the island is Catholic, that is little or no advantage to them on account of the distance, the difficulty of access, and scarcity of priests on the island. On the way from this to St. Christopher's, thirty leagues distant, are two English islands; to the right, Antigua, in which are four hundred Irish, and to the left, Montserrat. This is almost wholly inhabited by Irish, of whom it contains about two thousand. They have recently received there an Irish governor, a Catholic, who will afford a secure protection to priests going thither.

"In the island of Menis (should be *Nevis*) near St. Christopher's, and in St. Christopher's itself in which now French and English live together, there are four hundred Irish, who, if they go on Sunday to hear Mass in the French churches, or take their children to be baptized, are fined or flogged by the English.

"In the smaller islands scattered around these, as Tobago, St. Eustatius, St. Martin's, etc., there is a smaller and uncertain number of Catholics living amongst the heretics, who are all in the most imminent danger of perversion, unless by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, laborers are sent into the harvest of the Lord."

Dr. Burgatt's efforts to help his abandoned countrymen were attended with slight success. This result he declares in a letter to the Internuncio dated 5th February, 1673.[1] "I have been trying for more than two years by desire of the S. Congregation, conveyed to me through Card. Barbarini, to find some priests suitable for the mission to the American islands, where many thousands of our countrymen are living miserably without pastors or help of

[1] *Spicil. Oss.*, i., 511.

sacraments. And I have only lately and with much difficulty, such is the scarcity of priests here, found one capable of undertaking that work."

Here ends what we have been able to find recorded of our first Irish emigrants to America.

Some very few other records there are of them, one here and there in Barbadoes, sad enough to have drawn something like sympathy even from such a national enemy as Froude. In the porch of the old-fashioned parish church of St. John's, one is seen which he describes.[1] "At the porch was an ancient slab on which was a coat of arms, a crest with a hand and sword, and a motto, '*Sic nos, sic nostra tuemur.*' The inscription said that it was in memory of Michael Mahon 'of the Kingdom of Ireland,' erected by his children and grand-children. Who was Michael Mahon? Some expatriated, so-called rebel, I suppose, whose sword could not defend him from being Barbados'd with so many other poor wretches who were sent the same road—victims of the tragi-comedy of the English Government in Ireland. There were plenty of them wandering about in Labat's time" (Labat was a French priest who visited Barbadoes about 1700, and wrote an account of the island), "ready as Labat observes to lend a help to the French should they take a fancy to land a force in the island." Little wonder indeed if they were! The tragi-comedy was unevenly cast—for them all the tragedy—for their masters the comedy.

Writers note with surprise that in Barbadoes there is a numerous class between the descendants of the great planters and the people of color, who preserve no record of their ancestors coming to the island, nor any tradition of an earlier home beyond the ocean. Our Irish race has a good memory, and turns ever towards Ireland with longing eyes of love. Irish fathers and mothers have ever taught their children to reverence the mother-land they might never hope to see. Might they have kept silence—they could not have forgotten—in Barbadoes, lest mention of Ireland should recall a story of woe—the dark disgrace of slavery—which a proud race desired that its children should never know or remember?

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[1] *English in the West Indies*, c. 9.

THE TIMES THAT LED UP TO DANTE.

TO read the "Divina Comedia" with a due appreciation of its full scope and meaning, requires a preparation in many directions beyond the diligence of the bulk of readers. Not a few sin by this omission, and so lose the purport of the one poem which, above all others, embodies the divine genius of Christianity. Dante's great work is as truly the product of the times which saw its birth as the cathedrals of the Middle Ages are the expression of the thought and aspirations of the peoples who built them. To comprehend the work we must know the materials used in its construction, and this we can only arrive at by an acquaintance with the history of the centuries from which the sombre Florentine quarried them. But here our investigation cannot stop short without losing the one thing which elucidates the obscurities that would otherwise depreciate its just valuation. The Middle Ages will ever remain an enigma to the reader who contents himself with the narrow knowledge of the cycle of events in which they moved. To estimate them at their true proportion we must ascend further up the stream of time, and trace the currents of human affairs to those sources whence issued the varied and intense life of mediæval Christendom. The space at our disposal forbids us from giving, except in large outline, the social and political movements which developed, and ran into, an epoch nowhere else so faithfully pictured in all its vigorous life as in the "Divina Comedia."

Where to begin presents little difficulty, for, if anywhere in the course of their history, a markedly visible change began to take place in the national and social life of European peoples, it was shortly after the seat of empire had been transferred from the West to the East by Constantine the Great. The motive that may have prompted the Roman Emperor to this course need not concern us. But it is evident, in the course of events which followed, that change was of immense moment to the welfare of the Western World. From the date of the founding of the Byzantine Polity, the storm-cloud which had so long hung on the outskirts of the Empire grew ominously in dimensions. The menace became daily more dangerous, and at last in the reign of Valens, not fifty years from the death of Constantine, we see the barbarian Goths, pressed forward by the Huns in their rear, break through the barriers of the weakened Empire, and at Adrianople strike

from without the first mortal blow to Roman greatness. This was the outbreak of the tempest destined to eclipse the splendor of that mighty civilization which Roman genius, through twelve centuries of conquest, had elaborated to the limits of the then known world. From this time forward, the West was abandoned to its fate by Constantinople, and the line of its emperors, succeeding Theodosius the Great, was but an exhibition of impotent figure-heads, who neither adorned nor guided the vessel of state.

In the reign of Trajan the Empire had reached its greatest extent, and the policy of the emperors thenceforward, ceasing to be aggressive, assumed the defensive. The Roman state had attained the limits of its expansive power. The force which had pushed its conquering arms to the furthermost ends of the earth, had finally spent itself. On the east, Syria stayed the onward march of its victorious eagles, while to the north and northeast multitudinous tribes of barbarians, only held in check by the experienced discipline of legions fast relaxing their hardihood, hovered like swarms of locusts, ready to enter upon the fair regions before them to consume and devastate. Rome at last learned that she no longer possessed the energy of aggression. For two centuries forced to stand on the defensive, she merely held her own against a power which was, at last, destined to sweep her, the sceptred tyranny, from the face of the earth. In 410 A.D., the Goths, under Alaric, poured like a devouring flood into Italy, and the Imperial city itself was given over to the savage lust of its brutal conquerors. Scarcely had the fury of this storm spent itself, when the Huns, under the leadership of Attila, burst in all their unbridled rage upon the enfeebled Empire. As his uncountable hosts passed through the fated regions of their march, a wilderness behind them marked their awful course. Prosperous cities lay smouldering in their ruins, and whole populations, decimated by the barbarian sword, dwindled to a hopeless handful. The fields, for want of cultivators, were changed into silent deserts. Solitude and death were the only harvests reaped from Attila's sowing. It was, indeed, as if the wrath of an offended God had swept the face of a once fair earth.

The final catastrophe came about in the reign of Romulus-Augustulus, a befitting diminutive for the last Roman emperor, when the decrepitude of age had made the Roman name a mockery. Upon the ruins of ancient Rome, Odoacer, chief of the invading Heruli, founded a short-lived kingdom, to be succeeded by another barbarian dynasty almost as fleeting. But the end was not yet. Italy, though exhausted and dismembered through two centuries of invasion, endured the visitation of a foe more cruel, rapacious, and stubborn than any that had yet afflicted her with

predatory wars. In the middle of the sixth century, the Lombards swarmed down from the north, and, in the upper half of the peninsula, founded a monarchy which endured until the time of Charlemagne, and from whose loins sprang that network of Italian republics whose enmities and distractions, in Dante's day, so disturbed the exile's hopes. Meanwhile, France, Germany, Spain, and Britain were the theatres of like events. The numberless tribes that had been surging against the barriers of the Empire for so many centuries, after the first irruption, poured out over the whole of Europe in irrepressible multitudes. As the waters of a mighty sea, held in check for a time by a system of powerful dykes, but at last bursting through the impeding barrier, rush in an angry torrent over the unprotected country, this untamed and uncouth flood of humanity spread impetuously over the rich provinces of the once invincible Empire. So great was the force of this outburst, that its furthermost wave washed even the shores of Africa, and we find the Vandals establishing a powerful kingdom upon the site of ancient Carthage. Gaul falls a prey to the Franks, Spain is subdued by the Visigoths, Britain is seized upon by the Saxons, first its allies and then its masters, while the shores of the Baltic, and the regions of the east still remain nurseries of barbaric valor and future invaders.

In the first quarter of the seventh century the Saracenic power, terrible as the simoon, rises like a phantom from the desert, and rapidly matures to the formidable dimensions of an empire almost equal to that of ancient Rome itself. The Greek emperors are forced to bear the brunt of the zeal of conquest. Although the removal of the seat of empire to Byzantium has been criticised adversely as the abandonment of the West to the ravages of the fierce invaders, on the other hand, when we regard the terrible dangers which threatened Europe in the sudden and unparalleled rise of Mahometanism, we are forced to appreciate the providence that placed the only disciplined and solid power of the civilized world on the eastern frontiers of Europe as a bulwark against the rude but overwhelming fanaticism of Islamism. This is especially visible at a later period when the Suljukian Turks, issuing from the savage and inhospitable deserts of the north, pour the fiery torrent of their volcanic zeal over Asia-Minor, only stopping at the walls of Constantinople, where Greek ingenuity held them at bay until the fifteenth century. If the full power of the Empire had not been massed and centralized around the Bosphorus to stem this destructive torrent, while the Western nations were forming and consolidating into something like unity, it is not at all improbable that European civilization would have been retarded for several centuries. Had the stream of barbarism from the North

and the flood of fanaticism from the South met upon European soil, as they must have met without Constantinople between, Europe might now be what Asia-Minor now is.

As it was, with the lower Empire standing as a bulwark against Islamism up to the fifteenth century, the adolescent nations of Europe had sufficient time to develop that unity of power which enabled them, moved by the mighty impulse of a common religious faith, to precipitate their pent-up martial ardor upon the Moslem in his lately acquired home. The desertion of the West by the Greeks, although the admitted source of many deplorable evils, in this light was the salvation of Europe. The lower Empire not only served to check Islamism, than which no greater foe to our civilization can be imagined, but by abandoning the Western nations, gave them an opportunity, charged as they were with the fresh blood of their conquerors, to bring forth that vigorous and independent life which has ever since characterized and so strongly marked them off from all other peoples of the world.

Goth, Frank, Vandal, Saxon, Lombard and Norman seemed, indeed, to be the locust plagues of civilization. When we look upon the Empire in the period of its prosperity, and then upon it in its desolation after those withering blasts of barbarism had swept over its fair provinces, the contrast stands out in ghastly relief. See it as Tertullian writes of it in the second century: "The world," he says, "has more of cultivation every day, and is better furnished than in times of old. All places are opened up now; all are familiarly known; all are scenes of business. Smiling farms have obliterated the notorious wilderness; tillage has tamed the forest land; flocks have put to flight the beasts of prey. Sandy tracts are sown; roads are put into shape; marshes are drained. There are more cities now than there were cottages at one time. Islands are no longer wild; the crag is no longer frightful; everywhere there is a home, a population, a State, and a livelihood."[1] Such was imperial Rome, the mistress of the nations, in the plenitude of her power. Listen to another witness, at the opening of the seventh century, when her glory was a tale of the past, and the cup of humiliation proffered by barbarian hands to her imperial lips, had been drained to the dregs. Hear St. Gregory the Great raise his voice in lamentation over the degraded form of one who had fallen from such high estate. "Sights and sounds of war," he cries, "meet us on every side. The cities are destroyed; the military stations are broken up; the lands are devastated; the earth depopulated. No one remains in the country; scarcely any inhabitants in the towns; yet, even the poor remains of human

[1] Newman's translation in *Idea of a University*.

kind are still smitten daily and without intermission. Before our eyes some are carried away captive, some mutilated, some murdered. She, herself, who was once mistress of the world, how fallen now! worn down by manifold and incalculable distresses, the bereavement of citizens, the attack of foes, the reiteration of overthrows, where is her Senate? Where are her people? We, the few survivors, are still the daily prey of the sword, and of other innumerable tribulations. Where are they, who in a former day revelled in her glory? where is their pomp, their pride, their frequent and immoderate joy? Youngsters, young men of the world, congregated here from every quarter, where they aimed at secular advancement. Now no one hastens up to her for preferment; and so it is with other cities also; some places are laid waste by pestilence, others are depopulated by the sword, others are tormented by famine, and others are swallowed up by earthquakes.[1]

Such, as described by an eye-witness, were these ages of anarchy. Confusion had eaten into the very vitals of society. The sword, famine, rapine and captivity were daily visitations to the afflicted peoples of those fearful centuries. Calamity became their bedfellow and life merely an escape from death. Writing to the Emperor of Constantinople, Pope Agatho describes the deplorable condition of the West in these grievous words; "In these parts the fury of our various heathen foes is ever breaking out afresh, whether in conflicts or in inroads and rapine. Hence, our life is simply one of anxiety of soul and labor of body: of anxiety, because we are in the midst of heathens; of labor, because the maintenance which used to come to us as ecclesiastics, is at an end; so that our faith is our only substance; to live in its possession, our highest glory; to die for it, our eternal gain."[2]

From the opening of the seventh to the ninth centuries, we see the mingled populations of Europe, consisting of the remnants of Roman peoples and their barbarian invaders, tossed about in confusion like the waves of a vast sea under the impetuous fury of contending winds. The hostile forces of heterogeneous peoples are in perpetual collision. Tribe contends with tribe for the privilege of settling the conquered territory, and the old population, although prostrate beneath the heel of the invader, yet by mere force of being on the ground, offer a passive resistance to the encroachers. The antagonism arising out of disputed interests amongst the conquering and the natural antipathy of the conquered against their aggressors, loosens the very framework of human society. Order is shaken to its foundations, and the bonds of the old discipline are rent into a thousand shreds.

[1] Newman's translation in *Idea of a University*.

[2] *Ibid.*

At length, in the dawn of the eighth century, arises some semblance of unity out of the wreck. Pepin the Short, King of France, invited by Pope Stephen into Italy, in order to check the victorious career of the Lombards, lays the foundations of Charlemagne's empire. The latter, crowned by Pope Leo III. as Emperor of the West, brings about a unity which seems like a breathing-spell to a man, long spent with unremitted toil and battle. But Charlemagne's unity is by no means tranquility, and his reign is crowded with wars at home and abroad. Shortly after his death the empire is dismembered, and the old strife renewed; not, however, with the same hopeless violence and disorder, for a new principle, which had been gradually leavening the masses of barbarism for the last three centuries, has entered into the social structure. It has laid hold of the vitals of social existence and, slowly reducing chaos to order, develops out of confusion a system and a unity. In Charlemagne's empire we may perceive the first tentative expression of this new order. Let it be noted, that he is crowned emperor by the Spiritual Power, and receives the imperial dignity and title from the hands of Pope Leo III., without solicitation on the part of the Frankish king.

Christianity has been penetrating by degrees into the social life of the period, moulding its barbaric elements by the unity of a common faith into a coherent form. The task is not, of course, perfectly accomplished, for the material is not yet plastic enough to shape into perfect form. It is both too brittle through the indomitable pride of barbarism, and too fluid through the fierce heat of its unbridled passions, to model readily under the hands of the artist, however skilful. Still, the rude outline is sufficiently indicated there to make the impress of a dominant new idea visible.

During this same period we see the embryonic formation of the national life of European peoples. The line of demarcation, for a long time, keeps advancing and receding, and only becomes definitively fixed, after some three centuries. But, even now national affinities begin to show themselves, and group into the different nuclei of the distinct bodies, into which they are later developed. Thus, while unity is being attained in the mass, a separation into homogeneous groups begins to manifest itself; while Christendom is being fashioned, national Europe is first being realized. A unity and an independence are simultaneously shaping themselves into a common channel, under a common impulse,—a subordination to one dominant idea, and yet an autonomy of action, such as the world had never before witnessed in combination. Society at this period does not consciously realize what is going on within its bosom, nor can it yet scientifically appraise it. But a new

principle has entered into its constitution, destined to build up an ampler and higher structure than any that has yet preceded it.

Rome had founded and elaborated an institution beyond comparison in all antiquity, a State of colossal proportions and universal power in the epochs of its duration. This institution was the visible expression of the dominant idea of the Roman people carried out with a tenacity of purpose and an energy unique in the world's history. The Roman stamp was impressed relentlessly upon all peoples who came under her yoke. The supremacy of the State, as conceived and wrought out by the Romans, was the end of all human endeavor, the goal of all human aspirations, the embodiment of the highest ideal man might conceive. The individual under the dominion of this ideal, was only an insignificant part of the whole. His life was a mere breath in the balance against the supreme right of the State. The individual citizen lived simply for the State, whose greatness completely overshadowed him.

In Judea, during the reign of Augustus, One had taught, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," and had founded a sect with a fundamental doctrine that every individual soul was infinitely precious. This sect had penetrated every department of the empire, propagating this new doctrine, in spite of the completely organized power of the Roman State directed against it ten distinct times. Well might Cæsar fear for the safety of the Roman State before the irresistible force of the Nazarene's teaching that "it avails a man nothing to gain the whole world and lose his own soul." For the first time the Roman State found that there was something it could not control, something beyond the reach of its jurisdiction and its might. The State might condemn and destroy without mercy the followers of this new creed, but it failed to break down their conviction, and, to its astonishment, learned that there was something in a poor weak individual, which could brave the most atrocious terrors of the Roman law. This was a blow, indeed, to the majesty of Rome, and the emperors felt it instinctively. In their hands was placed the supreme power of earth, and in the presence of the Christian martyr they saw that power broken and shattered.

Rome died a natural death—the death of decrepitude when the vital forces have wasted away. Christianity seized upon and worked through the decaying forms of pagan Rome as best it could, and witnessed the tottering steps of her senility to the grave. But there was no redemption for the empire. It had fulfilled its destiny; the corpse could not be resuscitated. Nor was this desirable, for ancient Rome and mediæval Christendom were incompatible. The old forces were worn out, and no artificial

stimulus could repair them. But out of the north and the north-east came fresh blood, a new vigor, an irresistible energy, young hearts, strong though crude intellects, to be built up into powerful nations upon the ruins that strewed the path of ancient greatness. A Christian empire was to take the place of the Roman, and it was to be fashioned upon an entirely new principle. Its ruling idea was to be, not the supreme power of State, but the eternal value of the subject. The foundations of Christendom were laid on the lines that the State was henceforth to be the servant of the citizen. It was to subserve the individual as he worked out his eternal destiny. The institution was henceforth to be subordinate to the interests of the individual. The individual's rights were to be estimated in the light of his final end, and the State was to be the temporal medium of his immortal welfare. Such a principle was necessarily and radically opposed to the Roman conception of the State. The value of the individual had been wiped out in the Roman world by the intense emphasis which the Roman people had placed upon their institutions. The Roman State developed out of the Roman nation could never become, therefore, the vehicle of the Christian idea. A new framework must be elaborated by the Christian consciousness to embody the new idea which had seized upon human society. The barbarians, who had inherited by conquest what Rome had left behind her, knew nothing of the State in the Roman or, in any other, sense. They were a multitudinous embodiment of lawlessness. The bonds which held the members of a tribe together, were of the weakest character, and could be broken up at the slightest provocation. The first irruption of passion was sufficient to throw their loosely constructed confederations into confusion. License was the ruling force of their lives, and the restraining elements of their nature were swept away like straws when the passion of the hour was upon them. Discipline among such peoples was out of the question, and unity a mere shadow. Restless and nomadic, they wandered about in a state of perpetual conflict. The stable life of a settled community was unknown to them, and the Roman notion of a dominating State utterly repugnant. But in this lay their future strength. They never could have been assimilated into the Roman polity, where the supremacy of a despotic government ruled the individual's life with an iron rigor, moulding it mercilessly to the Titanic ends of the State. But they were amenable to a principle, which could construct a State, wherein the individual's rights, based on a spiritual sanction, was the first solicitude of the law. Christianity, therefore, found them a pliable, if not a prepared, material, out of which to build the Christian commonwealth. But first, the lawlessness of their uncurbed natures

must be restricted, and the barbarian tamed to a state of submission which could guarantee the working of the common law. The ore must be crushed and the metal fused before it can be moulded. This was the process which we witness through that period of the world's history, known as the dark ages.

First of all, we see a strongly centralized spiritual power rising on the very spot, whence Roman genius issued to subdue the world. Rome went forth to her universal conquest with the sword in her right hand and the marvellous discipline of her legions to direct it. Christianity went forth to her universal dominion with spiritual weapons in her hands and the wonderful unity of her faith to make them efficacious. At the same time it must be remembered that the conquest was not an easy one, and often more apparent than real. Human nature is not moulded to a principle except with an effort and a persistence, which often takes centuries to be effective. The barbarian conquerors of old Rome were not to bend their stubborn necks to the yoke of new Rome without a struggle. Long centuries of unrestrained independence had developed their passions to a strength and a ferocity, which would not submit with patience to the assuaging hand of correction. In the persons of the German emperors of the Holy Roman empire, this contention takes a definite and colossal shape in their long warfare with the Papacy. It had been waged in many shapes before it assumed the terrible proportions it first presents in the times of Henry IV. and Gregory VII.

Barbarism cropping out in unrestrained pride and brutal force, had ever been putting forth its strength against the spiritual element rudely and imperfectly accepted in those times by the bulk of northern peoples. In the German emperors it assailed the Christian principle with the concentrated force of several centuries and with an organization of power with which Christianity itself had endowed it. Nevertheless, the principle of material force and the independence of the material man from all spiritual control had never before been weaker than when the German emperors, in their persons, made it a matter of contention. The only condition of society, in which it could thrive successfully, was passing away beneath the inspiring breath of Christianity. It is only in a state of barbarism, such as Christianity had found the German populations sunk in, that this principle of material independence can obtain. Christianity had unified the peoples of Europe, gathering them together under the dominating influence of a spiritual idea, given them an established form of government and laid the basis of a freedom for the individual, which should be protected and fostered by the just hand of the law. Not all at once, be it understood, but by slow degrees, step by step, ap-

proximating to this ideal, were the rude masses of Europe being formed. In proportion, therefore, as barbarism waned, Christianity grew, and the power of the Papacy increased. This it was that enabled the peoples of the Middle Ages to brave with impunity the desperate rage and stubborn pride of the German Kaisers. This it was, that gave their spiritual thunderbolts such tremendous efficacy against the sovereign, who had perverted the exalted duties of his office.

Already as early as the first half of the ninth century, the Canons of the Council of Aix-la Chapelle declared that "Kingdoms were lost through default of justice."

"Princes learned, moreover," says Frederick Ozananm, "what antiquity had ignored, that political obedience had its limitations; that, all formidable as they were, their swords could never efface a single one of God's commandments, and that the temporal power had no jurisdiction in the domain of conscience. There was much to do for the future in thus preserving the principle of equality; in assuring the subject the freedom of practising virtue, which is the first of all considerations; in establishing justice in the will, whence sooner or later, it must descend into institutions; and in maintaining finally, in the midst of violence and tyranny, the idea of duty, from the fulfilment of which are derived all rights."

In times such as we have been describing, the necessity of some bond of union was obvious. Such a bond could not be found in the perpetually colliding interests of a number of alien races struggling for mastery upon the same soil. When we consider the rise of the feudal system during this same period, the need of the domination of some universal power, whose authority could be allowed by all and disputed by none with impunity, becomes still stronger. As a natural result of the disruptions in society, brought about by the barbarian invasions, men gathered together in groups to better defend themselves against a daily aggressor. The weaker sought the protection of the stronger, and in return yielded vassalage to the one who was thus able to succor him. The result of this was the development of the feudal system, where group formed within group, the smaller within the larger, and out of which arose that relation of dependence of the vassal on his liege lord. The unity thus afforded, was at best precarious, and while it welded the few together in the common cause of protection, severed the many by wide gaps. One powerful feudal lord had nothing in common with another, and distrust, jealousy and habitual warfare grew out of their daily differences. A common authority, whose power should be spiritual, was necessary to hold in check the mutually destructive tendencies of a system whose evils were only less imperfect than its benefits. In the Papacy such a spiritual

power arose. For this reason we find the Popes of these ages the spiritual sovereigns of all Europe, acknowledged universally as the arbitrators in disputes between temporal lords. Out of this condition of affairs sprang up what has been appropriately termed the public law of the Middle Ages.

The Holy Roman Empire was founded on the implicit notion that the temporal power should be brought into the service of the spiritual authority in order to accomplish that unity among the nascent States of Europe which was so necessary for the preservation of law and order. It was desirable that a universal temporal authority should receive the sanction of the spiritual power in order to preserve peace and further justice, where otherwise the rights of men would be lost in chaos and riot. The reason of the empire's existence lay, therefore, in its good will to second the Church in establishing concord among men and nations. The imperial power was only valid when used for this purpose, and only received the sanction of the spiritual authority when wielded to that end.

Under the sceptre of Charlemagne, the empire nobly served its purpose. But the German Kaisers, finding the spiritual so effective in confirming the temporal authority, sought to assume it to themselves for the aggrandizement of their power. The right and power of investing bishops with the ring and crozier, the symbols of their spiritual jurisdiction, was claimed by the German emperors. As a result of this assumption, abuses and scandals heavily burdened the hierarchy. Simony grew apace ; Sees were sold to the highest bidder, and creatures only too pliant to their temporal lord's will, filled some of the most important spiritual offices of the Church. Gregory VII., as soon as he had ascended the Pontifical throne, determined to root out the evil once for all. For a layman to confer spiritual authority upon bishops of the Church was simply to subvert the whole purpose of Christendom. As a layman does not himself possess spiritual authority, he cannot confer it. To grant such a function to the temporal power would have been to admit that the spiritual office was to be wielded in the interest of temporal things, a proposition not only opposed to the principle upon which the empire had been established, but fatal to the constitution of the Church itself. To yield to the claims of the German Kaisers was to deny the controlling idea of Christianity, and to return either to the Roman notion of State supremacy or to that lawless barbarism out of which the Church had lifted the peoples of Europe. It would have been to acknowledge that both the civil polity and the individual citizen were entirely independent of the spiritual law. It was just this notion of false independence which had led the ancestors of the

German people to be perpetual and restless wanderers over the face of the earth. To admit the validity of their claim was to give up all that Christianity had accomplished. Gregory VII. placed the issue clearly and immediately before the world, and Henry IV. put forth all his energies and powers to combat it. But so vividly had the idea of spiritual supremacy seized hold of the minds of men, that the emperors played a losing game from the very beginning. As each successive Imperial claimant entered into the contest, so each retired from it weaker than his predecessor, and on the death of Frederick the Second, their spurious cause virtually collapsed.

Dante lived in an age when Europe was just emerging from this momentous struggle, and its echoes still disturbed men's peace of mind. The poet of the "Divina Comedia" was an inhabitant of one of the most powerful cities of northern Italy, where the brunt of the conflict had been borne, and out of which first emerged the spirit of Italian nationality. These cities of the northern peninsula took an important part in the struggle, and were divided more than once upon the issue. The Guelphs, or that party opposed to the emperor, predominated amongst them, and, in the famous Lombard League, made powerful opposition against the imperial master. Their independence triumphed in the result. But, like all other states of mediæval times, the evils of feudalism distracted and divided them. Factions rent them asunder, and the jealousy of power made them implacable foes. Out of the strife between the Papacy and the Empire issued a spirit of nationality which had never before appeared amongst them. It was through their contest with the German Emperors that the Italian cities began to realize, not only their own native independence, but also that unity which was to be the root of their national life. In Dante's day, however, the dust of the battle still obscured the real issue. Partisan feeling was yet too hot to permit the exercise of cool judgment, and the tremendous effects of the long struggle lay still too far in the future to be grasped by the participants. The tradition of the old empire had entered as another element to confuse the minds of men. The new empire was confounded with old Rome. The revival of the study of Roman jurisprudence in the twelfth century largely contributed to this notion, and the Hohenstaufen was not slow to seize upon this posthumous evidence as a witness to his own claims of supremacy. As the legitimate successor of Cæsar, and lord of the earth by divine right, he made pretensions to universal dominion. This was Dante's view, and hence we find in him such an ardent advocate of the empire. But the claim was baseless. The historical genesis of the Holy Roman Empire was entirely overlooked, and

the principle upon which it had been founded was utterly repugnant to the idea out of which had sprung the universal sway of the Cæsars. If anywhere, that right and title belonged to the Court of Constantinople, but the Greek Emperors had long ago forfeited their rights in the western world by abandoning them.

The strongest objection to this assumption of the Imperialists lay in the fact that the mediæval empire could not have possibly reconstructed the world upon the old Roman basis. The ancient forces had been exhausted, and the Roman type had disappeared forever. A new principle had entered into the social organization, and was constructing a new political fabric as different from old Rome as the Gothic cathedral from the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. This fact, as well as its historical genesis, the advocates of the empire's supreme jurisdiction utterly ignored. In old Rome, the State had been supreme, the individual but an ignoble part of the machine. In the new Empire, the State had been established to subserve the higher interests of the subject, whose eternal end had been made visible by the Christian dispensation. The supreme jurisdiction of the temporal power was, in the light of the new teaching, out of the question, and no State could henceforth rise to the absolute position which old Rome had occupied. The claim of the mediæval emperors to the independent and despotic rights of the dead Cæsars was not only illogical but totally opposed to the new order of things. The historical genesis of the new empire was an unquestionable witness to the hollowness of their pretensions to be the successors of the Roman Cæsars. There had been no Cæsar in Rome from the time of Romulus Augustulus. Outside of all considerations of what Charlemagne had represented, through the imperial dignity, and how he had entered upon its possession, it was practically absurd to suppose that a dynasty dead four hundred years could be lineally or legitimately revived in the person of a barbarian king of foreign extraction.

While the movements which we have been describing were going on within the body social and political, human thought also began to feel the effects of the change. When barbarism first took possession of the empire, the results to intellectual life were inevitably disastrous. A people plunged in the horrors of war, when life and property were as unstable as the weather, could of necessity have little time to devote to the pursuit of letters and science. We have seen how full of anxiety of mind and solicitude of body were the times of Pope Agatho, when ecclesiastics, who of all others in those days cultivated learning, were forced to do manual labor for their daily sustenance. If such adverse conditions to the pursuit of knowledge held in the case of churchmen, we can im-

agine how little opportunity there could have been for the progress of learning at all. Indeed, with the invasions of the barbarians seemed to come the total eclipse of light, not only in the social but in the intellectual order. What interest would these rough nomads, whose lives were passed on the battlefield, take in the peaceful domain of letters? What time could the distracted people of the demolished empire give to the cultivation of learning, when the perpetual effort of their lives was to defend themselves from the formidable foe spread over Europe from end to end. Under these blighting influences the decline of letters was inevitable. As a natural consequence, these centuries, speaking generally, are devoid of intellectual life; not, however, so completely benighted as is commonly supposed, but sadly crippled by the terrible circumstances which had seemed to wreck the social body. A notable exception to this must be made in favor of England and Ireland, which then enjoyed the security of a happy isolation. Separated from the mainland, these two islands of the North escaped the full stress of the storm which swept over the Continent, and thus enjoying a comparative immunity, were enabled to produce a galaxy of scholars who might have done credit to any age. But on the continent there had been a practical abandonment of letters, as the struggle for existence was sufficient to absorb the entire time of life. If it had not been for the zealous care of monasticism, in preserving the old learning during this turbulent period, we would now in vain deplore the loss of the Roman classics. Fortunately, monasticism, in spite of the almost overwhelming obstacles which confronted it, was able to shelter the precious treasures from the fury of the tempest, and like another ark carry the rich freight of ancient learning safely over the waters of the barbarous inundation.

As in Charlemagne's time we discover the first attempt towards unity in the political life of Europe, so, also, under the same great monarch, we see the first effort towards the systematizing of learning. But the intellectual life of Europe had taken into itself a new element. A new principle had entered into the thought of mankind. The pitiful doubt of Tacitus, so chastely mourning the departed Agricola, as to the future existence of the human soul, had become a living reality to the peoples of Europe. The ethical basis of human conduct had become totally changed. In the light of the Christian dispensation man had assumed larger relations than with the State and his fellow-man merely. He had entered into a direct relationship with a Personal Creator, to whom he was accountable for every act of his life, and the possession of whom, in a life beyond the bourne of time, was to constitute his eternal happiness. It had been revealed to man that there were

three Divine Persons in the One Godhead, and that the Second Divine Person of the Holy Trinity had assumed human flesh in order to redeem fallen human nature. A literature had grown up around these truths as its motive and its inspiration. It was the leaven of these new truths that had quickened mediæval Christendom into life, and as soon as mediæval thought awakened to intellectual consciousness, it was natural that it should turn its attention to these new factors in man's mental life. As a result, we have what has been called the Scholastic System of philosophy, so little known in modern times as to be ignorantly ignored.

It was not to be supposed that Christianity, which had been so vigorously assailed in the political and social world, would escape like attacks in the intellectual order. Its opponents argued, that if what claimed to be truth in the supernatural order, could be shown to be opposed to truth in the natural order, the foundations of its credibility would therefore be destroyed. On the other hand it was incumbent upon Christianity in the face of these objections to show that the truth which it taught, as divinely revealed, was not inconsistent with the sure and certain principles of natural reason. Just as Christianity had seized upon the imperfect human elements around it, through which to work its mission in the world, and in renewing them, build for itself the Christian State, so in its intellectural life it seized upon the imperfect materials of Pagan philosphy, out of which to elaborate, after purifying them, the new structure of Christian thought. With the light of the new revelation to guide them, the Christian thinkers of mediæval times set about their Titanic task. Although Scholasticism as a philosophy is supposed to begin with Scotus Erigena, it may be said that its roots struck back far beyond the ninth century. Yet it was not until the beginning of the eleventh century that it began to assume the vast proportions that afterwards made it architectonic. Through Roscelin, William of Champeaux, Anselm, Abelard, Peter the Lombard, the Schools of St. Genevieve and St. Victor; through Albertus Magnus, and finally culminating in its integrity in St. Thomas of Acquin, the Scholastic movement grew into a perfect system. Dante was yet a boy when Scholasticism came intact from the hands of the great Dominican. He had studied in Paris when the voice of the Master yet re-echoed within its walls. St. Thomas was still a fountain of light to the University, and his fame had flooded Europe. There was still another great Doctor, the bosom friend of the Angel of the Schools, one, whose words also yet resounded within those famous precincts, and whose impress was visibly stamped upon the mind of the Florentine; this was St. Bonaventure, termed in those ages of distinctive titles, the Seraphic Doctor. The Dominican and the Fran-

ciscan represented, each in his way, a School of Philosophy, in doctrine one, in method distinct. St. Thomas was Aristotelian; St. Bonaventure, Platonic. In Dante is to be found the double, but harmonious impress of both, blended and fused by the divine ardor of the poet's genius; for the Divine Comedy is but the artistic embodiment of Scholasticism. In architecture we see its expression blossoming in marble in the Gothic cathedral, in theology in the collossal Summa of St. Thomas, and in poetry in the Divine Comedy. Each embodies the same aspiration heavenward, each in its details exquisite, subtle and delicate, and each in its full proportions massive and solid as the earth itself. Each is built upon the same idea, the upward struggle of the human soul to its final end in God. Each in its own order the complete summation of mediæval Christianity, voicing the Christian principle which had created it. The destiny of the human soul, measured by the standard of its final end, may be called the central thought of the Divine Comedy. This was the new principle which Christianity had introduced into the world, this the factor out of which had been builded the mediæval Christian State, this the intellectual element which had elaborated Scholastic Philosophy, and this the motive, around which revolves the wonderful machinery of the Divine Comedy.

The impress of this great principle had stamped itself indelibly upon the mind of the Florentine poet, and lent wings to his genius to explore the topmost heights of being. His was an age pregnant with this inspiration. It had seized upon the lives of men, builded them into a society which laid the foundations for the world's future freedom. It was this period of the world's political and social existence which bridged the gap between the tyranny of the old and the liberty of the new civilization. The scope of man's life had been infinitely enlarged by being made eternal. The human act had become clothed with a super-excellent dignity and a priceless value. No longer limited by the narrow walls of time, in which the old heathenism had prisoned it like a captive bird, the human soul had learned to wing its flight to the unbounded regions of the infinite good. Death was no longer an impenetrable darkness, or at best, the gloom of a doubt, but the portal to the imperishable light of Eternal Truth. Doubt and fear had been disarmed by faith and hope. The unity of the race had been reaffirmed and cemented by Christian charity, lifting the human heart above the petty interests of space and time. Man had been regenerated, for the Light of the world had come into it.

This new relationship of man to his Creator is the theme of Dante's sublime work. If, as a rational creature, endowed with all the means of nature and grace to attain his final beatitude in union with the source of all being and all good, he refuse to seek

the bliss for which he was brought into life, his then is the place of outer darkness, his will forever fixed in the evil he has freely preferred; if repentant he seeks reconciliation with Divine justice, then his is the state of expiation and purgation; if victorious in his contest with the powers of evil, responsive to the graces which Divine Love has poured out upon him, confirmed in virtue through a steadfast and sanctified will, then his is the ineffable and unfailing joy of the possession of Infinite truth, beauty and goodness face to face with his God. This is the mighty and tremendous theme of the Divine Comedy; the human act measured by its last end.

WAS SAINT PAUL MARRIED?

Canon Farrar's Answer.

I.

EARNEST men must feel with Dr. Lightfoot that: "The first requisites in a historian are accuracy in stating facts and sobriety in drawing inferences." Even though a book of history "be not written for the minute examination of small details," but "with almost exclusive reference to broad human interests" and "with no pretentious claims to be either exhaustive or absolutely original," yet, this principle cannot be played fast and loose with.

It has struck the writer more than once that Canon Farrar in the historical work he has done has been wanting in accuracy and sobriety. There has been no lack of glow and feeling in his work, and who would have the historian deficient in either? History-writing is no longer naked chronicling. Chronicles have gone out with the age of monks, to whom alone skeletons were "merrie companie." The Past must have flesh on it, plump parts and a winning face, if it is to be made at home with the Present. Therefore, have glow and feeling, place and part in historical writing. But much as these are to be desired as enliveners, is it fair to masquerade them for argument or fact? Or if not put forward precisely in place of these, is it still lawful that they should hold the latter in leading strings, maybe use them as mere repeaters or

emphasizers? In the interests of truth should not positions be reversed?

The careful reader of Farrar's writings will find more than one subject in the treatment of which glow and feeling have taken the reins from judgment. If we have read him rightly, what he feels, and would like to have been the case, at times takes the place of what is more likely to have actually happened, Of this failing, his answer to the question in the title of this article is an instance. Indeed, on the whole question of marriage and the Catholic notion of the excellency of celibacy, he has very strong and constantly recurring feelings, which impress themselves uniquely on matters only in an indirect way connected with these subjects. Hence it has resulted that were the Canon's dicta the only information at hand, the reader would not be apt to conclude that matrimony was valued by Catholics as a sacramental boon; and such a reader must necessarily believe that celibacy in the eyes of Catholics, is as arid in motive and performance as in the ascetic code of Cakyamuni. All this will not appear from what shall be quoted of Farrar's words in this paper; the reader who tests is, however, if he wishes proof of the broader allegation, confidently referred to the Canon's works. For the writer, the task is a narrower one. He intends to show that this prominent English churchman's answer to the question: Was St. Paul married? is lacking "in accuracy in stating facts and sobriety in drawing inferences." He will put together whatever of his bears directly on the question, afterwards taking up in detail the different statements.

On page 45 of "The Life and Works of St. Paul" (Dutton & Co., N. Y.), the Canon writes: "It is only indirectly that we can expect to find an answer to the question as to his marriage. If indeed he was a member of the Sanhedrin, it follows that, by the Jewish requirements for that position, he must have been a married man." That the persecutor, Saul, was a member of the Sanhedrin he takes to be proved, "if we attach a literal meaning to the expression, 'when they were being condemned to death I gave a vote against them (Acts xxvi., 10)': this implies that Saul was a member of the Sanhedrin. If so, he was at this time by the very condition of that dignity, a married man (p. 95)." The reliability of this last assertion is established by a note, the contents of which can be better handled by keeping it over for a few pages. That St. Paul's marriage may be inferred as probable from passages in his Epistles is thus shown: "In I. Cor., ix., 5, he asks the Corinthians, 'Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other Apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord and Kephas?' This passage is inconclusive, though it asserts his right both to marry and to take a wife with him in his missionary journeys if he thought it

expedient. But from I. Cor. vii., 8, it seems a distinct inference that he classed himself among *widowers;* for, he says, 'I say, therefore, to the *unmarried* and widows, it is good for them if they *abide* (μεἰνωσἰν) even as I.' That by the 'unmarried' he here means 'widowers'—for which there is no special Greek word—seems clear, because he has been already speaking, in the first seven verses of the chapter, to those who have never been married. To them he concedes, far more freely than to others, the privilege of marrying if they consider it conducive to Godliness, though in the present state of things, he mentions his own personal predilection for celibacy, in the case of all who had the grace of inward purity. And even apart from the interpretation of this passage, the deep and fine insight of Luther had drawn the conclusion that Paul knew by experience what marriage was, from the wisdom and tenderness which characterize his remarks respecting it. One who had never been married could hardly have written on the subject as he has done, nor could he have shown the same profound sympathy with the needs of all, and received from all the same ready confidence. To derive any inference from the loving metaphors which he draws from the nurture of little children would be more precarious."

If Luther's insight and the Canon's revelation that "One who had never been married could hardly have written on the subject as he (Paul) has done," be sufficient interpretative rules, what a superior chance there is for a work *sui generis*, "Paul's Family Life" let us call it. The Epistles are just brimful of hints, which along the lines spoken of, could be worked up into a complete and, at the same time, minute account of the Saint's experience in housekeeping. Surely in one of the historical series room can be found for a book of this kind! However, it is not Luther's insight, acquired through broken vows, nor the Canon's revelation that the writer has to deal with. It is the asserted facts and interpretation given in the quotations from "The Life and Works of St. Paul," which he intends to meet.

The first point in dispute is the Apostle's Sanhedrinic membership. This, Canon Farrar considers proved, "if we attach a literal meaning to the expression 'When they were being condemned to death I gave a vote against them (Acts xxvi., 10)." A *literal meaning* is an exact translation; the exact translation of the original line "ἀναἰρουμἐνων τε αυτῶν κατήνεγκα ψῆφον" is something like this, "And they being put to death I gave a vote against (them)." What necessary connection is there between "κατήνεγκα ψῆφον," and official connection with the Sanhedrin? Did the Sanhedrin have the power of life and death at that time, or was it the only council wherein votes were cast? Unless it can be shown that "I

gave a vote against them," was the technical phrase descriptive of voting in the Sanhedrin and as a member of it, it cannot be said that attaching a literal meaning to the expression is one with proclaiming Paul a Sanhedrinite. To read into the line Farrar's version, "I as a Sanhedrinite voted," would be a startling performance in the eyes of more than one Greek scholar. In support of this view let me quote from the Rev. J. Paton Gloag, who in his commendable little work "The Life of St. Paul" (Bible Primer Series, edited by Prof. Salmond, Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark) thus treats the question, "Was Paul married? The affirmative has been maintained by many eminent writers. The ground on which they go is the hypothesis that Paul was a member of the Sanhedrin, it being essential that every one who was so should be married. This supposition they found on the words of St. Paul when, with reference to the Christians, he observes, 'When they were put to death I gave my vote against them,' which they take to mean that he gave his vote as a member of the Sanhedrin. But this is introducing more into the words than they contain. The simple meaning is that he coincided with the views of those who put the Christians to death. And it is extravagant to suppose that a Tarsian Jew, a Hellenist by birth and comparative stranger in Jerusalem, would be admitted into the august body of the Sanhedrin, which numbered among its members the most influential men in Jerusalem—the chief among the Jews. The reason then given for affirming Paul's marriage falls to the ground; he himself, when engaged in his missionary labors, declares that he was unmarried; and there is not the slightest indication, either in the history or in the Epistles, leading us to infer that he was a widower." This extract reaches beyond the immediate object, which was to show that a literal version of the disputed passage would not *ipso facto* finish the dispute, a conclusion the following consideration may strengthen. Paul's part in condemning Christians to death is twice described by the word "consenting." When Stephen, falling on his knees cried with a loud voice saying, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge," and having said this fell asleep in the Lord, St. Luke's comment is: "And Saul was consenting to his death, *Σαυλος δε ἠν συνευδοκῶν τη αναιρεσει αυτου* (Acts vii, 60)." And Paul himself in his apologetic before the men of Jerusalem declares "and when the blood of Stephen, thy witness was shed, I stood by and consented, *Και οτε εξεχετο το αιμα Στεφανου του μαρτυρος σου, και αυτος ημην εφεστως και συνευδοκων* (Acts xxii, 20)." We find that the speech before King Agrippa is also an apology for his conversion, and that the expression "I gave my vote" exactly corresponds with the "I was consenting" in the previous speech. Unless such a correspondence be admitted, the Apostle will have omitted in this last ora-

tion reference to the act which of all others haunted his contrite heart, an omission, in face of what we know of Paul's disposition, not easily to be accounted for. In the affair of Stephen, however, it must be admitted there was no question of a court decision. The crowd infuriated by the Saint's utterance, simply "took the law into their own hands and then and there dragged him off to be stoned outside the city gate" (Farrar's Life, etc., p. 93). Therefore, if the word "I gave my vote," as the word "I was consenting," does include the persecutor's part in Stephen's murder, and in all probability it does, it cannot refer to a vote cast in a session of the council, but to the stormy scene with the rabble.

How purely a matter of supposition Saul's membership of the council is, the hypothetic nature of the statements of commentators eager enough to establish it, convincingly manifest. In reading the following excerpts from Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul" (Scribner), p. 78, vol. 1, let the reader emphasize the "ifs," and then add up his positive results. "There are strong grounds for believing that *if* he was not a member of the Sanhedrin at the time of St. Stephen's death, he was elected into that powerful Senate soon after, possibly as a reward for the zeal he had shown against the heretic. *If* this inference is well-founded, and *if* the qualification (marriage) for a member of the Sanhedrin mentioned in the last chapter was a necessary qualification, Saul must have been a married man and the father of a family."

The writer, on his own part, would submit that unless years of such number that they could be included within the ordinary sense of the term, *νεανιας*, "a young man," and hot-headed, wilful, fanatic zealotry were qualities looked for in candidates for judgeship, it may not be taken for granted that Saul was a lawgiver in Israel. But, what information on the subject we have, must needs make us confess that old men, patriarchs in their way, the heads of large and well-governed households, in whom the fires of youth's capricious enthusiasm had burned out, whose words were slow, and habits of thought formalized by a life devoted to rabbinic lore—that these, in the Jew's mind, were such as might worthily take on their shoulders to give judgment as "of the seventy men of the ancients of Israel," of those known "to be ancients and masters of the people." (Num. xi., 16.)

Granting, however, that because of exceptional reasons, Saul, the young zealot, was "of those chosen out of many," must we also allow that he was a married man? In treating the problem, the *ad hominem* method will best serve the exigencies of a magazine article. It will be the writer's purpose to show that the documents quoted in the case by Canon Farrar either prove nothing or prove

too much; so that, in the circumstances of Saint Paul, the regulations they lay down must be either conditioned by unverifiable and entirely groundless suppositions, or openly admitted not to have been in force.

By way of preface let it be noted that Lewin, who is a thorough Pauline scholar, holds out for the Apostle's membership of the Sanhedrin, but refutes with emphasis the marriage notion! Nevertheless, Canon Farrar categorically declares: "By the Jewish requirements for that position, he (St. Paul) must have been a married man." In the subjoined note, allusion to which has been previously made, he safeguards the dictum: "In the Mishna, the only qualifications mentioned for membership of the Sanhedrin are, that a man must not be a dicer, usurer, pigeon-flyer, or dealer in the produce of the Sabbatical year; but in the Gemara, and in the later Jewish writers we find that, besides the qualifications mentioned in Exod., xviii., 21., and Deut., i., 13–16, a candidate must be free from every physical blemish, stainless in character, learned in science, acquainted with more than one language, and with a family of his own, because such were supposed to be less inclined to cruelty, and more likely to sympathize with domestic affections. Whatever may be thought of other qualifications, it is probable that this one, at any rate, was insisted on, and it adds force to our impression that St. Paul had once been a married man." (I have taken the liberty to omit the abbreviations referring to various authorities in support of the Note's contents.)

It will be noticed that the Mishna makes no mention whatever of marriage as a *conditio sine qua non* for belonging to the Council. The Gemara, on the other hand, will not be satisfied with marriage; fatherhood it is, which is insisted upon as a condition, and this for the reason that fatherhood was believed "to insure the spirit of gentleness." A gloss of Conybeare and Howson (N. 6, p. 71, vol. i.) is to the point: "One of the necessary qualifications of members of the Sanhedrin was, that they should be the fathers of children, because such were supposed more likely to lean towards mercy. See Selden, quoting from Maimonides: 'In nullo Synhedriorum cooptabant quempiam cui proles deesset unde fieret misericors.' And again from the Jerusalem Gemara: 'Is qui non vidit sibi liberos, judiciis pecuniariis idoneus est, at vero non capitalibus.' II., ix., 4, f. 1422. If this was the rule when Stephen was tried, and if Saul was one of the Judges, he must have been married at the time."

These premises can lead to only one conclusion—that St. Paul could not have been one of the Seventy, unless he was the father of children, *i.e.*, as Conybeare and Howson admit, *if* the rules they bring forward were in force at the time when Stephen was tried.

To assume that St. Paul had children is to play at hide and seek with criticism; to ground dogmatic statements on a postulate of this nature, may be permissible under the canons of fiction or what is known as "the historical novel," but is hardly commendable in serious biography.

But the qualification for the Sanhedrin which the Gemara demands, carries along with it, in Paul's case, obstacles not to be overlooked—a fact evidenced by Conybeare and Howson's explanations (n. 1, p. 78, vol. I., "Life and Epistles," etc.) that if the Apostle was married, "it is probable that his wife and children did not long survive, for otherwise some notice of them would have occurred in the subsequent narrative, or some allusion to them in the Epistles. And we know that, if ever he had a wife, she was not living when he wrote his first letter to the Corinthians." (I. Cor. vii.) Lewin expresses a thought which, in the present connection, is hintful: "If Paul was not married at the time of his conversion he would naturally, from that time, preserve celibacy that he might not burden the Church, for he could scarcely hope to support a wife and family by the labor of his hands while he was making his circuits." ("Life and Epistles of St. Paul," p. 382, n., 349.) Canon Farrar himself realizes how cogent a difficulty there is in the way of the Gemara's requirement: "It is hardly possible," he concedes (page 45, "Life and Works," etc.), "that Paul ever had a child who lived. Had this been the case, his natural affection could hardly have denied itself some expression of the tender love which flows out so freely to his spiritual children. Timothy would not have been so exclusively 'his own true child' in the faith, if he had had a son or daughter of his own. If we are right in the assumption that he was married, it seems probable that it was for a short time only, and that his wife had died."

Up to this no word has been said questioning the trustworthiness of Talmudical extracts quoted by Farrar, a matter critics would deem well-worthy of inquiry since in regard to many regulations, of the Gemara especially, there exists a solidly-grounded uncertainty as to when they were introduced, for how long a period they were insisted upon, or when they became dead letters. This is a reason why building arguments on passages such as those quoted, frequently is, in a sense, building on sand. Anyhow there is no such thing as accepting the laws enunciated, and applying them literally to St. Paul; in his instance they must be conditioned by unverifiable and groundless suppositions, such as those of Conybeare and Howson already before the reader. For himself the writer considers it a warranted assertion, that only determined special-pleading can give a plausible appearance to any argument in favor of the Apostle's marriage based on his conjectured

connection with the Sanhedrin and the conjectural requirements of such connection.

II.

It is now in order to take up the passages of the Saint's Epistles, from which Canon Farrar judges "his marriage may be inferred as probable." The first verse adduced is the 5th of the 9th chapter of the I. Epistle to the Corinthians, in which Paul "asks the Corinthians, 'Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other Apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord and Kephas.' This passage is inconclusive, though it asserts his right both to marry, and to take a wife with him in his missionary journeys if he thought it expedient."

A called-for side remark is that the inconclusiveness of the passage is not so evident as the Canon's words would lead one to imagine. In the 15th verse of the chapter, the Apostle positively and without limitation proclaims "But I have used *none* of these things," and that the τουτων "these things," includes what is spoken of in the 5th verse is the opinion of commentators too weighty to be overcome by an assumption. One among these authorities is Lange. It would repay the student to look the matter up that he might the better comprehend how the verses after the 15th (especially the 25th and 27th) are devitalized, unless therein Paul dilates on his *more* than apostolic abnegation.

There is, however, more serious fault to find with Farrar's way of handling this 5th verse. It is one of the flagrant cases in which Protestant commentators, with some few notable exceptions, do not give a fair hearing to the interpretation of Catholic scripturists. "A sister, a woman," or "a woman, a sister," it matters little which way the line runs, is understood by these to mean a matron, such as one of the holy women who followed the Lord, and who receive prominent mention in the Evangelical history of the Judean Church. This is a point that demands and merits development. Taking into account the beginning of Christianity, the Galilean friendships, and in some cases the ties of blood or affinity which bound together its earliest and foremost members, we are not surprised at the family-like arrangements of this first Church—arrangements which give to Jewish Christianity a complexion that distinguished it for many years. As a consequence of this economy, it is in this Church that we see rise the Ecclesiastical supervision of temporalities, which took form in the institution of the Diaconate, and it is in this Church that "all they that believe were together, and had all things in common. Their possessions and goods they sold, and divided them to all, according as every one had need. And continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking

bread from house to house, they took their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart," etc. Acts ii., 44, *et seq.*

This community life was fashioned after the Saviour's. He and his Apostles had their support from a common purse: Judas portabat sacculos. The ministry of the holy women, the custom of present interest to us, was another outgrowth of this family-feeling, and it had also the approval of our Divine Lord's example; whither He went the women accompanied, and the nearer we come to His death and glorious ascension, the more we hear and see of them. So this procedure came to be looked upon by the Disciples, if it were not a national custom, as a Christian one; hence, after the ascent of Jesus into heaven, we find the most familiar and respectful association between the Christian teachers and pious Christian women. Moreover, the propagation of Christianity, the necessity of baptism—the two facts of baptism by immersion and of female seclusion in the East, these and various ceremonial exigencies called devout women to a new and all important religious avocation. To these origins we owe certain of the Apostolic injunctions anent widows and the early appearance of the order of deaconesses. Now scant consideration will enable us to understand that, however much as matter of course the company of venerable women with the Apostles would be regarded in Judea, outside of that country such a manner of acting would take on a new and not to be desired phase. For Paul and Barnabas, when they set out for work among the Gentiles, to take along pious women was out of the question; inconvenience, scandal, a hundred drawbacks would *ipso facto* here have been created, because of which they could not do as did the Twelve. Because they did not in this particular act as did the Judean Apostles, converted Jewish Formalists, sticklers for custom and precedent, found a mark for their venomous barbs. "Paul and Barnabas had no matrons with them! Paul, therefore, was not doing as did the men appointed by the living Master; he was not an Apostle of the right sort!" It need not surprise us that, in the organized and determined effort to destroy Paul's influence, which we know to have been set on foot, so trivial a matter was made much of. Let us remember that his refusal to live off his converts and resolute determination to earn his living by tent-making, were turned into damning proof of his want of orthodox Apostolicity!

In the case of the verse with which we have to do, Catholics rightfully insist on the facts and considerations just gone over as a solid basis for their interpretation, which, besides, they claim to be borne out by purely textual considerations. Even if the word γυνή, they urge, in its first sense meant "wife" (and this it does not), it would be most unfortunately placed should its strict translation

depend on its position in the disputed verse; for broad, loosely-used terms characterize this passage. "Sister" no one thinks of making out to be a child of the same parents as the preacher she accompanied; but such is the first meaning of "*αδελφη*." Likewise, the term "Apostles" is used in a free sense; it is stretched to include Barnabas, and Cephas is spoken of apart! The title "brethren of the Lord" has been too well canvassed for any man to say that in the present instance it *must* refer to flesh and blood children of Mary. In spite of all this, take up a Protestant commentator and see how patronizingly the Catholic interpretation is ruled out of court by him.

The second text that Canon Farrar lays stress on, as pertinently bearing upon the point at issue, is also from this I. Epistle to the Corinthians: "But, from I. Cor., vii., 8," he writes, on p. 45 of the "Life and Work of St. Paul," "it seems a distinct inference that he (St. Paul) classed himself among *widowers*, for, he says, 'I say, therefore, to the *unmarried* and widows, it is good for them if they abide (*μείνωσιν*) even as I.' That by the 'unmarried' he here means 'widowers'—for which there is no special Greek word—seems clear, because he has already been speaking in the first seven verses of the chapter to those who have never been married."

It is strange, that if Paul's widowry be so distinctly inferable, withal, so few have been struck by the inference! To the writer's mind, in these first seven verses of the chapter there is anything but the distinct inference advertised—unless one bolts at a gulp, with unquestioning avidity, at least two extremely bold declarations of Farrar. This the writer refuses to do. That his position may be understood, he would call attention to the nine verses which make up the first part of this chapter. "Now, concerning the things whereof you wrote to me: It is good for a man not to touch a woman; but, for fear of fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband. Let the husband render the debt to the wife; and the wife also, in like manner, to the husband. The wife hath not power of her own body, but the husband. And, in like manner, the husband also hath not power of his own body, but the wife. Defraud not one another, except, perhaps, by consent, for a time, that you may give yourselves to prayer; and return together again lest Satan tempt you for your incontinency. But I speak this by indulgence, not by commandment. For I would that all men were even as I myself: but every one hath his proper gift from God: one after this manner, another after that. But I say to the unmarried, and to the widows: It is good for them if they continue, even as I. But if they do not contain themselves, let them marry. For it is better to marry than to burn."

To justify this disagreement with Canon Farrar, the writer would ask: How do I know that in the first seven of these verses the Apostle has been addressing himself to those who never were married? Can I find it out from the letter itself? One might hazard the remark that if in the verse which runs, "Defraud not one another," etc., Paul be not talking to those already married, then that verse calls for very special commentation. Over and above this, however, it is the boldest of *petitios* to say he addressed the unmarried. The Apostle writes: "Now concerning the things whereof *you* wrote to me." Was it the *unmarried* who wrote the letter alluded to? To whom does the "you" refer? It runs all through the previous chapter, up to the first verse of the second chapter, wherein it stands for all the Christians of Corinth. "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not in loftiness of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of Christ." From this verse we can follow it up through the first chapter, until it becomes identified with "the church of God that is at Corinth, them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be Saints." Does not this excuse our unwillingness to swallow one of the Canon's assumptions? Plainly, his promulgation is one of the varied unprovable hypotheses many Protestants have found it necessary to adopt in order to explain away the evident meaning of these first verses of the chapter. But if, in giving out assumption as downright probability, Farrar but keeps equal pace with certain other scripturists of his creed, in one assertion, certainly, he outstrips his competitors, namely, in unqualifiedly declaring, "there is no special Greek word to mean widower." The like of this is not to be found in Lightfoot, in Ellicott, in Edwards, in Olford, in Lewin, in Shore, or in Conybeare and Howson. The pronouncement startled the writer. He knew that χηρα was the feminine form of the adjective χηρος, α, ον (bereft); and if χηρα meant widow, why could not χηρος mean widower? The Greeks needed the latter word. Could it be that they who prided themselves on terminological precision, let their language go limping rather than do in the case of χηρος what they did in the case of many another adjective, use it substantively as it stood, or give it a substantive termination? On investigation, the writer found that he was not startled without reason. Hesychius and Suidas both define χηρος; the latter's definition being particularly clear: χηρος, ο, μετα πρωτης στερησιν, δευτερα, μη συνεζευγμενος γυναικι—he who after the loss of a first, is not joined to another wife. These lexicographers (or those who had part in getting up their works as they have come to us) might be objected to as of little critical authority. But χηρος was no innovation of theirs. The first aim of the American reviser of Dr. Donnegan's "Greek and English Lexicon," was to reject all words from this work supported by no better authority than

that of Hesychius and Suidas. Nevertheless, in this lexicon appears the following definition: "χηρος, χηρα, χηρον, adj., bereft; separated from, or deprived of, anything; reduced to widowhood; that is, in the state of a widow or widower; ο χηρος, a widower; ηχηρα, a widow; etym., χηρος, according to Lennep, may have been derived from χαω, χητιζω, through a form χαερος, contract, χηρος, the verb and noun bearing to each other an analogy similar to that of 'viduus' and 'viduo' in Latin," etc. In the standard dictionaries, and most valued thesauruses—old and new—χηρος, meaning widower, is treated with the respect due to a legitimately begotten Greek term.[1] Is it too much to ask that Canon Farrar expunge, or limit, his very broad assertion that for widower "there is no special Greek word."

III.

It remains to examine the Canon's handling of what tradition there may be in regard to St. Paul's marriage: "It is not true, as has been said," he writes, in a note on the much-quoted forty-fifth page of his work on the Apostle, "that early tradition was unanimous in saying that he (Paul) had never been married. Tertullian (De Monogam. 3) and Jerome (Ep. 22) say so; but Origen is doubtful, and Methodius (Conviv. 4), as well as Clemens Alex. and Ps. Ignatius, say that he was a widower." It is certainly amazing that, in the face of so many witnesses against them, reputable commentators should assert that early tradition was unanimous, or nearly so; especially since it would not be an unlawful deduction from the turn of the sentence that, out of the six early Fathers who touch on the point, three are of one mind with the Canon, and a fourth doubtful! There could be no more fallacious conclusion. It will pay to take up the references, one by one.

First. "Origen is doubtful." This is not at all impossible; but from what is known of that Father, the chances are, he is rather obscure than uncertain. Farrar gives no directions by means of which the passages in Origen, which lead him to affirm his uncertainty, could be located. In the places where the writer thought it probable that the sought-for information would be run across, nothing was discovered which could vindicate the opinion expressed. Anyway, the tradition of Origen's day was not in harmony with the Canon's views (*vide* Tertull. *loc. cit.*), and one may not see why our

[1] The writer asked a teacher in a first-rank classical school, without hinting at the reason of his inquiry, if it could be truthfully said that there was no word in Greek for widower; if αγαμος (the expression of St. Paul in the disputed verse) was wont to be used in that sense by the Greeks, or, if there were a specific term, would he please to mention it. The teacher answered: (*a*) It could not be truthfully said that there was no word in Greek meaning widower; (*b*) "αγαμος" was not used ordinarily in this sense, but there might be some rare cases in which it thus occurred, though he knew of none; *c*) "χηρος" was the specific term asked for.

failure to know what Origen meant in a particular passage, should excuse his being quoted in evidence that tradition is not unanimous. Are not the rules of criticisms rather in favor of settling the doubt by appealing to the general belief of his day?"

Secondly. "Clemens Alex. says he was a widower." Up to this it has not been the custom to quote an egregious mistake, a blind error, on the part of this or that Father, as proof positive that the universal belief of his time was not harmonious. Clement of Alexandria mistook the "γνησίε συζυγε," "true yoke-fellow" of Philip, iv. 3, and read it "γνησια συσωγε," "my wife" (a meaning that would be only one out of many possible, had we this form); and so, because he understood *the Apostle himself* to say he was married, the Alexandrian said so too.

Thirdly. "Methodius says he was a widower." This is another *canonical* dictum, which calls for restriction. Combesis, this Father's scholarly annotator, goes no farther than saying: *Ipse Methodius, potius insinuat, explicatione Paulini textus, quam aperte asserit*—and critics acknowledge that a line is to be drawn between an open assertion and an intimation. At this moment, the words of Methodius are before the writer. May he be allowed the statement that they will not, in his opinion, support the Canon's *bare* declaration. The truth is that, if there be difficulty as to the text of Paul itself, like difficulty exists for the words of this Father.

"But I say to the unmarried, and to the widows, it is good for them if they so continue, even as I," are the words of St. Paul.

Methodius, after quoting these very words, writes: "Here also he (the Apostle) assigns the place of honor to continency (*priores partes continentiæ assignat*—Combesis's version). For, putting forward himself as the best example, he urges his hearers to imitate his restraint, arduous as it may appear, teaching that the widower's better choice is to contain himself even as he himself was doing. But if this, on account of natural weakness, was a too hard task, the man thus constrained was permitted *secundum indulgentiam* to marry again. Not that thereby the Apostle judged second marriage to be commended, but to permit this were better than that *quis libidinum æstu ardeat*. . . . Thus, truly, here also the Apostle had first declared that it pleased him (*aptare se*) that all would continue chaste, as he himself was," etc,

The rub still is—granting that αγαμοι means "widowers": In what does this Apostle propose himself, or, in what does the Father propose him, as an example? In widowhood, or in continency? If in the latter, then neither the Apostle's nor Methodius's words can be quoted as proving that St. Paul himself was a widower. The ambiguity of the passage, from the Father is likely the reason able commentators have paid scant attention to it (see Ellicott, *infra*).

Fourthly. "Ps. Ignatius says he was a widower." "Ps. Ignatius" stands for "pseudo-Ignatius," *i.e.*, a writing which pretends to be, but is not, by this Father; in blunter words, a forgery. It is remarkable what weight, in the instance before us, the interpolation has for Cannon Farrar, when, as a general rule, he classes such productions as "romance." The worth of the Canon's reference may be more fairly appreciated when the results of the learned Combesis's researches among the Ignatian codexes for the passage referred to ("ως πετρου και παυλου και των αποστολων των γαμοις ομιλησαντων"), are taken under consideration: "Nihil horum," *i.e.*, the words just quoted, "veteres codices Anglicani, in quibus exstat versis antiqua epistolarum Ignatii, qualis fere Græcus textus nuper prodiit ex codice Florentino, qui ipse verus purusque Ignatianus haberi potest, ac qualem antiqui habuerunt Eusebius, Hieronymus, Theoderetus, etc., quibus mirum si præscribat post tot sæcula Calvini tinctus veneno, uniusque discipulorum, calamus. Ex vero itaque Ignatio de Pauli nuptiis nihil haberi potest."[1]

"Unus ergo," continues this savant, "erit auctor ejus (*i.e.* Pauli) conjugii, Clemens Alexander, cujus verba recitat Eusebius," etc., So that the Catholic Combesis and the learned Anglican bishop Ellicott, meet on common ground. In his Commentary on the First Corinthians (chap. vii., v.–8), Bishop Ellicott delivers himself thus: "In regard of the question, whether the Apostle had ever been married or not, it seems enough to say that a mistaken interpretation of Phil. iv., 3 (Clem. Alex.) cannot be accepted as outweighing the tradition of the Church as expressed in "Tertull. de Monogam, Cap. viii. *al.*"

The case is before the reader; it is for him to decide whether, in the matter examined, Canon Farrar has been lacking "in accuracy in stating facts and sobriety in drawing inferences." The problem treated may be *per se* of little moment, but it acquires importance when considered as an illustration of an historian's methods. Mere slips in the premises of an argument often vitiate wide-reaching conclusions. The days of the Apostles are the premises of historical Christianity, and the least misstatement or oversight in their regard is deserving of lengthy and most thorough investigation. For this reason it is hoped that the present article will not have appeared in vain.

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[1] "There is nothing about Paul's marriage in the old English Codexes, in which the ancient version of the Letters of Ignatius—as like as may be to the authoritative Greek text lately issued at Florence, and the same in contents as the copies seen by Eusebius, Jerome, Theodoret, etc.,—appear; to which versions, in a surprising way after many centuries, a pen, dipped in the gall of Calvin, and guided by the hand of one of his followers, made the addition." Archbishop Wake, if memory can be relied upon, left the words out of his edition of *The Genuine Epistles of the Apostolic Fathers*.

FATHER DAMIEN.[1]

"Lives there not—still replaced as time goes by—
Some man who wears the wide earth's crown of woe,
Pain's Victim-Priest, a shadow cast below
By Him that Victim-Priest enthroned on high?
Mounts not that man-elect his Calvary,
By Christ-like choice not doom?"

—AUBREY DE VERE.

IT happens occasionally even now—in this sad, lack-lustre prosaic nineteenth century whence all fire of youth and enthusiasm seems well-nigh burnt out—that some thrill of irrepressible emotion, some touch of passionate hero-worship, surges up for a brief while and touches with its living flame all hearts and sympathies, lifting them into a momentary forgetfulness of the toils and cares and sordid mill-round of daily life which makes up the sum of modern human existence within the boundary of what we call civilization. Such was the impassioned glow, the trembling, indignant cry which burst from thousands of lips when Gordon fell; such again, if in more limited area, has been the long low sigh of almost fraternal or filial feeling which in 1889 greeted a few brief lines in every newspaper and journal throughout the Christian world, telling that "Father Damien" had passed to his reward.

Perhaps to many of us modern Western or rather Northern peoples the gospel stories of cleansed lepers, the Hebrew purificatory legislation, the pictures of outcast ones touched with a foul disease from which priest and sinner alike turned shudderingly away as the stricken wayfarer hastily covered his mouth and shrank from sight, have come to our ears familiarly since childhood with but little realization of their dread significance. To none of us has it ever befallen to watch in trembling silence for

[1] Scarcely had the body of the heroic martyr of charity, Father Damien, been laid away to rest in the midst of his beloved lepers at Molokai, when a vile attack was made against his moral character by the Rev. Dr. C. M. Hyde, a Protestant missionary, residing at Honolulu, who accused the venerated dead of having contracted the leprosy by his licentiousness. All the world remembers the indignant answer, written by the famous novelist, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who knew Father Damien's life, and had himself visited the leper colony. It is true that the reply of the famous author of Hyde and Jekyll was merely a negative one, and could not well be any other. Dr. Hyde's own letter contained not one iota of proof. He makes a most odious charge, but brings forward no facts to substantiate it, and then calls on the friends of Father Damien to prove the negative. This vile and malicious calumny rests on no other

signs and tokens, almost imperceptible at first, yet surely and fatally developing, upon the face or form which embody all that is most dear to us on earth; to mark the falling hair, the slight discolorations of skin, the numbness of limbs, which all too surely tell their own tale; and shudderingly, with the passionate clasp of despairing love, to hide for days and weeks such fatal knowledge from those who must needs interpose the cruel kindness of legal banishment on those afflicted with so fearful a curse. To hide it for a time if it may be—for surely such parting must be a separation worse than death—aye, a thousand times worse than even that supreme hour which counts the latest pulsations of the blood and notes each struggling breath, and then leaves the beloved form within our clasp to receive all last and tenderest ministrations which sorrowing love may lavish on the pale and flower-strewn form—still faintly imagining its first creation with features chiselled into an infinite calm. It is heart-rending, indeed, to whisper to that silent form a last "good-bye," but what must it be to bid fare-

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ground than "it is believed," "it is said"; he does not show by whom, or on what authority. Now, against this, the unsupported assertion of a cowardly maligner, we have the express denial of the calumny, made by the Catholic Bishop of Honolulu, after a careful and secret investigation into the character of the dead missionary. We give this letter, as found in the *Catholic News*, of August 13th, last.

HONOLULU, June 7, 1890.

Mr. Editor: In your issue of May 27th, I notice an article signed "Fair Play," in answer to Mr. R. L. Stevenson's open letter to the Rev. Dr. C. M. Hyde. My object in addressing you, is not to discuss the relative merits of Mr. Stevenson's letter, and "Fair Play's" reply. Neither do I care to analyze the "compliments" paid by the Doctor to the memory of the late Father Damien. If "Fair Play" and others are pleased with them, it proves their taste. There is one point though in the whole controversy which I consider it my duty to take up—and that is the moral character of Father Damien, because "Fair Play" seems to suppose, as an undeniable truth, the bold and odious assertion by Dr. Hyde, that Father Damien contracted leprosy by his vices. When Dr. Hyde's letter became known here, by means of foreign papers, the Catholic Mission held its peace, awaiting the expression of public opinion. Up to that time I had never heard of any slur cast upon Father Damien's moral purity. I immediately made secret but serious confidential inquiry about the matter, and I learned from reliable sources, that the damaging rumors had no other foundation than a malicious interpretation of charitable acts performed by him with childlike simplicity. Public opinion does not credit those foul rumors here, though there are a few people that take stock in the scandal, for reasons best known to themselves.

In your last issue, you published an interview of Dr. Hyde with the examiner, in which the Doctor sustains his original letter on Father Damien. Further, a clipping from the Liverpool *Courier*, which I received lately, contains Dr. Hyde's letter to Mr. Beta, and in this letter the Doctor again maintains his original statement and he even adds: "The Catholic Mission here makes no denial of the truthfulness of my testimony" Now, as head of the Catholic Mission here, further silence on my part would give the color of truth to Dr. Hyde's slanderous attack on the late Father Damien, and, therefore, I beg you to publish the following declaration which I make as head of this Mission: I do most emphatically deny the truthfulness of Dr. Hyde's testimony against the moral purity of the late Father Damien.

Respectfully yours,

† HERMAN,
Bishop of Olba, V. Ap.
[EDS. A. C. Q. R.]

well to a living, palpitating presence, and know it condemned to live out, far from home and friends, a long, long death agony; to picture all the horrors of disfiguration and loathsomeness which day by day must creep over the beloved features; to look onward to a lonely, struggling, uncared for deathbed, whose last hour per chance delays too long to come, while the parched lips and starting eyeballs plead almost desperately for the relief of the grave.

And yet this life—this fear, and its realization, are the portion at this moment of hundreds of homes, in the islands to which our thoughts are drawn to-day. It is not so long ago, as the world counts time, since all Europe was infested with the same fell disease; since the leper lay at the rich man's gate, as Lazarus at that of Dives, and the lazar-houses provided by Christian charity to afford them a last refuge and shelter were scattered in gruesome profusion over the land. We learn that France alone, the land of the Crusaders (who doubtless helped to propagate this Eastern malady) possessed three thousand of them; England, some two hundred and fifty or more, one at least in each large town, where the lepers were gathered together, isolated so far as might be and provided with food and clothing. The principal lazar-house of all England was called Burton-Lazars, near Melton-Mowbray, in Leicestershire, and was "a rich hospital, to the Master of which all the lesser lazar-houses in England were in some sort subject, as he himself was to the Master of the Lazars in Jerusalem. It is said to have been built in the beginning by the Normans by a general collection throughout England, but chiefly by the assistance of the Mowbrays, about which time the leprosy did run by infection over all England, and it is believed did then first come into this island from Egypt, which more than once had spread itself all over Europe; first in the days of Pompey the Great, afterwards under Heraclius, A.D. 601; at other times also, but never before this in England." [1]

Thankful, indeed, may we be to reflect that, whether by precautionary measures, by the progress of medical and hygienic science, or by other means, leprosy in England has now come to be a thing of the past; in France it still exists to a slight extent, principally in southern provinces and ports having direct communication with the East; while the Franciscans, who hold spiritual sway over the Holy Land, are but too well acquainted with its presence and versed in the preparation and administration of such simple remedies or alleviations as have from time immemorial been found availing in its treatment.

But the fell scourge of mediæval times, on whose disappearance

[1] Camden's *Britannia*.

from our midst we are congratulating ourselves, seems but to have quitted our shores to enter on a new phase of fuller development elsewhere. Not much more than fifty years since, some cases of leprosy, introduced as usual from its old source, the East, appeared in the hitherto healthy Hawaian islands, and soon spread with such rapidity that the government was forced to take prompt measures for allaying the evil. Accordingly a corner of one of the islands was portioned off and converted into a lazar-house or leper establishment, and here every unfortunate creature in whom the dread taint had appeared was immured by the necessary severity of the law. Heartrending scenes are described as of frequent, almost daily occurrence; the police go round to every street and house, seize all suspected persons and carry them off to the police station, where they are examined by a physican and their doom pronounced. Should the malady have declared itself, there is no respite possible; mothers are torn from their children, sons and daughters from their parents, husbands from wives, all are placed on board the earliest sailing vessel or steamer, and in company with the weekly supply of provisions, are landed, for their life-long exile, on the island of Molokai. Small wonder that loving relations seek despairingly to hide their afflicted ones—that the doomed will sometimes turn at bay, and, as in the case of one of whom we read, stand pistol in hand defying the officers of the law until overpowered by force of numbers and dragged away.

When landed on those shores, which, like the entrance to Dante's hell, "leave all hope behind," the poor wretches, some idolaters, some Protestants of every sect, some Catholics,—a motley throng,—seemed (we speak of the first years of the settlement, ere their apostle came among them) to give up all effort after decent life, and indulged for the most part in every excess. They are described as passing their time in drinking, dancing, card-playing and all kinds of revelry and licentiousness as long as their failing strength and varying energy would allow them to do so. We need hardly say that this state of things lay heavy on the hearts of Catholic pastors, who yearned over the stricken souls thus passing unblest into eternity; but "the harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few;" and a few days' or perhaps weeks' visit, from time to time, was all that bishop or missionary could give to the "leproserie" of Molokai. At first the Catholic lepers had not even a chapel in which to pray other than some rude thatched huts like their common dwellings; but by the aid of the Propagation of the Faith and such like subscriptions a chapel was built, and thenceforward they met together every Sunday to say the Rosary, the prayers of the Mass and some hymns, thus uniting themselves in intention with the Holy Sacrifice throughout the world.

One day the bishop of the diocese, Monsignor Maigret, came to consecrate a newly-built church in the island of Maui, and the ceremony naturally drew together not only large crowds of spectators, but also an unusual gathering of missionaries, who, scattered by ones and twos over the various islands, hard at work in their toilsome ministry, had come together on this occasion to enhance the ceremonies by their presence, and to enjoy a few days of mutual intercourse. The church was consecrated, the festival was drawing to a close, and the venerable prelate, in the course of a long conversation with his fellow-workers on the duties and the needs of their field of labor, was lamenting the pitiable condition of the lepers imprisoned within their lazar-house, their numbers increasing daily, with no priest to minister to their needs in life, or bring the Sacraments to their dying beds.

Among his auditors was a young Belgian priest of thirty-three years, who had already spent ten years of his life, hard at work, under his pastorate. As the bishop paused, the youthful missionary stepped forward, with sparkling eye and eager gesture; "Monsignor," he exclaimed, "remembering that I have already lain under the funeral pall at my religious profession, to learn that voluntary death is the beginning of a new life, I am here ready to enter a living tomb with those afflicted ones, many of whom I am already acquainted with."

Full of glad surprise, the good bishop turned his beaming face full upon his young disciple. "I would not have asked from anyone so difficult a task," he exclaimed; "but, as you offer it, I accept with pleasure."

Almost as they spoke, a steamer lay in the harbor on the point of starting for the leper-settlement, laden with a provision of bullocks for their use. The bishop and Father Damien stepped on board, just as they were, without money, luggage, provisions or even a change of raiment, and were borne across to the leproserie of Molokai. It was thus that the missionaries of the Pacific, like their apostolic predecessors, went, and still go forth, to their evangelical labors. To them, as to His first followers, Jesus says: "Carry neither purse nor scrip nor shoes," and they go forth *lacking nothing*.

It must have been a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The aged bishop, active and vigorous as if in the prime of manhood, landing with his youthful companion unexpectedly in the midst of the lepers. It was a Saturday, and doubtless the hearts of many among them leaped with joy at the thought of Holy Mass upon the morrow. What was their astonishment when the bishop, advancing, presented his young companion to them with the announcement that he had come to live and die

amongst them. The news spread, not only through the lazar-house, but inland, and to all the neighboring islands. The English and local papers wrote enthusiastically of the devoted hero, and their words were echoed to all parts of the world.

But we must now look backward for awhile upon the early life and training of the youthful apostle. Joseph de Veuster, called in religion Father Damien, was born at Tremeloo, in Belgium, on the third of January (the feast of St. Genevieve the shepherdess), 1840, of poor but pious parents, who earned their bread by laboring in the fields, and brought up a numerous family "in the fear of the Lord." Joseph was the youngest of several brothers and sisters, and we are introduced to him as a lively, manly little fellow, going daily to the village school with his elder brothers and sister, and destined by his parents to follow in his father's steps as a field laborer. This they purposed the more that the child was robust and vigorous, and seemed to delight in all kinds of open-air employment: running in the fields; playing with the sheep upon the common (he was called "the little shepherd" from his love for them); skating for hours together in frost and fog, an exercise of which he was even more passionately fond than are most of his countrymen; and risking, as he relates himself, serious accidents by his almost reckless daring on the ice. As he grew older, however, he evinced a taste for study; and his parents, though having one son studying for the priesthood, they neither expected nor desired a second vocation in the family, sent him to a middle-class boarding-school, at Braine-le-Comte, to learn French, and receive a solid education. While here, he became so absorbed in his studies that he grudged every moment taken from them, and was particularly vexed at the necessary interruption of holiday seasons, which sent him home for a summer vacation.

When he was eighteen, he, for the first time in his life, saw and assisted at a Mission, one given by the Redemptorist Fathers at Braine-le-Comte; it was during this mission that he received his call to the religious life. His parents were reluctant at first to yield to his wishes; they had already given two daughters and a son to the cloister and the priesthood, and they hoped that this, their Benjamin, would remain to be the staff and comfort of their old age. But God had other designs for him. From time to time he wrote to his parents, begging them not to oppose his wishes, and at length, one day when the father took Joseph to pay a visit to his elder brother at the Seminary of the "Picpus Fathers" at Louvain, the youth begged so hard to be allowed to remain and try his vocation, that his father reluctantly yielded and returned home alone.

Although young Joseph was received into the Seminary at

Louvain by its Superior on probation, he was not upon the same footing as his brother, Father Pamphile. The latter was, as we have said, in training for a priest; his younger brother, like the saintly Curé d'Ars, for whom he had afterwards a special devotion, was found not sufficiently educated for such a position, and the Superior soon announced to him that, if he stayed there, it must be as a lay-brother. The youth replied, that, so long as he fulfilled his vocation and thus ensured his salvation, he cared not in what position he gained it, and, accordingly, the Superior, while inwardly approving his humility, placed him among the lay-novices, and quietly watched his progress. Now, it so happened that, occasionally, during their recreation time, the two brothers, Pamphile and Joseph, amused themselves and each other, by the elder teaching, and the younger studying, a little Latin, and the pupil proved himself so apt at his task, that the Superior took up the question, and proposed to him to study it in earnest. He did so and, at the end of six months, was able to read any ordinary book in Latin; so that, much to his joy, he found himself promoted to the noviciate for priesthood, and took the name, hereafter to become so celebrated, of Damien.

The Congregation of "Picpus Fathers," so called from the street in Paris where their mother-house is situated, is an order founded by a French priest, Father Coudrin, at the time of the French Revolution. Its object is to honor the mysteries of our Lord's life on earth, as follows: His Infancy—in the instruction of youth and the training of the priesthood; His Hidden Life—by the devotion of the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; His Public Life—by preaching and giving missions; and His Crucified Life—by the practice of self-mortification. As missionary priests, the following districts have been assigned to them: the Sandwich isles, the Taïti district and the "Marquises" Vicariate. It has been remarked by their own writers, that, although often in grievous perils and dangers of death, not one of their missionaries has ever perished, and Father Damien was thus the first victim—the first martyr, as doubtless we may call it, of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts. The congregation possesses three principal novitiate houses: one at Louvain for the northern province; one at Miranda, in Spain, for the south of Europe, and a third at Valparaiso for the province of South America.

After passing about eighteen months at Louvain, Damien was sent on to another noviciate house at Issy, near Paris, and pronounced his vows there on the 8th of October, 1860, as "Brother of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary."

Several letters have been gathered together from fellow-students and superiors of the young novice, which bear graceful testimony

to his zeal in study and his ardor in prayer; his former companions love to recall many saint-like traits of docility to superiors, charity towards equals, and fervor in all practises of piety. One of them relates how "during his noviciate, I noticed that, every day, at the same hour, he repaired, alone, to the tribune of the chapel. As no devotional exercise required this practise, I wondered, and asked him his reason for doing so. He answered quite simply, that he went to kneel before a picture of St. Francis Xavier which was there, to ask of that saint to obtain for him grace to consecrate himself some day to the work of the Apostolate."

This appears to have been the first dawning of his definite call towards missionary labors; his earliest attraction having rather been to the contemplative life. It is related of him as a child, that, one day, he, with some of his brothers and sisters, left their home to go and stay in a neighboring wood where they proposed to pass some time in prayer and silence, after the manner of the anchorites of the desert, and, as a matter of fact, they spent one entire day there, observing the most rigorous silence. After the mission, of which we have already spoken as revealing to him his vocation he had serious thoughts of entering the monastery of La Trappe, whose austerities attracted his youthful fervor; but such, as we know, was not the design of God, concerning him.

In the year 1863, Monsignor Maigret, the Vicar Apostolic of the Sandwich Islands, applied to the congregation of which Brother Damien was a member, for more recruits for his missionary work; and several priests and lay-brothers, with ten nuns, were chosen in compliance with his request. One among the priests named was no other than Father Pamphile, Damien's elder brother, who had been lately ordained, and was considered fitted for the work. To his untold sorrow he fell ill with typhus fever, caught from some poor people to whom he had been ministering, and the time for departure approaching, found him unable to leave his bed. His brother, Damien, who was often at his bedside, saw or divined his sorrow. "Would you like me to ask our superiors to allow me to take your place?" he asked. An eager sign gave assent, and the young Brother sent in his formal request to the Superior-General, that he might be permitted to replace his brother. It was granted, and Brother Damien was bidden to take leave of his family and friends without delay, and to go to Paris, there to make a preparatory retreat before starting for his destination.

One can picture the interview between the two brothers, both devoted to the cause, both yearning to serve God and the Church in missionary labor; yet, by some strange and not then comprehended design of the Sacred Heart, the younger, like a second

Jacob, supplanting his priestly brother in the Divine choice. Truly, again and again, does it appear in the ways of God, that "the one should be taken and the other left; the matured priest, chosen by his superiors to a post of honor in the Church, is put aside by the Divine Hand to bring forward his young and ignorant and as yet unordained brother, who was destined to become an apostle in the Church.

It has sometimes been remarked that saints and saintly souls in the religious life are often singularly sensitive as regards human affection and earthly ties of love. It was so with Damien. All his life through, from the day of parting with his family down to the weary hours, more than twenty years afterwards, when the dying eyes of the lonely missionary watched and longed in vain for those *last letters from home*, which somehow delayed to come, and the absence of which proved the last bitter drop in the chalice of suffering he had so bravely drained, his affectionate, home-loving heart had clung with all the pathetic fidelity of the exile to every little detail and corner of that far away family circle in which, as he wrote, "he placed himself in spirit every day." When the time came for his last farewell to his tenderly loved mother, he wrote and appointed to meet her and his sister-in-law, not at their home, but at the shrine of Notre Dame de Montaigu, a place of pilgrimage which he had often visited, and for which he had the liveliest devotion. He was accustomed, while in the seminary at Louvain, to make periodical visits to Montaigu with his fellow-students, and their custom was to start at midnight, walking for several hours in the darkness and cold of early morning, so as to arrive in time to communicate at the early Mass. He did the same on this occasion, and after leaving the Holy Table, mother and son met, trembling with emotion. Who can tell what passed between them—the heroic mother who had nurtured her son in earliest years with daily readings and recitals of the "Lives of the Saints," and who by her own pious example and precepts had drawn his young soul, from its earliest development, to the love of divine things; the son who clung so fondly to her, yet who counted all else as loss that he might gain souls for Christ. When the hour of parting came, he threw his arms around his mother, and then, with streaming eyes, without a word, he pointed to the image of the Blessed Virgin before which they stood, gave one long, lingering look towards that divine Mother, then turned and set forth on his way back to the seminary.

Contrary to his usual custom, he kept apart from his companions, who could not but remark how greatly he was moved; and when, at the end of their pilgrimage, they questioned him as to his thoughts, "I was thinking," he said, "of how I shall never again see Notre

Dame de Montaigu; and I have entreated her to obtain for me from our Lord the grace of working in His vineyard for twelve years."

So, on the thirtieth of October, Damien, with his companions, set sail for Honolulu, where they landed on St. Joseph's Day, 1864. During the passage, as he suffered but little from sea-sickness, he was appointed sacristan to the little community of priests and nuns; they lived on board as regular a life as if still at the seminary, with fixed hours for prayer, study and recreation, to which Damien, although not yet a priest, never failed to add the recitation of the breviary offices. As soon as they landed, the Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Maigret, conferred minor orders on the young Brother, sent him to pass some time in study and retreat at the college of Ahiumanu, near Honolulu, and finally, on the eve of Pentecost, ordained him priest. He said his first Mass on the following day, and not many days afterwards the bishop sent him, with another priest, Father Clement, to his first mission in the island of Hawaii.

If we say that from this time onwards Father Damien's life was that of ordinary missionaries in such remote spots as the half civilized, half idolatrous Sandwich Islands, we shall probably convey no very definite idea to our readers' minds. The flock to which Joseph de Veuster was called upon to minister was perhaps of a more than usually mixed kind, for besides the aboriginal heathens or idolators, and their converted Catholic brethren, there were also a large number of Europeans and others who professed Calvinistic and other Protestant beliefs, and who exercised a not inconsiderable influence in the place. English merchants, doctors, journalists, colonists, adventurers formed a strong anti-Catholic party in the more considerable settlements; and it has always appeared to us that there can hardly be a more serious obstacle to missionary labor in heathen countries than the ever-clashing presence of so-called Christian, yet un-Catholic, communities and teachers in their midst. He records this difficulty himself in a letter to his brother, which sketches very graphically the two great hindrances to his first efforts in a missionary career, the tremendous space which his "district" covered and the opposition of the Calvinists:

"Father Clement's district is a very large one. He has at least twenty leagues to travel in order to see all his flock of Christians. I hope that in time he will become an accomplished rider. The first year especially he will have enough work to satisfy his zeal. How many people to baptize, how many confessions to hear, seeing that for the last four years they have only been visited two or three times in the course of the year. I should have liked to have remained with him for some time, but duty called me elsewhere. . . . . I went on the Thursday to my district (Puna), which lies

between that of Father Charles and that of Father Celestine. I think I shall require fully three days to get from one end to the other. In every direction there are little villages scattered about, and for seven or eight years there has been no resident priest there. It was only in passing that some priest or other could visit the Christians, and he would have very little time to instruct catechumens. Before leaving, the Bishop told me that I must remember that the mission was quite in its infancy. Indeed, I found no church in which to say Mass, but two are now in course of construction. With nothing more than a portable altar that I have with me, I sometimes say Mass in a native hut, where the Christians are accustomed to assemble on Sunday for prayers. I find sheep everywhere, but many of them are still outside the fold.

"Calvinism has drawn many into its net. However, the news of a new priest for Puna has made them think about religion, and on my first round our good Lord gave me twenty-nine to regenerate in the holy waters of baptism, while others are preparing to receive it. After what I have told you you can form some idea of the difficulties a missionary encounters in the exercise of his sacred ministry. Here we are in circumstances very different from those of priests in other countries. Here one's flock is scattered and surrounded by heretics, who employ all the means in their power to seduce them, and they succeed more easily with the converts who have not the faith deeply rooted in their hearts. Besides this, there are the laws of the country which are but little in favor of permanent marriage among the people, their only object being to raise them from the condition of savages. But apart from these two evils, inconstancy and incontinency, you could not wish for better people; gentle, with pleasing manners, exceedingly tender-hearted, they neither seek to amass riches, nor live in luxury, nor dress much, but are most hospitable and ready to deprive themselves even of necessaries in order to supply your every want if you have to ask a night's shelter from them. Even obstinate heretics will treat a priest well if he comes to their house, but they have only done this since their prejudices against our religion have been removed. They never said anything unpleasant to me. When one speaks to them of religion they willingly admit that we are right and they are in error, but it is the fear of their minister which holds them back from the Church. Generally they are of opinion that the Calvinistic creed and the Catholic faith are both good,—an error which is often hard to remove. If Providence were to send us a holy priest like the Curè d'Ars these sheep would soon be gathered in."

In another letter he mentions that "The population of our islands

consist of some sixty-two thousand souls at present. It was larger formerly. There are in all twenty-one priests in different parts of the islands. The island where I am is larger than all the others together. Here there are seven priests, who serve about twenty churches, and I think about one-third of the population are Catholics and the rest are either Protestants or unbelievers."

Then again the means of transit from settlement to settlement were rough and even dangerous; sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, through tangled woods and over precipitous mountains, the intrepid missionaries had to plough their way One day he relates how he embarked in a frail canoe made from the hollowed trunk of a tree, to visit some Christian village to which there was no access by land; when midway across the water the boat capsized, and he and the two boatmen were forced to swim with one hand the remainder of the crossing, pushing their overturned boat with the other.

"As my clothes were fastened to the boat," he writes, "I lost nothing; only my beautiful little breviary which I was very fond of because it was both so complete and so light, was so soaked with sea-water that I cannot use it any more in travelling."

Another time he journeys for four days without stopping, partly on foot, partly on horseback, and partly by swimming across an arm of the sea running inland, and arrives "just in time to baptize a new-born infant, who went to heaven directly afterwards."

To another group of Christians he penetrates by climbing precipice after precipice on hands and knees, arriving among them with torn and bleeding hands and shoes in pieces. In another place, after having baptized a number of catechumens, he imposed upon them, as a thank-offering, the task of building a chapel—a *real* chapel, as he says, and not a mere wooden cabin; so, turning architect himself, he planned, arranged, and put together the planks which his converts had prepared. In another settlement, where he also desired to construct a more lasting edifice than the perishable huts which his predecessors had used for worship, and which was approached only by leaping from stone to stone, under a tropical sun, up the mountain side, he had the materials—wooden planks—cut and fitted at Honolulu, paid for from the alms of the Christians there, brought to the nearest shore by sea, and then conveyed to the required spot in the following manner.

"I made all our Christians, men, women and children, come down [to the sea-shore] in the evening. They slept upon the beach, their heads resting on stones, and, at daybreak, each one according to his strength took up a load of wood and went off. Every morning and evening we said prayers in common. The pieces of wood being already cut and trimmed by Brother Calixtus,

he put them together as we brought them, which encouraged the people very much. Now this church is finished, and his Lordship has promised to consecrate it next May."

As will be conjectured from the above example, it was Father Damien's wonderful energy of character, and his bright, engaging manner, which, joined to an unusual fund of physical strength, enabled him to perform feats and undergo hardships which many of his most zealous confréres could not equal. His strength, indeed, was something quite above the average; and years afterwards the Vicar Apostolic told his brother, Father Pamphile, how astonished were the aborigines of that district on witnessing Father Damien carry loads which three or four of themselves could scarcely lift.

Another incident which won from them much admiration was evidently due in like manner to his robust physique. One day as he was riding by the shore he perceived a boat, at some distance off, floating idly at the mercy of the waves. Dismounting from his horse he plunged into the sea and struck out towards it. On reaching the boat he found that it contained eight shipwrecked sailors, three Americans, four English and one Dutchman, who had formed part of the crew of a sailing ship trading from California to the Indies, and their ship having caught fire, they escaped in this small boat. They lay huddled together now in a state of exhaustion, utterly unable to wield their oars, and would undoubtedly never have seen land again had not the energetic priest brought them safely to shore. As the natives used to say of him, he was "ardent and swift like the wind or the fire," and his tall, commanding presence, ruddy cheeks and pleasant voice, helped to charm at the first glance those with whom he had to deal. He was essentially "big Damien," "mon gros Damien," as his professor at Louvain used, half caressingly, to call him; a large-headed, broad shouldered youth and man, with the full, somewhat fleshy face of the Belgian, and the peculiar half-abstracted look of the short-sighted. Mr. Clifford, who visited him towards the close of his life, describes him as "a thick-set, strongly-built man, with black curly hair and short beard, turning gray. His face must have been rather handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth and a short, straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright sensible face. His forehead is swollen, ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is somewhat sunk, and the ears are greatly enlarged."

But this is anticipating.

It was after ten years spent in earnest, zealous labor among his dear "caniques" that the call came to a higher and more painful

vocation; and Damien landed among his leper flock, without clothes, books, or any kind of possessions, even so much as a change of linen. He had so promptly obeyed the call, that there was not even time to ask the formal permission of his Superior, and his scruples on this head could only be appeased by a formal letter from the latter, approving of the step which he had taken.

On his arrival at the leproserie, "I found," he writes, "on my arrival, a little chapel, dedicated to St. Philomena, but that was all. No house to shelter me. I lived a long time under the shelter of a tree, not wishing to sleep under the same roof as the lepers. Later on, the whites of Honolulu having assisted me with their subscriptions, I was able to build myself a hut, sixteen feet long and ten wide, where I am now writing these lines. Well, I have been here six months, surrounded by lepers, and I have not caught the infection; I consider this shows the special protection of our good God and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"Leprosy, so far as is known, is incurable; it seems to begin by a corruption of the blood. Discolored patches appear on the skin, especially on the cheeks, and the parts affected lose their feeling. After a time, this discoloration covers the whole body; then ulcers begin to open, chiefly at the extremities. The flesh is eaten away and gives out a fetid odor; even the breath of the leper becomes so foul that the air around is poisoned with it. I have had great difficulty in getting accustomed to such an atmosphere. One day at the Sunday Mass, I found myself so stifled that I thought I must leave the altar to breathe a little of the outer air, but I restrained myself, thinking of our Lord when He commanded them to open the grave of Lazarus, notwithstanding Martha's words, *jam fœtet.* Now my sense of smell does not cause me so much inconvenience and I enter the huts of the lepers without difficulty. Sometimes, indeed, I still feel some repugnance when I have to hear the confessions of those near their end, whose wounds are full of maggots. Often, also, I scarce know how to administer extreme unction, when both hands and feet are nothing but raw wounds.

"This may give you some idea of my daily work. Picture to yourself a collection of huts with eight hundred lepers. No doctor; in fact, as there is no cure, there seems no place for a doctor's skill. A white man, who is a leper, and your humble servant do all the doctoring work.

"Every morning, then, after my Mass, which is always followed by an instruction, I go to visit the sick, half of whom are Catholics. On entering each hut, I begin by offering to hear their confessions. Those who refuse this spiritual help, are not, therefore, refused temporal assistance, which is given to all without distinction. Consequently, every one, with the exception of a few

bigoted heretics, look on me as a Father. As for me, I make myself a leper with the lepers, to gain all to Jesus Christ. That is why, in preaching, I say *We, lepers*, not *My brethren*, as in Europe. You may judge by the following fact, what a power the missionary has. Last Saturday, some of the younger people, discontented with their lot and thinking themselves ill-treated by the government, determined on an attempt at revolt. All except two were Calvinists, or Mormons. Well, I only had to present myself and say a word or two, and all the heads were bowed, and all was over. I have baptized more than a hundred persons since my arrival. I have also buried a large number. The average of deaths is about one every day. Many are so destitute that there is nothing to defray their burial expenses. They are simply wrapped in a blanket. As far as my duties allow me time, I make coffins myself for these people."

It would be difficult to realize the extreme loathsomeness of the daily, hourly contact with corruption, to which this robust son of the soil, with all his love for free fresh air and wild roaming in the wildest solitudes of nature had pledged himself. One of the other missionaries, Father Albert, who visited him, has given an account of what he saw and experienced at the leproserie. He says:

"Their bodies show every variety of physical repulsiveness. The leprosy eats away and devours their extremities, hands, feet, knees, elbows; some have no nose left; others, a swollen and enlarged one. Many lose all their fingers, joint by joint, so that at last only the stumps are left; many are blind, or half blind. Some too, seem to have lost all human features, and their faces look like one great bleeding wound. Unhappy people! They look upon themselves with horror; yet, with the incredible morbidity of all lepers, they actually walk about with mirrors in their hands and keep looking at themselves every moment. The children look as if they had old men's heads on their shoulders, so swollen and disfigured are they, sometimes with lips and eyelids hanging down in hideous bags of flesh. It also affects the larynx and brings on a sort of asthma, with violent vomiting of black blood, *which I myself have often had to catch in a basin* while in the midst of hearing their confessions. As for the corpse-like smell which exudes from their half-rotten bodies, it is, humanly speaking, insupportable. During my work in the church (he was decorating the walls for them), I have sometimes been painting for hours together side by side with one of these wretched beings who seemed to have no idea of the unpleasantness of his neighborhood to me. At other times, while confessing and anointing the dying, I have had to go, from time to time, to the door to get a breath of fresh air and brace up my courage, before again facing the sight and

smell of the millions of worms which were eating the poor creatures alive.

"Except during certain phases of their malady, the lepers do not suffer acute pain. Rather, their bodies seem deadened and without any feeling whatever; so that I have seen them cutting pieces off their own hands and feet with a knife exactly as if they were chipping at a bit of wood, and sometimes, too, they burned themselves seriously, having approached too near the fire and feeling neither heat nor cold."

Another priest, after visiting the lepers with Father Damien, confessed to him that the fearful stench from them had brought on a violent headache. "Oh, don't mind that," was Damien's heroically simple answer; "during the past three years I have often felt the same thing."

After spending some weeks at the leproserie, and setting on foot various improvements, Father Damien went over to Honolulu, the principal town and seat of government, to give an account of his work to the bishop and to make his confession. Deeming it likewise advisable to pay a visit of ceremony to the President of the Commission of Health, he called upon him ere leaving; when, what was his surprise to find himself not only received with great coldness, but with a very plain intimation from the official that he was absolutely forbidden to leave the lazar-house again for any purpose whatever; and this was followed up by a written order, informing him that he would at once be arrested by the police if he ventured out, even into the other part of the island. Thus he found himself most unexpectedly a close prisoner, confined rigorously within the narrow space which held a population of 800 lepers.

On learning this state of things, the Father Provincial of his Order, anxious to console and give absolution to the exile, set out for Molokai in one of the provision steamers which went regularly from Honolulu to the leproserie, remaining there about three hours. To his horror and disappointment, when he prepared to land, on their arrival, the captain of the ship held him back and curtly informed him that it was "impossible." Poor Father Damien, having caught sight of his superior in the distance, had flung himself into a boat and come off to the ship's side to greet him; and he also was refused admittance on the ship.

He was, therefore, obliged to make his confession in a loud voice across the sea from his tiny rowing boat to the provincial on board ship; and it was said by those who witnessed it that none could understand the language in which they spoke.

A little later, one of his brother missionaries essayed to reach him from the other side of the island. Setting out in disguise by night, he reached the precipitous mountain side which separated

the leproserie from the rest of the island, 2000 feet high, scaled the cliffs, and penetrated to his priestly brother. But he was seen, denounced to the police, and it is said that serious consequences would probably have ensued had not a change in the government and a new king brought greater liberty to the missionaries, who were thenceforward permitted to visit the leper settlement at their discretion.

From thenceforth the leproserie was visited from time to time by the bishop and his missionaries, who was thus enabled to note and to make known to the world the wonderful work carried on by the devoted "Apostle of the Lepers." Chapels were built and decorated, vestments and banners wrought by those among the women whose wounded and mutilated hands were still capable of work; a choir was formed which executed not only with taste but with extraordinary skill, really difficult and even classical music; they had open-air processions, High Mass, with every accompaniment that music, lights, rich hangings, golden Altar vessels (sent by the Curè of St. Roch, Paris), and even bright-colored confraternity dresses for men, girls and musicians, could give. The confessional was crowded, the communicants numerous, and the baptisms of converts were counted by dozens weekly. Father Damien's visitors would describe with wonder and delight the imposing ceremonies they witnessed, carried out by a congregation "amongst which there was perhaps not a single human form which one could look upon without horror. The fœtid odor which filled the church made it like the gate of Pluto's kingdom."

In 1879 Father Damien wrote: "Most of the sick who arrive here are non-Catholics, and they die in the bosom of the Church. The tree begins to be known by its fruits; for Protestantism takes no care for the souls of the lepers. Thus nearly all the dying ask for the Catholic priest to enable them to prepare for the last journey. I have administered baptism *in periculo mortis* to a large number of Calvinist chiefs."

As soon as one good practice was firmly rooted in the lives of the people, he began another; confraternities for assisting and nursing the sick, the Perpetual Adoration, which belonged so specially to his Order, in both the churches of the leproserie (for they had one at each end of the enclosure) the devotion of the Month of Mary; everything which could rouse and sustain the piety of his flock he spared no pains in establishing. Then, when he could spare time, or obtain temporary help from a confrère for his people, he delighted in taking a turn at his old work of carpentering, and built chapel after chapel in different parts of the island.

One of his yearly letters to his family will show how he worked:

MOLOKAI, December 8, 1874.

My dear Mother, Brothers and Sisters:

As I told you last year, I am living in a village consisting entirely of lepers. Though this disease is contagious, I am still enjoying perfect health, and am very happy in the midst of these unfortunate people. I do all I can to lead them along the paths of virtue, and to prepare them for a holy death. I have the charge of two churches, and I have baptized this year a hundred lepers, and have buried quite as many.

During the summer I went to another part of this island, where I remained four months in the character of carpenter, putting up a new church 44 feet long, 22 wide, with 10 Gothic windows and a tower 50 feet high. It cost more than 5000 francs. It is there the new missionary is stationed. I am not ashamed to act as mason or carpenter when it is for the glory of God. These ten years I have been on the Mission, I have built a church or chapel evey year. The habit I had at home of practising different kinds of work is of immense use to me here. However, in my leper settlement I have not much time for manual labor; my priestly duties are very numerous.

A few words now about my way of living: I live all alone in a little hut; lepers never enter it. In the morning, after Mass, a woman, who is not a leper, comes to prepare my meal. My dinner consists of rice, meat, coffee and a few biscuits. For supper, I take what was left at dinner, with a cup of tea, the water for which I boil over a lamp. My poultry-yard furnishes me with eggs. I only make two meals a day, morning and evening. I rarely take anything between. You see I live very well; I don't starve. I am not much at home in the daytime. After dark, I say my Breviary by the light of my lamp, I study a bit or write a letter. So don't wonder at getting only one letter a year from me. I really have not the time even to think of you, except in my prayers. I have been obliged to steal an hour from my sleep now in order to write this letter and some others which I must send to Europe.

The new year is at hand; I wish you all a very happy one. Don't forget me in your daily prayers.

JOSEPH DAMIEN DE VEUSTER.

As to his carpentering labors, it was not only the houses of God which owed their existence to his energy and zeal; he lent a willing hand, too, to those of his parishioners whose wretched log-cabins were perpetually falling into decay or being overturned by the violence of the storms.

"My poor people are continually begging me to help them to construct a small wooden house. Government gives them the framework, the mission the roofing, and, if they can manage to procure some planks of wood for themselves, I lend them my arms for a few days, and behold them installed."

Again, he found that the dead were usually buried without coffins, there being no fund from the government for their supply; so the good Father took to making coffins for the dead, and sometimes even to digging their graves, until his flock, stimulated by his example, had learned to conduct the almost daily funerals with decency and solemnity. One of the missionaries estimated the number of burials which Father Damien had personally or partly performed at from fifteen to eighteen hundred.

In the year 1881, the Queen Regent of Honolulu made a personal visit to, and inspection of, the leproserie, and was so touched with

all she saw and with the wonderful work being carried out, that she sent to the heroic priest a decoration called the Order of Kalakaua, with which her messenger solemnly invested him, to the great pride and joy of all his flock, Protestant and Catholic alike.

As time went on and his health remained good, he could not help being surprised at his exemption from contagion. As he wrote in 1873: "I have been now six months here, and have not caught the infection"; and in 1880: "Since I have been here I have buried from one hundred and ninety to two hundred every year, and still the number of living lepers is always over seven hundred. Last year death carried off an unusually large number of Christians. There are many empty places on the benches of the church, but in the cemetery there is hardly room left to dig the graves. I was quite vexed the other day to find they had begun to dig a grave, just by the large cross, in the very spot which I had so long reserved for myself. I had to insist on the place being left vacant. The cemetery, church and presbytery form one enclosure; thus, at night-time I am the sole keeper of this garden of the dead, where my spiritual children lie at rest."

Later on, in 1883, he told his brother that he was still well and vigorous; but in the following year he began to suspect the presence of the long-looked-for disease, and in 1885, having accidentally dipped his feet in boiling water and found that he felt no pain, he knew that his fate was sealed. He announced the news to his Bishop in these words:

"I cannot come to Honolulu, for leprosy has attacked me. There are signs of it on my left cheek and ear, and my eyebrows are beginning to fall. I shall soon be quite disfigured. As I have no doubt of the real character of the malady I remain calm, resigned, and very happy in the midst of my people. The good God knows what is best for my sanctification, and I say daily *Fiat voluntas tua* with a ready heart."

He did not at first tell his family, and they appeared to have learned the painful news through newspaper announcements, which unfortunately gave a very exaggerated account of his state, and said that "his flesh was falling from him in rags." As a matter of fact he was singularly little disfigured and his hands in particular preserved their perfect form, so that he was able to celebrate Mass down to almost the last day of his life. He worked on among his people, assisted by two fellow-priestsfro m his own country, Father Conrady and Father Wendelin, and by three Franciscan nuns, who to his great consolation were sent to him from a newly opened hospital near Honolulu in 1888, until his failing strength finally gave way, three years after the first symptoms of his malady had appeared.

It is probably not too much to say that all Christendom was following with venerating interest the bulletins which from time to time reached us of his gradual fading away. Protestants and Catholics alike vied with one another in sending tokens and offerings of sympathy; yet, from some incomprehensible misunderstanding, which one can but recognize as a permitted trial from Divine wisdom, the ever-cherished and eagerly-looked-for home letters failed to arrive. Those who ministered to the dying man knew full well how hungrily his failing eyes had watched as mail after mail arrived from Europe with *no word from home*, eliciting the pathetic comment addressed to an Irish nun at Louvain:

"Try to find an occasion of speaking to my brother, Father Pamphile, as well as to my nieces. They seem to be treating me as though they were ashamed of my having caught this disease. While tending the lepers I have become a leper myself, and I try to bear as best I can the heavy burden which it has pleased God to lay upon me."

And one little pleading for "more letters" in this, almost the last words his hand ever penned:

"DEAR BROTHER: On account of the state of illness which the good God has willed to lay upon me I abstain from writing to you as I used to do, as also to the rest of the family. But it seems to me that you all ought to write to me at least as often as before, and even more often. However, I am very happy and contented, and although very ill I desire nothing save the accomplishment of the holy will of the good God.

I have here a priest from Liége, Perè Conrady, with me, and Perè Wendelin is in the second village, also two Brothers who help me to look after a hundred orphans whom I have under me here.

There are more than a thousand lepers in the settlement. We have also some Sisters, three Franciscan sick nurses. The English of London, both Protestant and Catholic, show themselves most sympathetic towards me and towards the work to which I have consecrated myself.

Remember me to all the Fathers and Brothers of Louvain, as well as to Gerard and Leonie and all the family. At the altar at which up to the present I am still able to stand daily (though with a certain amount of difficulty) I forget none of you all. In return please pray and get prayers for me, who am gently drawing near the grave. May the good God strengthen me and give me the grace of perseverance and of a good death.

Your devoted brother in the S. S. Hearts,
J. DAMIEN DE VEUSTER.

Two months later—and the grace of perseverance had been given, the crown won, and

"Dead, say they? Thou of thine own sweet accord,
Who through long years a dying life didst lead,
And only now, we know, dost live indeed.
Thy task accomplished! Now canst thou afford
To rest and go with joy to thy reward."

The closing scene is best given in the words of a letter from Father Wendelin, who was with him to the last:

"On Saturday, the 23d of March, he was just as usual, going about with his accustomed activity. That was the last time I saw him thus.

"From the 28th he never left his room. On that day he arranged his temporal affairs and when he had signed his papers he remarked to me: 'How happy I am to have given all to Monsignor! Now I die poor, having nothing of my own.'

"On Thursday, the 28th of March, he took to his bed, and on Saturday, the 30th, made his preparation for death. It was really edifying to see him. He seemed so happy. When I had heard his general confession I made my confession to him, after which we together renewed the vows which bind us to the Congregation. Next day he received the Holy Viaticum. During the day he was bright and cheerful as usual. 'Look at my hands,' he said, 'all the wounds are healing and the crust is becoming black,—that is a sign of death, as you know very well. Look at my eyes. I have seen so many lepers die that I cannot be mistaken. Death is not far off. I should have liked to see the Bishop again, but the good God is calling me to celebrate Easter with himself. May God be blessed for it!'

"After this he thought only of preparing for death. There was no longer any room for doubt. One could see that death was fast approaching.

"On April the 2d Father Conrady gave him Extreme Unction. 'How good God is,' he said to me in the course of the day, 'to have preserved me long enough to have two priests by my side to assist me in my last moments, and then to know that the good Sisters are at the hospital—that was my 'Nunc Dimittis.' The work of the lepers is assured. I am no longer necessary, so before long I shall go up yonder.' 'When you are there, Father,' I asked, 'you won't forget those whom you are leaving orphans?' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'if I have any credit with God I shall intercede for all who are in the Leproserie.' I begged him to leave me his mantle, like Elias, that I might inherit his great heart. 'But what would you do with it'? he asked, 'it is all full of leprosy.' Then I asked him for his blessing, which he gave me with tears in his eyes. He also blessed the heroic daughters of St. Francis, for whose coming he had so long prayed.

"The following days the good Father rallied a little. We even had hopes of keeping him for a time amongst us. What I most admired in him was his admirable patience. He who was so ardent, so active, so robust, to be nailed down to his miserable couch. He was laid on the ground on a wretched mattress like the poor-

est leper, and we had great difficulty in making him accept a bed. And how poorly off he was! He who had spent so much money in relieving the lepers had forgotten himself so far as not to have even a change of linen or sheets for his bed. His attachment to the Congregation was admirable. How often he said to me, 'Father, you represent the Congregation here for me, don't you? Let us say the prayers together. How sweet it is to die a child of the Sacred Heart!'

"On Saturday, April 13th, he was much worse, and all hope of recovery was at an end. Shortly after midnight he received our Lord in Holy Communion for the last time. From time to time he lost consciousness. . . . . On Monday I received a note, saying that the good Father was in his agony. I hurried off to see him, but on my way another messenger met me, and informed me of his death. He died without a struggle, as if falling asleep."

After death all signs of disfigurement passed from his face; his body was exposed in the church for some hours, and then buried with all the solemnity the little community could devise, under the tree where he had slept the first few nights after his arrival among them.

It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers of the burst of sympathetic emotion which filled all hearts when it became known that "the apostle of the lepers" had gone to his reward; how newspapers wrote of him, shop-windows were filled with his portraits, meetings were held to resolve upon memorial works in his honor. His own Congregation have set on foot the most worthy of these; one after his own heart, the *Institut Damien.* It is a college specially devoted to the training of youths destined to continue his own work among the lepers of the Sandwich islands, for, as he wrote himself, "Send us more workers—the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." Those who wish to be associated in their merits and interests are enabled to share their work by becoming subscribers under one of three heads, as givers of large or small annual subscriptions, or simple donations, and thus to become partakers in that *communion of saints* which links their saintly founder with those who are preparing to follow in his footsteps.

"Damien! no name like thine exalts old story!
Dead Leper-Saint, pray well for me and mine,
Both here and harbored in the eternal glory;
For this is sure—that living woes like thine
Are knit so closely with Christ's Death Divine
They draw from it some power expiatory."

Editorial Note.—In February, 1888, we had occasion to send the offerings of charitable persons to Father Damien which led to a correspondence that was kept up

to within three weeks of his death. His last note to us shows plainly how difficult it must have been for him to write, and as being perhaps the last letter he ever wrote, we give it together with the first. The first shows that in the midst of all his sufferings, God visited him with what to him must have been a very great temporal affliction, the destruction of the steeple of his church by a hurricane, and great damage also to the building itself. These letters, written in English, must be of interest, coming from such a saintly soul and during the last months of his martyrdom.

I. F. H.

KALAMAO, MOLOKAI, HAWAIIAN ISLAND,
March 23, 1888.

Rev. and Dear Father: Your kind letter of 23d ult., with enclosed check, is duly received, with thanks for your kindness; and please express to the charitable donors my gratitude for their charities towards the outcasts of Molokai. The number of our lepers being on the increase, I am obliged to make a large addition to our church; and an ouragan or strong wind having destroyed the steeple, I have to build a new one. Therefore, please tell Mr. ——, that any help to cover a part of these needed expenses will be received with thanks and many prayers for his happiness. Almost ten years ago I had sent to me a large quantity of Hoang-nan pills, and during six months they acted very well on the lepers, but no cure; amelioration for the time being is all we may expect from different specifics known and tried here. Happy and resigned we wait here at the brink of our graves the moment our Blessed Lord will kindly call us to a better life. *Oramus ad invicem.*

Yours very thankfully,

J. DAMIEN, des SS. C.C. Cath.

His last letter is dated March 13th, 1889. He died April 10th, 1889.

Dear Father: Your letter, with draft of February 18th, from your charitable——is at hand. Please have the kindness to express to this good man and relatives my sincere thanks. I am preparing now the new steeple of our church. Please tell them that this will nearly pay for all its cost, and will be a visible remembrance of their charity. Recommending myself to your prayers, I remain in our Lord

Yours thankfully,

J. DAMIEN.

P. S.—My sickness is leading me to my grave.

THE POPES OF THE RENAISSANCE.

Geschichte der Päpste. Ludwig Pastor. Vol. II.
History of the Papacy. M. Creighton. Vols. II., III.

THE rare patience, learning, skill, and the rarer honesty, that marked every page of Ludwig Pastor's first volume of the "History of the Popes since the end of the Middle Ages," compelled the respect of students who have long been held as masters, and the admiration of all those who, not being masters, still love truth and justice, and rightly value labor inspired by holy aims. Critics of many countries and of many creeds have been unreserved in their praise of the German historian's thoroughness, in their praise of the science of his method and of the frank simplicity of his presentation. Nor have they been ungenerous in their acknowledgment of the benefit he has conferred, on all students and writers of modern history, by the new material that he has gathered, wisely and freely, from rich mines hitherto unworked. Burckhardt, Ewald, de Rossi, Müntz, Chevalier, Kurth—authors who have gained a deserved reputation as original inquirers, and who are especially informed about the period of the Renaissance, have paid tribute to the Innsbruck Professor. And, though he has deemed it prudent in a *Nachwort*, to answer several carping critics—"Comma critics"—it may be truthfully said that no scholar has ventured to question his facts, or the impartiality of his judgments.

Burckhardt, writing of the first volume of the "Geschichte der Päpste" qualifies it as a "powerful work." The second volume is not less powerful than the first. No published documents have escaped Pastor's watchful eye. From some seven hundred printed works, and from one hundred and twenty collections of archives and manuscripts, he has culled the details so briefly, and yet fully narrated in this volume. In the Appendix, he prints at length, or summarizes, one hundred and forty-eight documents—many of prime importance—that now see the light for the first time. *Vitam impendere vero* is Pastor's chosen motto. With such a device, we are prepared for costly labor; but it is only when we carefully estimate the cost of the amazing labor expended on this volume that we can truly gauge the sincerity, the singleness, of the young historian's purpose.

The first volume dealt with the reign of Martin V., Eugenius IV., Nicholas V., and Calixtus III.; and covered a period of about

forty years—from 1417 to 1458. In the second volume we advance at a slower pace. The history of a quarter century fills these seven hundred solid pages. Three Popes, Pius II., Paul II., and Sixtus IV., hold the stage—three great popes, if popes be measured like lesser men. Pastor's method is severe; his judgments also lean to severity. It is true that the popes of the Renaissance, better than any of the rulers of their day, can bear severity in judgment; but they are entitled to a consideration which even Pastor does not always give them. Policies which have been loudly condemned, are defensible when all the circumstances are considered. Many actions which are called imprudent, were in fact, more beneficial than hurtful. Many that were not beneficial, should not on that account, be judged harshly. In the soft light of comparison, when viewed side by side with the tyrants of Italy, Germany, France, or England, there is no pope of the fifteenth century that does not seem to be illuminated with a shining aureole, which even the greedy and godless literati cannot blur with their inky volleys of classical epithets.

The most absolute of monarchies, the Church is at the same time the only democracy. Her monarchs are the monarchs of a lifetime; and they are chosen to rule the Christian world neither because of their family nor because of their wealth. Thus Pius II. was the son of a needy noble, who had been banished from radical Siena for the crime of being noble. The father of Paul II., was a Venetian tradesman whose highest ambition was that his son should be a successful merchant. To an American ear, the family name of Sixtus IV. has an aristocratic sound; and yet the pope's parents were miserably poor folk, who lived in a miserably poor way at Celle, a petty village not far from Savona, on the Riviera. A branch of the della Rovere, had ennobled itself, by the ordinary methods of the time; and their poorer relations of Celle were no doubt proud of the connection, which allowed them to claim a sort of brevet nobility. However these three men reached the Papacy, it is apparent that they did not owe their elevation to family influence.

The story of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini has been often told, but it has been told none too well. Voigt, in his interesting work,[1] with sound learning and an intimate knowledge of the men and the movement of the Renaissance, shows diligent study and the nicest appreciation of the literary productions of the most effective orator, and the readiest, liveliest prose-writer of the fifteenth century. And yet Voigt's "Life of Æneas Sylvius" is

[1] *Enea Silvio de' Piccolomini als Papst Pius der Zweite, und sein Zeitalter.* 3 vols. Berlin. Georg. Reimer. 1856–63.

just neither to Piccolomini nor to Pius—neither to layman, cleric or Pope. If we turn to the latest English historian of the Papacy, Canon Creighton,[1] we find him easy, agreeable, unconsciously prejudiced, and, as usual, somewhat contradictory. In the second volume of the "History of the Papacy," he gives a lengthy, if incomplete, account of Æneas and of Pius. Indeed, a writer on the Renaissance must be largely occupied with the bright, active, good-natured, strong-willed Sienese, who, by the force of natural gifts and of persistent, hard work, rose from poverty and obscurity to the highest honor a man can attain in this world. Mr. Creighton is delicately constituted. His pen records his immediate impressions. To have his opinion of a character, the reader must not be influenced by his running comments. These are merely intended to give life to the page. When he finally reviews himself and sums up a character, he will forget his own mistakes and express a judgment whose fairness cannot be found fault with —provided he has not been misled by unreliable authorities or has not been too hasty in his preparatory studies. Canon Creighton has been more fortunate than Dr. Voigt. Twenty years have passed since the latter published his able and useful work, while the "History of the Papacy" is only eight years old. It cannot but be gratifying to a historian to be set aright, and if it be done quickly, so much the better. From Pastor's first and second volumes, the intelligent reader will find it easy to correct both Voigt and Creighton, and, at the same time, to form a truer judgment of the character and work of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini.

"The man with a universal taste," as Burckhardt calls Æneas, passed his youth in the neediest circumstances at Corsignano, some fifty miles from Siena. Though there was little respect for law in Siena or in its neighborhood, the study of jurisprudence was held in high esteem ever since Aringhieri had made the old university famous. A jurist Æneas would have been had his father's hopes been fulfilled. To Siena the youth was sent, and there he took a dislike to law and fell in love with Cicero, Livy aud Virgil. He would have books. There was only way to have them. He borrowed where he could and copied volume after volume. His appetite for learning was so keen that he barely took time to eat common victuals or to drink—*Monte Pulciano.* Florence was only sixty miles away. Filelfo was the idol of the hour. Famous before he was twenty years of age, young and old crowded his lectures on eloquence. Æneas longed to be eloquent. After two years in Florence he returned to Siena. The family still

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[1] *A History of the Papacy During the Reformation.* By M. Creighton, M.A. London. Longmans, Green & Co., 1882.

insisting on his adopting the legal profession, he again followed the wearisome law lectures. He was twenty-six years old when Capranica came to Siena, on his way to the council at Basel. Meeting the quick, versatile, amiable student, the knowing cardinal was so taken with him that he offered Æneas a secretaryship. The unwilling jurist promptly accepted the offer. As we con the faces of the motley crowd that gathered in the Rhenish town in 1432, the mild, far seeing eye, the refined head, the firm mouth, the winning smile of Æneas, attract us as strongly as they attracted the cardinal. Capranica was opposed to Eugenius IV. Influenced by his example and arguments and also by the company he fell in with, Æneas became an outspoken adversary of the lawful Pope. When, two years later, Capranica made his peace with Eugenius, the young secretary left him and entered the service of the Bishop of Freising. Later on he separated from the bishop, and, in time, we find him in the household of Cardinal Albergati, the pious Carthusian, whose coat of arms was the Cross, and who, with piety, combined a deep love for the new learning. This love he showed not only by a diligent cultivation of letters, but also by a generous patronage of men of promise. From Albergati's house the splendid Nicholas V. graduated, and to the training of the ascetic and sagacious Bolognese, the son of the poor physician of Sarzana owed, in good part, his passion for all noble things.

At Basel there were learned men, but none with a more varied learning than Æneas had hived. There were orators of repute in the council and outside of it, but not one with the artful power of Æneas. Stylists there were unnumbered, but Æneas overmastered them all in that spirit which can alone give life to form. He was a poet, too, and dropped graceful verse from his pen-point with an ease that made all men admire. As a canonist his ability was widely acknowledged. Of the art of diplomacy he knew nothing; but Basel was a rare good school, and Æneas was always a student. Each day he learned something of men's hearts and minds, and this learning soon told. He was entrusted with a delicate mission to that *condottiero of condottieri*, Nicolo Piccinino, and with Albergati he attended the Council of Arras (1435), which was convened in the interest of the peace of Christendom. How much credit Æneas had quietly gained was now made evident. He was sent to England and to Scotland on a secret mission, whose purpose he never fully disclosed. The genial humanist, the man of speeches and letters and Virgilian imitations, proved on this mission that he was a man of force as well as a student, a man whose training and disposition had made him fitted to overcome and to bear in the execution of a trust greater

trials and privations than he had borne and conquered during his boyhood. The journey cost him his health. The English court refusing him entrance to Scotland, he returned to the continent and set sail for Scotland direct, was driven on the Norway coast, and only after a fortnight of storms landed on Scottish soil. Forthwith he started, barefoot, for the nearest shrine of the Blessed Virgin. When in danger of shipwreck he had made a vow. The ground was covered with snow and ice, yet Æneas walked ten miles, kept his vow—and took the gout, which made his after life a life of suffering, and which finally carried him off in his prime.

Albergati was the legate of Eugenius. Entering the Cardinal's service Piccolomini had not changed his views as to the rightful authority of the Pope. On his return from Scotland he found himself without a patron. Albergati had gone away from Basel. However, Æneas had no need to seek employment. Princes in Church and State sought him out. Though a layman, the Council appointed him to a bishoprick. On the feast of St. Ambrose the Archbishop of Milan chose him to preach before the Council. He was not the only pagan-humanist layman that aired his graces in a pulpit during the course of the fifteenth century ; but the experience was new in a convocation that assumed to be a Council. Honors now rained on the genial Sienese. He was appointed Chief-abbreviator of the Council, a member of the committee controlling its proceedings, and president of the committee on Faith. Meantime his pen was active in opposing the claims of Eugenius. When the council of Basel assumed to depose him and to elect Duke Amadeus of Savoy to the Papal See, Æneas entered the service of the new pretender, who played Pope in a small way under the name of Felix V. But a short experience as secretary to Duke Felix and a keen sense of the unwisdom of the council's action, caused the secretary's mind to waver. In 1442 he was appointed an ambassador from the Council to the Frankfurt Reichstag. Bishop Sylvester of Chiemsee, a close friend of Frederick III., was so taken with Æneas that he begged Frederick to secure him as one of the imperial secretaries, and, furthermore, to honor him with the title of Imperial Poet. To each of these suggestions Frederick lent a willing ear, and the poor boy of Corsignano, crowned with the laurel, saw his name written on the pages of history just beneath Petrarch's.

Separating himself from Felix, not without the Duke's consent, Æneas relieved a troubled conscience. Dissatisfied with the Savoyard and with the Council he remained unsatisfied as to the claims of Eugenius. Under the circumstances he thought it well to take a position like the Emperor's—a position of neutrality.

In 1442 he accompanied Frederick to Austria. Four years earlier he had made a first acquaintance with the country and with the people. Casper Schlick, the Chancellor, like every other considerable man that had to do with Æneas, promptly recognized his extraordinary abilities. The emperor had a scheme for the calling of a new council, a scheme supported by the French king. To present this scheme to Eugenius and to win his assent to it Schlick chose Æneas. There could be no higher proof of his standing as a diplomist and as an honest man. *Persona grata* he could not have been to Eugenius, against whom he had contended for years in speech and in writing. His views as to the legitimacy of the Pope and as to the right method of closing the breach in Christendom had, however, been much modified of late. He saw the harm that had been done to religion by the attack on authority. He was desirous of "rescuing the prey from the wolf's mouth." He was ready to accept Eugenius if Germany accepted him, and he was active in devising means by which Germany might be united with Rome for the sake of religion.

Basel had proved to be a good school for Æneas, in some respects; in other respects it had been a bad training-ground. Light-hearted, joyous, witty, the young Sienese spent much of his time with a choice circle of half-pagans, who gave more thought to pleasure than to canon-law or theology. Reformers of the Church, with their tongues, their chiefest efforts were directed to showing that they, above all, needed reform. Bacchus and Venus were their most worshipped divinities. Many an idle hour they passed in trying to be as unclean as the vilest Roman or Greek. Æneas was only too ready to compete for the leadership in these un-Christian sports, as well as in more serious work; and his writings still exist to point a moral, and to warn youth from the foolishness that Cardinal Piccolomini and Pope Pius II. bitterly regretted. Nor was his life a model of chastity. It is he who tells us so in plain words, without apology, but with frequent and touching expression of sorrow and of repentance. Like a true Sienese, he was always fondly attached to the Mother of God. We have seen an instance of this affection in the rough pilgrimage that he made. Did he owe his change of life to Her loving intercession? Who shall say that to Her he did not owe still other favors, seemingly greater? However this be, the idea of entering the priesthood began to move him. Well-meaning friends had pressed him to this course from time to time; but his irregular life made him doubt his fitness for the holy office. With time the calling grew stronger, and at length, in 1445, Æneas determined to prepare himself for the priesthood. At Vienna, in March, 1446, he was ordained. From the day of his ordination to his last day on earth,

his bitterest enemy could charge him with no violation of his vow.

God may pardon sin, but it is not the office of men to apologize for it. Still, there is a way of recording a man's sins that, if not sinful, is not altogether fair. Even Canon Creighton's way is not always irreproachable. His fault, we may be certain, is unintentional. Sometimes his wit gets the better of him; sometimes he uses a word carelessly. Writing about Æneas, Mr. Creighton says:[1] "The character of Æneas *at this time* was not that of a churchman." There could be no truer statemant, but it is a misleading statement. Mr. Creighton implies that "at this time" Æneas was bound by an obligation more solemn than that by which laymen are held. Æneas was "at this time" not so bound. Indeed, Mr. Creighton's own text proves the fact. Two pages farther on, at the foot of page 247, he quotes from a letter of Æneas the following words: "As yet I have taken care not to involve myself in holy orders." The letter is dated February, 1444, and the "at this time" of Mr. Creighton refers to 1444, at the latest. Mr. Creighton, perhaps, chose his time well for a review of the private life of Æneas. In 1445 Æneas determined to take holy orders; in 1446 he was ordained. In 1444—"at this time"—there were laymen that lived more exemplary lives. An explanatory note at the foot of the page would have helped Mr. Creighton's reader, though it would, at the same time, have spoiled Mr. Creighton's point. Æneas held benefices, and must, therefore, have been as much of a "churchman" as a man is who has simply taken the tonsure. Emoluments he may have received, jurisdiction he may have exercised, but until he "involved himself in holy orders" he was not obligated by the solemn promise of a priest. When speaking of the Church, or of "churchmen," non-Catholic writers should be careful not to involve their readers in a maze of misconceptions. Canon Creighton's apology for his "churchman" is well-meant, though most unfortunate. Were Æneas alive, we may be certain that he would roundly resent the apology and trust himself to the Lord. Mr. Creighton's words are so original that it would be a pity not to quote them.[2] "His irregularities were never made a reproach to him later, nor did he take any pains to hide them from posterity. Such as he was he would have himself known—induced, perhaps, by literary vanity, more probably by a feeling that his character would not lose in the eyes of his contemporaries by sincerity on his part. In those days chastity was the mark of a saintly character, and Æneas never professed to be a saint." Alongside of the scientific school of historians to which

[1] *History of the Papacy.* Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1882. Vol. ii., p. 245.
[2] *History of the Papacy.* Longmans, Green & Co. Vol. ii., p. 246.

Pastor belongs, there is a school which may be entitled the "Perhaps" and the "More Probably" school. This school is not prepared to accept its own statement of facts, unless with a qualifying inuendo. Remove the "perhaps," and the "more probably" from Mr. Creighton's sentence and he would not print it under his name. Cut out the "perhaps" clause, and you have a judgment passed on Æneas which would compel Mr. Creighton to re write page after page of his book. And what shall we say of the final witticism: "In those days chastity was the mark of a saintly character?" Only this: If chastity were the mark of a historian in these days, there would be more historians who might not be ashamed of their profession.

When Æneas went to Rome, in 1445, on the business of the emperor, he made his peace with Eugenius, and did it in a manly way. "My aim," he said to the Pope, "was not to injure you but to serve the Church. I erred and shall not deny it. I was in good company, however. I erred with Cardinal Capranica, with the Archbishop of Palermo, with Pontano, the notary of your own Holy See. I erred with the universities. When your chances improved, I did not rush to your feet. I cannot jump, as some men can, from one extreme to another. I waited and considered, and the more I considered the more I leaned to your side. Now I stand here before you, and, as I sinned unknowingly, I ask your pardon.[1]" To this frank avowal there could be but one answer, and thus Eugenius answered: "Those who acknowledge their error it is our duty to pardon. You have attained the truth, henceforward beware that you lose it not; and, through good works, seek you the grace of God!" Æneas at once began negotiations for the peace of the Church, and to his untiring efforts the recognition of Eugenius by the German electors, on February 7, 1447, just sixteen days before the Pope's death, was largely due.

Nicholas V., following out the intention of Eugenius, appointed Æneas to a bishopric, that of Trieste. Three years later, in 1450, he was promoted to the Bishopric of Siena, the city that had driven his parents out of its precincts, the city he had left nineteen years before as a simple secretary. Meantime he had been to Cologne, where he completed the negotiations looking to the obedience of Germany, and thus hastened the abdication of Felix V. When Frederick thought of marrying, Æneas was chosen to manage the affair, and to make the settlements with Alfonso of Naples, uncle of Leonora of Portugal, who was not unwilling at fourteen to be the bride of an emperor. To Æneas the emperor also entrusted the negotiations with the Pope for his coronation at Rome. In

[1] L. Pastor: *Geschichte der Päpste.* Herder, Freiburg. Vol. i., p. 259.

the same year that the new Bishop of Siena successfully carried out these two important missions—the year of the Jubilee, 1450—he pressed upon Nicholas V. the advisability of canonizing St. Bernardine of Siena. Hardly six years had passed since Bernardine's death; but the Pope canonized the holy Franciscan, whose idea of sanctity was so vastly superior to Canon Creighton's, and whose miracles attested not his chastity alone, but also his poverty, obedience and good works. It was owing to the advice of Æneas that another great and good man, John Capistran, the disciple of Bernardine, was appointed to a fruitful field of labor, as a reformer of his Order in Austria, a missionary among the people, "who had grown cold," and a crusader against the Turk. "The Papacy was wise enough to countenance every religious movement that was not hostile to itself," as Mr. Creighton says, with a beautiful spirit of truth and generosity; and the spread of the gospel has, in the Papacy's estimation, never been hostile to the Church of Christ. In 1451, we find Æneas in Bohemia, seeking to pacify the country and to bring the Hussite king back to his allegiance to the Church. The next year he is in Italy, escorting the youthful Leonora, who is on her way to meet Frederick at Siena. At the emperor's coronation in Rome, Æneas was a prominent figure. By the end of 1452, he is in Vienna, an ambassador seeking to compromise the differences between the emperor and Hungary, Bohemia and Moravia. In 1453 came the news of the fall of Constantinople. Æneas saw the mighty danger that threatened Christendom. Earnestly did he beseech the Pope, and ably did he assist him, to arouse Europe, and to organize a crusade against the Turk. At the Diet of Regensburg and at the Diet of Frankfurt, he made the most eloquent appeals to the assembled princes and ambassadors. If the movement failed he was not to blame. When Calixtus III. assumed the tiara, the good offices of Æneas again served Church and State. The emperor and the German princes had their grievances, real or imaginary. They were slow in acknowledging the new Pope. The Sienese bishop won them over, and, at the head of a German embassy, returned to Rome, and, in Germany's name, subscribed obedience to Calixtus. In the following year Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini was nominated to a cardinalate.

Assuming the purple, Cardinal Piccolomini was called to defend the Papacy against the bitter attacks of some German churchmen, who, under the leadership of Mayr, Chancellor of the Archbishop of Maintz, sought to force from Calixtus concessions quite as unreasonable as those claimed by the council of Basel. In a correspondence which he carried on with Mayr, in letters which he composed for the Pope, and in a famous tractate, Piccolomini discussed and answered the complaints of the German anti-Papal party most

conclusively and most happily. Thanks to him, and to the firmness of Calixtus, the threats of Mayr and of his master came to naught.

Thirteen days after the death of Calixtus, this Æneas Sylvius was, by a practically unanimous vote of the Conclave, elected to the Papal See. If as Voigt, and as Mr. Creighton—a mild echo of the harsh and prejudiced German—so uncritically assume, a selfish ambition was the one great motive that controlled the life of Æneas Sylvius would you, gentle reader, say that he gained the office of ruler of the Church, undeservedly? Can you recall, within these nineteen centuries, a king, president, emperor, who won his honors more fairly than Æneas? What estimate would you form of a historian who sought to lesson the credit of Æneas by a studied selection of such choice epithets as "renegade," "shifty,"—a "shifty Italian adventurer," a "shifty diplomat"? You would hesitate about calling such an historian reliable, and indeed so must any one who counts the cost of Piccolomini's work at the desk; the cost of that wide information which he has so agreeably and modestly displayed in a line of letters and of books that are still the delight of all men of taste; the cost of that intimate knowledge of mankind, of every European nationalty, of every European ruler, that he gained in such quick time, and used always in the interest of peace and of truth, the cost of that art and power of speech which a contemporary makes present to us in one short sentence: *Nihil enim Pii concionantis majestate sublimius.*[1] As reading the words, you feel your soul moved as though it would break its bonds, and see Æneas, slight and unimposing, convince, arouse, calm, win over councils, senators, kings, popes, with the majesty, the sublimity, of his thought and language, you are like to have a proper contempt for those who belittle him because his well-used talents earned him the recognition they deserved.

The energy and ability of Æneas Sylvius become all the more evident when we compare his life with that of Pietro Barbo, who as Paul II., succeeded him on the Papal throne. Barbo, as already related, was the son of a Venetian tradesman who had marked out a business career for his son. However, when Pietro's uncle, his mother's brother, took the name of Eugenius IV., the young Venetian found a better calling. He was pious from his youth, and the Pope thought it desirable that he should study for the priesthood. Eugenius directed his education. He was a brave looking fellow, easy and gracious in manner, with a tender and generous heart, somewhat given to show, fond of parade, a lover of beauti-

[1] *Die Cultur der Renaissance.* Jacob Burckhart. Leipzig. Seeman, 1869, p. 182.

ful things, a collector of jewels, cameos, intaglios, ivories, bronzes, coins, paintings, indeed of all sorts of choice handiwork; better still he was a man of piety and of most simple habits. In history and in canon law, he was well versed. Eugenius appointed him a cardinal in 1440, the same year in which Frederick III. was elected emperor. His careful life, and his generosity, made Barbo beloved by Nicholas and by Calixtus, as well as by his fellow-cardinals and the Roman people. He played no great part in affairs, devoting himself to his art collections, to the care of churches, the building of a spacious, imposing palace, and the most considerate, most charitable, care of the poor and the sick. Always ready to help a friend forward, he was ever able to help. Genial, witty, he loved to gather at his table a bright company. His agreeable character is disclosed by a single saying, which we may be certain truly expressed Barbo's generous feelings and his delight in contributing to the happiness of others: "Should I ever be Pope, I will present each one of the cardinals with a beautiful castle, wherein he may pass the summer comfortably,"[2] Once Pope, Barbo forgot his promise. He found better things to do. Paul II. was a greater man than Cardinal Barbo; but with all his charming qualities, the Cardinal of San Marco was not Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini.

Paul's successor, Francesco della Rovere, was made of sterner stuff. His mother, as pious as she was poor, dedicated her son, a child, to dear St. Francis. At nine years of age she placed him in the care of Giovanni Pinarolo, the Minorite, a man of holy life. Francesco learned to cherish the quiet of the cloister, and chose to be a disciple of his blessed namesake. Showing rare powers of mind he received every encouragement and made a thorough course of study. At the Universities of Pavia and of Bologna his acquirements and talents won the respect of both professors and students. When, before the General Chapter of the Franciscans at Genoa, the young student—he was just twenty—disputed publicly, so skilful a dialectician did he prove himself and such was the ease and finish of his language that the General of the Order, Guglielmo Casale, affectionately embraced him. Completing his philosophical and theological studies Francesco perfected himself in literature. From the pupil's bench he was lifted to the professor's chair. At Padua, Bologna, Pavia, Siena, Perugia and Florence, he won applause. Argyropulos is an authority for the statement that in the whole of Italy there was not a scholar who had not sat at the feet of della Rovere. The erudite Cardinal Bessarion, a zealous forwarder of the new learning, trained writer

[1] *Geschichte der Päpste*, Ludwig Pastor, vol. ii., p. 274.

and diplomat, and founder of the Academy, would not print a page until he had submitted it to the young monk. Della Rovere's abilities were by none more fully recognized than by his fellow Franciscans. Appointed procurator at Rome, he soon rose to be vicar. On the death of Jacopo de Sarzuela (1464) della Rovere was elected to the generalship. Immediately he began a reformation of the order. Paul II called him to the Sacred College in 1467, naming him patron of the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, where, close by Pollajuolo's screen, the monuments of the great Cusa, and of the greater Julius, rise, and where the horned Moses of Michel Angelo rules over the living and the dead with majesty and with awe. The Cardinal's residence near the Eudoxian Basilica was in a ruinous state, and della Rovere was too poor to make it habitable. When he could boast of a dwelling he was indebted to the charity of his colleagues. In the purple he was the Franciscan of old and the scholar. All his leisure hours were devoted to study. His modest residence was the resort of spiritually-minded and inquiring men. During his cardinalate he published a number of works that largely increased his reputation as a writer.[1] A man of greater intellectual power, of a more active temperament and more ascetic than Barbo, Francesco della Rovere was not the equal of Æneas Sylvius. His experience of the world was comparatively narrow. In the circle that gathered in his house political subjects were barred. Physically stronger than Æneas, he was full of virile energy, and yet his work is small when measured with that of the untiring, ever moving, ever doing Sienese. As a preacher della Rovere had gained a reputation, but he was not, like Æneas, the orator of all times and all places. When, as Sixtus IV., Francesco comes out of the conclave on August 9, 1471, congratulating him, we still feel that the "renegade" earned his high dignity better than had the Cardinal of San Pietro in Vincoli.

Of the men whose lives we have sketched, Canon Creighton has chosen Paul for his hero—a very respectable hero without doubt, but not so heroic as to serve as a foil either to Pius or to Sixtus. A quotation from the "History of the Papacy" will help us to understand even better how the smooth school of historians effects a purpose by means of the clever construction of a sentence. "It was a testimony to the influence of Paul II.," Mr. Creighton says in the "History of Sixtus," "that the cardinals did not venture to choose an entirely obscure and weak man." Here we seem to have a tribute to Paul II. The reader need not be surprised when a couple of pages further on he finds a statement to

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Pastor: *Geschichte der Päpste*, vol. ii., pp. 406–409.

the effect that della Rovere, not directly, not with money, but with promise of place, bought his office. Is this, perhaps, a testimony to the influence of Paul II.? But we are not concerned with this part of Mr. Creighton's sentence. Della Rovere was, as we have seen, and as Mr. Creighton apparently concedes, not "entirely obscure." He was, in fact, so unentirely obscure that there was not a learned man in Italy who had not attended his lectures. Preacher, lecturer, writer, theologian, philosopher, General of the Franciscans,—perhaps these are signs of "weakness" rather than of "obscurity." Re-writing Mr. Creighton's sentence according to the facts we shall see how differently it will affect the reader: It was a testimony to the influence of Paul II. that the cardinals chose a learned man of extended reputation, of high character, and of remarkable strength of purpose. In these two sentences we compare the methods of two schools of historians. Ludwig Pastor represents the one, Canon Creighton the other. From the one we acquire right knowledge promptly. The other can serve only those weak men who desire that the history of the Papacy may be entirely obscured. By the way, Barbo and della Rovere cultivated the virtue of chastity "at this time." Neither one nor the other has been canonized by the Church up to the date of this writing. We have searched Mr. Creighton's pleasing pages as with a glass, and we regret to say that we do not find either one of these popes on his list. "Very probably" this oversight will be corrected in a later edition.

There is a science of good government, but its application is often difficult. The word Church is a short word; so short that many closet-students are tricked into the notion, that, with a small *ex post facto* library, they could govern the Church as easily as they write the word. Were the Church not the world, the Church could certainly be regulated with no more disorder than is common in a classis. But the Church is the world, in a sense, and therefore the government of the Church depends not a little on the world. In a truly good world, all the popes would be supremely good in every respect. During the quarter century that Pius, Paul and Sixtus ruled the Church, the world was no better than usual, and the kings and princes of the world were an ordinary lot of ignoble, vicious men. Mr. Creighton writes the "History of the Papacy," in order to assist the uninformed to a proper understanding of the "Reformation." We should recommend a beginner desirous of comprehending the Anglican "Reformation" to turn first of all, to a good history of England. The story of that unfortunate country, during the twenty-five years which Dr. Pastor studies in his second volume, presents a long and crowded record of revolution, treachery, violated oaths and most foul mur-

der; of weak-minded or debauched kings and usurpers, beginning with mad Henry VI., and ending with that fiend, humpbacked Richard—a record of crimes so heartless, so inhuman, that the recital of them freezes the blood, and forces wide open the tear-springs of the stoniest soul. The cruel, lascivious, greedy, murderous Edward IV.—set him beside a Pius II., a Paul II., a Sixtus IV., that you may learn at which end the Church most needed reform! France, fighting to be free from the English yoke, had won not only her freedom but likewise a commanding position in Europe, thanks to the chaste Joan; but Charles the VII., the unworthy recipient of the favor of the Almighty, died like a sultan—the voluptuous victim of a seraglio. Louis XI., perjurer, coward, hangman, king of liars, whose character is photographed in his shameful device: Where profit is, there is glory—set him, or his royal father, over against Piccolomini, Barbo, della Rovere! Or take Bold Charles of Burgundy—with a hard hand raised against all men who stood in the way of his scheme to found a great kingdom; shedding human blood as though it were blood of reptiles, and wasting magnificently, in an hour, the rich fruit of the sweat of the poor—compare him, compare the crowned Emperor, Frederick III., with Mr. Creighton's 'renegade,' or with the beloved, the tender-hearted Paul, or with that Sixtus, who was neither 'entirely obscure,' nor altogether 'weak!' Pusillanimous and lazy, says Cantu of Frederick, 'he reigned longer than any one of his predecessors, and his reign was more abject!' Shifty was he, indeed; with so little spirit that his torpid soul was not moved even when the Turk bombarded the gates of his territory; a man of convenience, dodging Diets; fond of a beating; greedy, robbing the Church insidiously, and with as little conscience as the highwayman who robs a patron; as false in word as Louis of France, and with more stomach for good victuals than for true glory. Podiebrad of Bohemia loved the Turk and schism better than he loved Christ, or common honor. Out of Hungary shone the one bright light among the princes and pretenders of "Christian" Europe—Corvinus. His splendid courage, amid a world of cowards, made amends for all his faults.

Turning to fair Italy we find her a prey to a crowd of adventurers—brigands all—bastards, bastards of bastards—illegitimate in every sense of the word. The personality and methods of these terrible tyrants, no one has described more accurately and in fewer words than Jacob Burckhardt.[1] When bravi and banditti tried to found dynasties, they could not be too choice about the means. Success meant greater danger. Friends became foes; brothers and children grew into rivals. The prison, the dagger, poison, am-

[1] In the not unprejudiced but yet most valuable, "*Cultur der Renaissance in Italien.*"

bush, were the instruments by which power was gained and held. Francesco Sforza, a bastard, and a most fortunate one, forced himself on the Milanese at the point of the sword and fixed his power by the most conscienceless, and certainly, by the boldest and most astute methods. His son, Galeazzo Maria, combined refinement with savagery and debauchery to a degree that has rarely been surpassed. Having ruined one woman too many, he died under the dagger of the brother of her whom he had dishonored. Piccinino feared of all men, and most feared by the new lords, fought for booty and the best pay until Alfonso of Naples treacherously assassinated him. The bastard of this Alfonso, Ferrante, who succeeded his father on the throne of Naples, was counted the worst of the abnormally bad men that made of Italy a slaughter-pen. He stopped at no means to effect his ambitions or his revenge. Of him it is told that he enjoyed three pleasures especially; hunting; the sight of the enemies whom he had jailed alive; and the company of the mummified corpses of the enemies whom he had put an end to—mummies carefully dressed in the clothes they wore when living. His son, Alfonso of Calabria, surpassed his father in madness, if not in wickedness. Ferrara and Modena were in the hands of the Este family; first Nicolo; then the bastard Lionello; after him the bastard Borso, and following Borso, the bastard Ercole. From one, Borso, we shall know the character and the lives of the other lords of Ferrara. Borso had every vice that it was possible to have, but his greatest vice was an impassioned hate of liberty—hate of liberty of speech, of liberty of commerce, of liberty of conscience, of personal liberty—for he made a slave-mart of Ferrara, and compelled his subjects to dress as pleased him. And the liberty which Borso hated above all liberties, was the liberty of the Church. Rio, whose truthful portrait of Borso we have faithfully copied,[1] adds a detail in his own original way—a detail that gives life to the picture. This first Duke of Ferrara, according to report, refrained from lawful marriage lest he should interrupt the "right of bastardy," time-honored in the house of Este—an evidence of a delicacy of conscience and of honor rarely met with, Heaven be praised! We do not hear that Borso protected the dynasty as loyally as his ancestor Nicolo, who left twenty-two illegitimate children. The lords of Rimini were no less cultured monsters than the rulers of Ferrara. "Seldom have malice, godlessness, military talent, and high cultivation, been so united in one man as in Sigismondo Malatesta."[2] "It is not alone the Roman Curia"

[1] A. F. Rio, quoting Frizzi; p. 342, vol. iii. *L'Art Chrétien.* Bray et Retaux, Paris, 1874.

[2] Burckhardt, *loc. cit.* p. 26.

says Burckhardt, "that charges him with murder, rape, adultery, incest, church-robbing, perjury and perfidy; but it is also the judgment of history that he was frequently guilty of these crimes."[1] What a relief it is to associate for a half minute with the Gonzagas of Mantua! They dare expose their dead to the public. And with what delight we recall the memory of a Pius, victorious over himself, moved by high enthusiasm, and sacrificing his life to an ideal which he hoped would lift these slaves of world, flesh and devil, to nobler things! With what a feeling of respect and affection we look on the handsome face of Paul, who, when the bell of the Capitol tolled for an execution "clutched his breast to check the beating of his heart;"[2] whose chief pleasure was to make the the Romans happy; and who pacified the States of the Church by "wise statesmanship!" How great Sixtus appears, as we see him fighting both the Mohammedan Turks that threatened Europe on every hand, and those other worse than Turks that would have gladly sold themselves to the infidel to assure their own power, to line their own pockets, and to destroy the ark of liberty—the Papacy!

The word republic was still current in Italy, but it was a word used by another class of scheming tyrants to mislead the people, who, blinded by the show, the luxury and the commercial activity of the times, were only too ready to be deceived. Of Florence, in the close grasp of the Medici banking-house; of Venice, slave of a remorseless oligarchy; of Genoa, ruled by the winds, we may form a just opinion, if we apply to all three the words which Pius II. addressed to the Venetians in the month of August, 1459. They were "more exercised about trade than about faith or religion."[3] The proscription and the execution of rivals were as common in the so-called republics as in England. A tyranny of wealth ruled masterfully, under the guise of popular government. When the Pitti family outgeneraled the Medici, names were changed, not policies. Conspiracies led only to hangings. Peace at home was purchased by the encouragement of licentiousness, of gambling, of bribery, of public show, of pagan rottenness. Bologna was in the hands of the Bentivogli; Perugia had its tyrant, in Baglione—a man with a most romantic history—and the Patrimony of Saint Peter was the fighting-ground of all the ducal, royal and noble rascals in Italy, as well as of the cities, whose ideas of liberty were limited by their own walls and gates. To have the courage to deal decisively with these robbers was to submit the Papacy to the most shameful threats and abuse. To refuse their ungodly demands

[1] Burckhardt, p. 363.
[2] Creighton, *History of the Papacy;* vol. iii., p. 52.
[3] Pastor: *Geschichte der Päpste.* Vol. ii., p. 54.

was to insure obloquy, cries for reform, a refusal to obey sworn treaties, the seizure of church property and funds, or the murder of monks, bishops, legates. To enter into a solemn league, offensive or defensive, was to make one's self the sure victim of calculated treachery. To enforce the teachings of the Church by speech and writing, was to invite insult to Christ, scorn of things holy, schism and heresy. It was that arch-Machiavellian, Cosmo di Medici, who, laughing at the manly enthusiasm of Pius II., said that States could not be ruled by men with rosaries in their hands. He was right. And if the Popes of the fifteenth century had not known when to lay down their rosaries, the "Reformation" is not the worst evil that would have befallen mankind.

No one who has read the life of Calixtus III. can ever forget his apostolic sacrifices and appeals in behalf of Christian Europe menaced by the Tartar Turk, whose past and present barbarism the illustrious Newman has so simply and broadly sketched out in his lectures on the History of the Turks.[1] Almost forty years have run by since these lectures were delivered, on the eve of a war costly to England as well as to Russia. There are Christians who still dread Russia more than the Turk; but apologists for Islam should learn from the present bloody work in Armenia, if they did not learn from the cruelties in Bulgaria, that the Turk of to-day is, as he was in the beginning and ever shall be, "the inveterate and hateful enemy of the Cross;" the enemy whose creed excites, and, we may almost say, whose nature excites him to "trample on Christianity and to beat out its sacred impression from the breasts" of all believers.[2] Pius II. knew the Turk, and what the Christian world had to fear. From the day on which Constantinople fell, Piccolomini was restless in his endeavors to arouse the so-called Christian powers. On the very day of his election, August 19, 1458, Pius II. addressed the Milanese ambassadors, impressing upon them the need of immediate action on the part of all the princes, in order that Europe might be freed from the Mohammedan. And day upon day thereafter, as embassy succeeded embassy, offering obedience, his one subject of discourse was: War against the Turks. On the 12th of October, he gathered together in the Papal chapel all the cardinals and the bishops and ambassadors that were in Rome, and before this imposing assembly declared his decision to call a Congress of the Christian princes at Mantua in the following June. At Mantua he would be to open the Congress, and to assist in devising ways and means to drive back the barbarous enemy of Christendom. On the 13th

[1] *Historical Sketches*, John Henry Newman: vol. ii., London. Pickering, 1872.
[2] *Historical Sketches*, Newman: vol. ii., p. 106.

of the month he published the Bull, *Vocavit nos pius*, proclaiming a crusade against the bloodthirsty hosts of the "poisonous dragon." To save the world from a punishment that, for its sins, the world fairly deserved, God had lifted him into the Papal chair. The task was a heavy one, but from its fulfilment he would not shrink.[1] This public promise he kept most faithfully—even unto death. His first care was to bring peace to Italy. Letters of encouragement and of moving appeal he sent to every State. In the hope of protecting the Greeks from the powerful Turkish fleet, he established a new military order, called after the Virgin Mary of Bethlehem. On January 22, 1459, Pius set out for Mantua; a suffering man, racked by wearing pains, for he was a victim not only to the gout, but also to the stone. Day by day, as he journeyed, he was active in the good work; writing to the princes, to bishops, to legates, spurring them on to aid the Congress by word and by example. No opposition discouraged him, though he met with opposition from all sides—and more especially from a party in the Sacred College itself.[2] On the first of June Pius opened the Congress at Mantua. Not a single one of the kings or princes of Europe was present, personally or by representative. But the "shifty Italian adventurer" did not shift his ground. The love of God, the love of Christendom, these held him fast and made him courageous and hopeful under every difficulty. At length Naples sent an embassy; then Burgundy appeared. Sforza came. The other tyrants took fright lest he should gain some petty advantage over them. They flocked in. The emperor sent a representative. Four months after the pope's arrival there was a Congress at Mantua. Pastor's study of manuscripts hitherto unused has enabled him to give a full and interesting account of the debates and negotiations that continued until January 14, 1460.[3] The strength of the pope's will and the intensity and honesty of his purpose are proven by the patience with which he bore the demands, counter-demands—insults—of the designing and selfish men on whom the people of Europe tamely depended for protection. "Oh! for a Godfrey, a Baldwin, a Eustace, a Hugo, Bohemund, Tancred, who, with other brave men, pushed their way through the infidel hosts and recovered Jerusalem with their arms! In their presence, before we had spoken all these words, rising up, they would have cried out, impetuously, as of old they did before our predecessor, Urban II.: God wills it! God wills it! But you silently await the end of our speech; our exhortations leave you unmoved." Thus Pius spoke to the Congress on the opening day, in the eloquent address he delivered from his throne in the Cathedral of Mantua. The

[1] Pastor: vol. ii., pp. 15, 19.

[2] Pastor: vol. ii., pp. 34–44.

[3] Pastor: vol. ii., pp. 44–68.

Godfreys, the Baldwins, the Tancreds, were indeed gone. No successor to them appeared during the Congress. Not a man in Mantua cried: God wills it!—not a man but the pope. And when the Congress dissolved, Pius could say as he said on the first day: Our exhortations leave you unmoved. There were vain promises from many, and the Germans would have a Diet or two; the French could make no promises until the war with England was settled. "The Congress of Mantua could not be called a success, yet Pius II. could urge, with some show of truth, that it could not be called an entire failure." Thus Canon Creighton.[1] If the Congress was not a success, the English historian is positive that the fault was largely the pope's. "He had been too closely connected with the questionable intrigues which brought about the Papal restoration to stand high in the estimation of Europe. The shifty diplomat was not likely to be trusted however cleverly he talked about common interests." The reader will see once more that Canon Creighton is analyzing character with a view to the next century. How "cleverly" he uses that impressive word "Europe," and how aptly "the shifty diplomat" is brought in! Mr. Creighton is too closely connected with the questionable intrigues which brought on the English "reformation" to be fully trusted when he talks "cleverly" about Pius II. Just here it seems fitting to bring out more fully the character of Pius as developed at the Congress of Mantua. Let us take up again his opening speech. There is a famous passage which Voigt[2] and Pastor[3] quote. Their text is word for word the same. Mr. Creighton translates parts of this passage and paraphrases other parts. As he gives Mansi as his authority, a seeming interpolation may be owing to Mansi's text. Mr. Creighton's paraphrase being imperfect, we shall translate the passage as given by Voigt and Pastor, italicizing the parts which Mr. Creighton slurs. "And perhaps there are among you some who say: This pope says much to send us to battle and to encourage us to throw ourselves in front of the enemy's swords. This is the way of priests. They burden others with the heaviest loads, which they will not lay a finger to. My sons, do not believe this. No one, *as far back as your fathers remember, has sat in this seat, who did more for the faith of Christ than we will do with your help and with the grace of God.* Here have we come, quite weak, as you see, not without danger to our life, *not without injury to the states of the Church. We have prized the defense of the Faith more highly than the heritage of St. Peter, more highly than our health and comfort.* Oh! would that we had the

[1] *History of the Papacy*, vol. ii., p. 398. Longmans, Green & Co.
[2] Voigt: *Ænea Silvio*, vol. iii., pp. 71–72.
[3] Pastor: *Geschichte*, vol. ii., pp. 57–58.

strength of the youth that has fled! Then should you not go into the battle without us, *nor into danger without us.* We ourselves would march before the standard; *we ourselves would carry the Master's Cross;* we ourselves would *oppose* the banner of Christ *to the infidel* foe, and would count ourselves fortunate were it given unto us to die for Jesus. And even now, if you think well of it, we shall not refuse to dedicate our sickly body and our weary soul *to Christ the Lord* for this happy expedition. Through camps, through lines of soldiers, into the very midst of the enemy, if you so advise, will we be carried—joyfully, on a litter, *and will not, with coward soul, hunt after pompous words. Consider what will be of most avail to Christian interests.* We shall object to nothing that taxes our body, our person, or our property." These are the words of a courageous believer, or of a hypocrite. Time will tell whether Pius was a hero, with the soul of a martyr, or a coward, whose mouth was full of pompous words. And Europe—even Mr. Creighton's Europe—shall be the judge, for all time.

On January 14, 1460, the Pope published the Bull, *Ecclesiam Christi*, declaring a three year's war against the Turk, offering spiritual benefits to those who enlisted for eight months, and taxing the curia, the clergy, the papal treasury, to the extent of a tenth of their income, and the Italian laity to the extent of a thirtieth, in order to meet the expenses of the undertaking. The last words of Pius at the Congress are not to be passed over. "Almighty, eternal God, Thou who hast vouchsafed, through the most precious blood of Thy beloved Son, to redeem the human race, and to lift up the world, sunken in darkness, into the light of the Gospel, we beseech Thee, so effect that the Christian princes and people may wield their weapons with such force against the infidel race of the Turks, and against the other barbarous enemies of the Cross, that those who contend for the glory of Thy name may gain the victory."[1] Hoping to shame the emperor into action, Pius issued a special Bull, in which he called upon Frederick to lead the German contingent; or, in case he found it impossible to take the field, to appoint as his representative a prince of his nation. Then Pius took the road to Rome.

The Turk had not been as idle as the Christian. He hated the Cross more than the Christian loved that glorious emblem of civilization. Constantinople had not satisfied the Moslem. Day by day he rounded off the territory of his growing empire. Servia was now in his devilish grip. Lemnos was his through a new treachery of the lily-livered Greek. The Morea was his. Mahomet and his lecherous god had driven the chastest of Virgins

[1] Pastor: vol. ii., pp. 67–70.

from the Parthenon. What were the princes doing? Arming? No!—dodging their plighted word; scheming to undo the Pope who loved the Cross too well to win their corrupt hearts; openly refusing to provide men or money; trying to confirm heresy in return for saving gold. Pius alone was true to his word. Even as he journeyed to the Holy City he was occupied with the details of the Crusade. The dethroned Princes of the East flocked to Rome, where they were sure of a hospitable reception from the Pope, and of financial support.[1]

As the Turk advanced, as the Christian rulers grew more and more cold, the great-hearted Pope made a new appeal—not to Christendom but to the Turk himself. "It is strong testimony to the *tolerant* spirit of the Turks that stories were rife of the Sultan's willingness to listen to Christian teaching."[2] We quote another of the thoughtless suggestions which Mr. Creighton so frequently puts forth. A logical reader is tempted to lose confidence in a historian who finds "strong testimony" in "stories that are rife?" What sort of law must Anglican canon-law be? What stories were rife, and when did they become rife? Are we to infer that Mr. Creighton has secret documents in his collection? And why may not we have a look at them? The Pope's letter to the Sultan was in fact a two-edged weapon. From any point of view it was a piece of most unshifty diplomacy. Pius bearded the lion. He proclaimed himself a lover of peace, and called on Mahomet to lay down his arms and to accept the religion of Christ. The truth of this religion he proved, and proved it, all the more strongly, by a comparison of its teachings with those of the Koran.[3] This letter "produced a great effect on the imagination of Europe," Mr. Creighton assures us. And who will wonder if it were so? The letter was worthy of a Vicar of Christ. The appeal to the Turk to become a Christian, was at the same time an appeal to the Christians no longer to act as though they were Turks. It was a novel apology for the Christian religion—the ablest, if not the first, of its kind. The "tolerant" Turk was careful not to deny "the stories that were rife," and continued to hide his tolerance from the eyes of Europe with the glamour of his scimitar. Princedom after princedom was forced to acknowledge the awful rule of the foe of the true God.

Pius passed sleepless nights thinking of the woes of Christendom. The cowardice of the powers "made his bosom swell, made his blood boil." He must speak. He must act. To six trusted

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[1] Pastor: vol. ii, pp. 174–178.

[2] Creighton: *History of the Papacy*, vol. ii., p. 459. The italics are ours; the grim humor is Canon Creighton's.

[3] Pastor: vol. ii., pp. 179–180.

Cardinals he discloses the plan he has determined to follow. He had tired of sending embassies to kings, only that he might be laughed at. When he laid a tax on the clergy, they appealed to a future council. When he proffered indulgences and spiritual gifts to those who would contribute to the expenditures of the war, he was charged with greed. Now Philip of Burgundy, in the very year in which Byzantium fell, had made a vow that he would enter the field against the Turk, if a greater prince would lead the way. To this day no one had come forward to test Burgundy's sincerity. Pius, the suffering, feeble Pius, would take upon himself the war of Christendom, and call Philip to follow, for the honor of the Catholic faith. The Duke dare not repudiate his vow, when the Vicar of Christ, a greater than king or kaiser, took the field. Let Philip set sail from Venice. Pius will await him at Ancona, with every galley and every man he can command. France will be compelled to follow Burgundy. Volunteers will rush from every land. If Venice, France and Burgundy obey his call, he will proclaim a truce among all Christians for five years, and excommunicate the clergy who refuse to contribute to the war. "We hope that our decision, coming like a thunder-clap, may awaken the people from their sleep, and arouse the spirit of the faithful to preserve their religion."[1] The good shepherd is ready to give up his life for his flock. The "Italian adventurer" will make a final effort to lift the imagination of Europe up to the heights of Christian heroism. The near-sighted men who have been trying to measure the character of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini with a foot rule, should be as amazed at this decision of the Pope, as were some of the listening cardinals, but no unprejudiced student, who, with open eyes, follows Æneas from Siena to Rome, will be in the least surprised. Pius had the soul of a poet, even more than the tongue. Add to this the heart of a lover of God and of God's people—and what shall not a man do!

Venice would be at peace with the Turk. The infidel had a purse. Only as her Eastern possessions fell into fighting Islam's hands did she feel her love for the Cross revive. Not until July, 1463, would she agree to declare war. Louis XI. saw no profit ahead, and therefore had no interest. Burgundy was ready to keep his vow—when the fever threatened his life. At length Hungary was pacified, Burgundy promised anew, Venice made peace with her Christian enemies, and brave Scanderbeg took the field against the Moslem, without the formality of a declaration of war. And the Italian princes and cities! They stood idle, hoping that Venice, exhausted by war, might fall into their greedy hands.

[1] Pastor: vol. ii., pp. 186–187.

After months of entreaty and of tedious negotiation, Burgundy and Venice entered into a league with the Pope (October 1463). During three years, with all the forces they could maintain, they were to fight the Turk. Pius published a Bull declaring a crusade. Nuncios, preachers, collectors were sent over Europe, but the spirit of chivalry was long since dead. The Pope's grand effort to revive it was fruitless. The poor and the middle class responded to the Papal call—the Godfreys, Bohemunds, Hugos, were mute and motionless. Still, there was cause for rejoicing. Corvinus drove back the enemy and recovered a portion of Bosnia; and Venice seemed to be really in earnest. Bad news followed good. Perhaps Philip had been consulting Europe, and Europe had advised him, guileless and simple, to beware of the shifty diplomatist, who was moving heaven and earth in behalf of the suffering East and the threatened West. However we try to palliate, the fact is that Burgundy, for reasons of state, violated the solemn treaty and more solemn vow.

Fainting with pain, oppressed by weighty cares, disappointed on account of the treachery and the neglect of those who were bound by their true interest, as well as by their faith, Pius did not falter. Timid cardinals, insidious diplomats, selfish kings, could not alter his decision. Cardinal Forteguerra was appointed legate of a crusading fleet. To Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini, the Pope committed the charge of Rome and of the Papal States.

From France, the Netherlands, Germany; from England and Scotland, crusaders flocked into Italy in answer to the call of Pius. They were mostly poor men, unarmed and without means. From the opposing tyrants they suffered wrongs innumerable. The Pope appointed an official to care for them, and determined to hasten his own departure. His health was miserable. The physicians forbade him to move. He was not to be stopped by man. His word he would keep if he died on the way.

On June 18, 1464, Pius was carried into St. Peter's, was invested with the Cross, and committed himself and his cause to the holy Apostles. As he went out of the city gates, on the road to Ancona, he turned, saying: "Farewell, Rome! you will not again see me alive." Fever and the gout had rendered him so weak that the first part of the journey was made by water. The Pope could not bear to be moved, so intense were his pains. At night he remained on the vessel. The heat was stifling, the progress slow. The plague was abroad. Pius turned aside to Loreto to present a golden chalice at the Virgin's shrine, and to beg of the Mother of God that she would intercede with her divine Son to relieve him from "the burning fever and the racking cough, and to give health to his failing limbs," so that he might be enabled to serve Christen-

dom. On July 19th, he reached Ancona, sick unto death, and took up his residence in the bishop's palace. Once more cardinals, ambassadors, physicians, tried to dissuade the Pope from proceeding further. Threats, reproofs, petitions, were unavailing. His terrible bodily sufferings were complicated by pain more excruciating—pain of the heart. The princes had wholly failed him. Venice alone pretended to be true. The volunteers were unruly, many unfitted for the work, all exacting and dissatisfied. To add to his troubles, the plague entered Ancona. The promises of Venice proved to be as uncertain as ever. Her alliance with the Pope was not serious. The Venetians counted on diplomacy to dissuade him from taking part in the crusade. They feared that a combined fleet would weaken their power at sea, and deprive them of trade they monopolized or hoped to monopolize. Not until August 12th did the Venetian flagship appear in the harbor of Ancona. Pius was lifted from his bed and carried to a window that he might look upon the fleet he had so long expected. At three o'clock, on the morning of the 15th, the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, whose devout and humble servant he was, Pius breathed out his heroic soul. The day previous, he received the sacraments, with edification to all around him; professed his Catholic faith; acknowledged his sins with the most touching frankness and humility; asked pardon of God; expressed his deepest love for the flock committed to him; commended flock and faith and the crusade to the cardinals; warned them to protect the Patrimony of the Church, and reminded them of their duties to that Saviour who sees all things and renders to every man according to his works.

The moment the soul of Pius left his body, the crusade was as lifeless as his corpse. Within a few days the Venetian fleet had sailed for home, and the cardinals were hurrying to the conclave. The crusaders, inglorious, speedily sought their native land. Europe was not wholly amazed, even now. Over the bier of the great-souled Pope, the agents of the bastards, and the hireling humanists, charged him with mean motives. But men of spirit, then and since, have united in honoring Pius as a martyr. The Cardinal of Pavia expressed the judgment of civilized Europe: 'He died for truth's sake and for the salvation of the oppressed. Sacrificing himself to God, he left to the priesthood an example of what they should be to those in their charge.'

We challenged Canon Creighton's insidious attack on the memory of the great Pius. Let us again test the English historian's consistency.[1] "Pius II. was lucky in the moment of his death. He left behind him the touching memory of an old man who died in the attempt to do his duty." Then, perhaps, he did

[1] *The History of the Papacy.* Longmans, Green & Co. Vol. ii., p. 476.

not leave behind him the memory of a noble man, or of an apostolic Pope, who died in the attempt to do his duty. The Pope was grayhaired and aged beyond his years by hard work and disease. He was, however, only fifty-nine, and, if we are touched by a great man's death at this age, it is because we count him still in his prime. Mr. Creighton's tribute is studiously niggardly. "When the princes of Europe were heedless of the welfare of Christendom, the dying Pope painfully dragged his feeble body to martyrdom for the common weal." This sentence succeeds in Mr. Creighton's book the sentence quoted above, and in this sentence the learned historian states a fact. "It is the fate of a character like Pius II. to lend itself to different interpretations, and to remain enigmatical." We quote from page 477 of the same vol. ii., and we continue quoting: "One who has changed his opinions is always liable to the charge of insincerity, which comes with double force when a policy of easy pliancy raises him to a lofty position." The inuendo again! A policy of "easy pliancy"—we saw how pliant he was—has raised Pius to a lofty position. The charge of insincerity comes with double force against him—because, when "the princes of Europe were heedless of the welfare of Christendom, he, the dying Pope, dragged his feeble body to martyrdom for the common weal!" Does Mr. Creighton say this? No! No! "Such a judgment is generally crude and misses the real elements of character!" We are quoting the sentence on p. 477, immediately following the last quotation. "Crude" is sometimes a good word.

When Paul II., who "loved the splendors of peace," assumed the Apostolic power he took up the Turkish question just where Pius had left it. Paul declared his zeal for "the protection of the Christian faith against the fury of the Turks." Within three months after ascending the throne, he appointed a committee of three cardinals—Bessarion, Estouteville, Carvajal—charged especially with providing ways and means for the continuation of the war against Islam. He appealed to the Powers again and again and sought to induce them to agree to tax themselves yearly for fixed sums in order to assist the Hungarians. But the Italian governments were too busy with their own schemes—too busy planning how to rob the Church of its patrimony, too busy negotiating with the Turks treaties that might serve Italian pockets or malice. Paul poured money out of the Papal into the Hungarian treasury, but Europe held its money-bags tight.

During two years Scanderbeg had been constant in opposing and attacking the Turkish hordes. Again and again had he defeated them, pursued them, driven them back. At last the Sultan gathered a mighty host and Albania's doom was apparently sealed.

Scanderbeg began to have his bad days. Croja was besieged Piero de Medici shed tears. Paul was sensitive, as we know, but he contented himself with the shedding of cash. To Scanderbeg he gave the most loyal and helpful support. But Scanderbeg's need was pressing. He determined to seek help abroad. He left his own country and journeyed to Rome. There he was received with open arms and furnished liberally with money. Ferrante of Naples, who had been threatening Paul with an alliance with the Turks if the Pope combated his plans to undo the Papal authority, now gave arms, money and provisions to the cause of the "Athlete of Christ." Returning home, Scanderbeg gained new victories. Croja was saved. Unfortunately, at the height of his success "the sword and shield of Christendom" was overcome, not by the Turk, but by a fatal fever (Jan. 17, 1468). The hero was dead, but the spirit of heroism that he had nurtured was not to be quenched in a day. The Turks rushed in; shifty Europe looked on; Paul besought, appealed, prayed and paid, and the Albanians, God bless them! fought on.

In the spring of 1470 the Turks filled Italy with terror. It was the Venetian's turn to weep. With a hundred thousand men and a fleet of three hundred sail, Mahomet threatened Eubœa, "the pearl" of the Venetian possessions. Venice had been everybody's enemy, a most bitter enemy of the Papacy, but Paul was the first to rush to her aid. Other aid there was none. Negroponte fell, and Naples took fright. To Italy, to France, to Germany Paul sent letters and legates begging for peace, for unity, for action. Finally, in December, 1470, the Italian states united in a league against the Moslem. It was a paper league, torn up as soon as signed. Germany was deaf to every appeal. The selfish interests of the princes made agreement impossible. Let us have church reform, was the historic answer to the call for men and means to drive out the Turks. Europe failing him, Paul, following the example of Calixtus and of Pius, turned to the East. Uzun Hasan, ruler of the Turcomans, was ever ready to strike a blow at the common enemy. Paul determined to make a treaty with him. Providence ordains all well. On the night of July 26, 1471, Paul was in seeming good health. It was his last night on earth.

Mr. Creighton admires the lovable Paul. He tells much of Paul and the Bohemians, Paul and literature, and something of Paul and art. Concerning Paul and the Turk, he has written a single paragraph. Here it is: "Paul II. was not a practised politician like Pius II.; he was averse from war, as was natural in one who loved the splendors of peace. He had no desire to meddle unnecessarily with the affairs of Europe, and the results of the journey to Ancona were not encouraging for a continuance

of crusading schemes. Still Paul II. sent subsidies to Mathias of Hungary, and declared himself ready to contribute one hundred thousand ducats for the purpose of a crusade if other powers would contribute in proportion. But Europe was apathetic. North Italy was disturbed by the death of Cosmo de Medici, and the Venetians hung back. Nothing was done, and the Turks continued to advance steadily, checked only by the brave resistance of Scanderbeg in Albania."[1] Only this, and nothing more! Perhaps Cosmo's death made Mr. Creighton apathetic. He hangs back for some reason. We have only skimmed over Pastor's pages in our account of Paul's uninterrupted activity against the Turk, and of his necessary meddling with the affairs of Europe. We heartily commend the reader who would know the history of the Eastern question, the number of ducats that Paul actually contributed to the Christian cause, and the persistency with which he labored to preserve Europe from the accursed rule of Mahomet, to go to the German historian's admirable second volume. There the reader will learn once more how to write history.

It was on August 9, 1471, that the not entirely weak Francesco della Rovere succeeded Paul II. At once the new Pope moved against the Turk, and in behalf of Christendom. He purposed calling a Congress of all the European rulers, to arrange a fighting league which should overwhelm the enemy. To the cardinals he submitted his plan. They favored it, but were not agreed as to the place in which the Congress should be held. The princes were consulted with the usual result. Meantime Uzun Hasan had taken the field. Sixtus would await the princes no longer. He appointed five legates from among the Cardinals, whose office was to visit every European potentate and to endeavor to form an army and a fleet with which to attack the Turk by sea and by land. The cardinals performed their trying duties faithfully, but unsuccessfully. Sixtus, whom the polite Voigt qualifies with the pretty epithet "*schreckich*," was meantime building a fleet. Venice agreed to support him. He constructed twenty-four galleys and gathered an army of 4700 men. As legate of the fleet he appointed Cardinal Carafa. On Corpus Christi, 1472, the Pope, accompanied by the cardinals, went down to the Tiber, boarded the legate's vessel, blessed it and the ensign that floated aloft; and forthwith Carafa set sail for Rhodes. With the contingents of Naples and Venice the fleet numbered eighty-seven galleys. A plan of action had hardly been agreed upon when the Neapolitan vessels withdrew, out of jealousy of the Venetians. Satalia and Smyrna were, however, attacked and captured. The Venetians plundered and burned Smyrna. Carafa protested against these

[1] *The History of the Papacy*, vol. iii., p. 8.

un-Christian doings, whereupon the Venetians withdrew. The Cardinal, unsupported, deemed it prudent to return to Italy. Three months later, Lorenzo Zane, archbishop of Spalatro, was sent out with ten galleys. Mocenigo, the Venetian commander, refused to co-operate with him, and so the legate could do nothing. The tolerant Turk might freely rove upon the deep, blue sea. The Giaour had jealousies to avenge, greeds to gratify, schisms to foster.

In 1473, the Pope's Eastern ally, Uzun Hasan, from whom much was expected, suffered a defeat so considerable that there could be no hope of speedy recovery from the blow. By the end of 1475, the Turk was in Albania. His fleets swept the Adriatic and both shores of the Black Sea. From the Crimea he drove the Genoese, who had so long controlled that rich mart. Calixtus, Pius, Paul had seen its danger and had tried to secure it against the inevitable attack. If, as Pius said, Europe was paying the price of its sins, those sins must have well nigh exhausted God's mercy; for the Turk was a terrible avenger, as inexorable as he is to-day. Then, as now, was the soil of many a beauteous land 'carpeted with the corpses' of brave defenders, and "its plains inundated with blood." Many "a paradise did the vile Turk render as unhabitable as hell itself."[1] "Massacre followed quick on massacre, houses and property were usurped or burned, sisters were torn from their homes for the gratification of a barbarous lust."

Once more Sixtus turned to the princes, seeking to move their human affections, begging them to try to realize the situation, the perils, the sufferings, of Christians and of Christendom; inviting them to send ambassadors to Rome, and to combine against the Moslem oppressor. But the princes, were, as Ammannati said truly, "blind and hard-hearted." The Pope alone was zealous; and he had only money to give, and of money far from enough. Against the possessions and the faith of the Church, the powers were ready to conspire, and now were conspiring. The Turk was not yet at the door. He came. Having mastered Albania —Croja had at last been captured—Eubœa, Lemnos; having raided Wallachia and Moldavia; having besieged Rhodes, and failed there, thanks to Pierre d'Aubusson's bravery, and to the Pope's generous assistance, the Moslem pushed on by double-dealing Venice, seized Otranto, August, 1480. "Of the 22,000 inhabitants 12,000 were brutally tortured to death; the rest were condemned to slavery. The gray-haired Archbishop was dragged from the altar and his body sawed in two. Churches were razed, priests horribly maimed, a crowd of the people who refused to accept the Koran

[1] See the *Address of the Armenian Revolutionists*, in *The Sun*, N. Y., September 5, 1890.

were slaughtered together—their corpses thrown to the dogs."[1] In the Chapel of the Cathedral, where the Moslems stabled their horses, the bones of these canonized[2] martyrs witness to day, to the reckless and remorseless cruelty of the Tartar Turk, and to the dastardly conduct of the "Bride of the Adriatic." Can we wonder when we see her once mighty power decline, disappear, and her once proud people subjected to a foreign yoke! With Achmet in Otranto, it was Ferrante's turn to tremble, to cry for help to the princes, and to the Pope he had so persecuted. Again did he threaten to treat with the Turk. Venice had done so, to save her trade. The Pope, who had suffered so much at the hands of Ferrante, listened to his coward cry; summoned all Christians to his aid; dedicated a tenth to his support, and offered indulgence to those who took up arms in his defence. A new Congress was called at Rome, and fresh attempts were made to pacify Italy. To build a new fleet special taxes were laid. All the churches and convents were taxed a tenth, for two years. Edward IV., of England could not help. We know why. Germany was never to be counted on. Louis XI. would contribute money, if the Pope would allow the King to tax the clergy a little more, and would grant the king additional ecclesiastical authority. With might and main Sixtus worked, to bring the Italian States to commit themselves to the war. At length they did agree to give money, men and vessels. The Pope published an Encyclical, and promised spiritual favors to contributors to the expenses of the campaign. To the mint he sent the sacred vessels. The fleet he would have, at any cost. News, welcome news came. Mahomet, the scourge, was no more. (May 1481). The Pope, in a brief, announcing the happy event, called on Europe to seize the occasion, in order to give a killing blow to Islam.

Ten months had passed. From Europe there was no answer. The Pope's fleet of 34 vessels lay in the Tiber. They must sail; they must free Italy. Once more Sixtus marched from the Vatican; once more blessed a legate, Cardinal Fregoso; once more blessed banner and ensign and sword. The cannon shouted; the crowd shouted and over all resounded the cry: Long live Sixtus! On July 4th, auspicious day, the fleet lifted anchor. Ferrante's vessels joined the Pope's. Otranto was besieged. On September 10, 1481, the Turks capitulated. The Pope ordered the legate to follow up his victory, and to seek and attack the Turkish fleet. The mean-souled Ferrante had gained all he wished, and withdrew. The Turk might be inflamed by a call to a 'holy war,' but Ferrante's enthusiasm was not for holy things. The Pope's legate returned, disobeying his orders. Sixtus hastened to Civita

[1] Pastor, vol. ii., p. 496.

[2] They were canonized by Clement XIV. See Pastor, note.

Vecchia, and called Fregoso to account. He pleaded want of money. "Money!" exclaimed the Pope; "I would sell my plate and pawn my mitre for the cause."—*Schrecklich!*

"Had the advice of the Holy See been followed, there would have been no Turks in Europe for the Russians to turn out of it. For five centuries the voice of the Church has been unheeded by the powers of Europe. As they have sown, so must they reap." Thus wrote the clear-sighted, clear-spoken, Newman, nigh forty years ago.[1] The powers sowed—the people, alas! reaped. And still they reap, and still shall they reap, Heaven only knows how long, while the powers shiftily diplomatize.

Writing the history of the "wildly energetic" Sixtus, Mr. Creighton gives more space to the story of the Papacy's efforts to drive the Turk out of Europe. To this important subject, the English historian devotes five paragraphs—almost two pages. Would a more careful and useful—shall we say truthful?—account of the exhortations, entreaties, sacrifices of Sixtus IV., have interfered with a right "judgment of the change which came over Europe in the 16th century, to which the name of 'The Reformation' is loosely given?"[2] Perhaps so. And yet we cannot forget Lord Acton's tribute to Mr. Creighton's "economy of evidence." If he were only as economical of judgment, all would be well. Every reader of Canon Creighton's book will regret that he has not made a closer study of the history of the Popes. He writes so agreeably that he need have no fear of tiring his readers by a more complete record of facts. Until the promised translation of Dr. Pastor's work appears, many of Canon Creighton's readers will be quite in the dark as to what was done for mankind by several Popes who lived before the change in Europe, 'to which the name of 'Reformation' is so loosely given.' Perhaps though, we should not regret Canon Creighton's deficiencies as deeply as we do. Far from great libraries, and without any opportunity to use the many rare manuscript collections which Dr. Pastor has so conscientiously consulted, the English historian might have led some readers even farther astray than he has done. To Pastor's History of Pius, of Paul, and of Sixtus, all students can and will turn for exact information concerning three Popes who were not among the least able of the many able men that ruled the Church during the Renaissance. Confining ourselves to a sketch of their activity in one sphere alone, we could not do full justice to them, or to the eminent German historian. On another occasion we hope to prove how splendidly these Popes fought on other fields, and how, in statesmanship, love of religion, love of learning, love of art, they led the Christian world.

[1] Lectures on the *History of the Turks*, p. xii.

[2] Preface to vol. i. of *The History of the Papacy*, M. Creighton.

ARE ALL FORMS OF CHRISTIANITY EQUALLY GOOD?

THE spirit of intelligent inquiry and the absence of prejudice in matters of religion are two laudable features of this age. Both should be encouraged for both are good. Catholics believe they have the true religion, and as truth always gains by intelligent investigation, they should anxiously encourage inquiry into the teachings of our Church. It was in this spirit that Pope Leo the Thirteenth threw open to the scholars of the world, regardless of their belief, the treasures of the Vatican archives. The absence of prejudice is an aid in the search after truth, for the unbiassed mind has no obstacles to overcome. Catholics themselves have begun to explain in a broader spirit the phrase, "Out of the Church no salvation." I speak not now of the scientifically trained theologian. Even the people have learned to distinguish clearly between these things which are of Catholic faith, theologically certain, and of mere speculation within the degrees of probability. There is no surrender of faith and no compromise of principle, but the tendency is to the fullest toleration in matters of mere opinion. God's wish for the salvation of all is not a mere expression of complacency or a passing velleity, but a sincere desire that all should obtain the final object of life. Therefore the Almighty gives the opportunity of salvation to all.

There is a danger to be guarded against. As generous impulses are sometimes taken advantage of and turned to the injury of our nobler nature, so intellectual fairness may be made to o'erleap itself and lead to mischievous conclusions. The tendency is to what is called by some, and we must say wrongly called, Liberalism; by others, Latitudinarianism; by others still, Indifferentism. There are many among Protestants who hold that all religions are equally good. That all religions are good we are willing to admit; that all are equally good we most certainly deny. The tendency is to deny the objective certainty of truth; to maintain that a man has the same opportunity, the same facility of salvation in any of the churches. Every one notices the crashing of creeds in the Protestant denominations. Now one tenet is abandoned, now another, so that positive religion will soon cease to have any place among them. We speak not of those who believe in no form of Christianity, who are called Atheists, Agnostics, Infidels, and such like.

Nor do we refer to those strict Protestants who hold firmly to their family religion, but between these two classes there are the many who hold that religion is a matter of opinion, and that one church or one religion is as good as another. They do not say that it makes no difference whether we follow Moses, or Confucius or Christ; they do say that a general belief in Christ is enough to insure salvation equally to all believers. For want of a better name we shall call this form of belief Indifferentism. We say, this form of belief, because it is not a denial of religious faith.

Indifferentism is that form of belief which teaches that religion is not founded on objective truth, that it is only a matter of opinion, that all forms of Christianity are equally good; in a word, that one religion is as good as another. This teaching may be classed as one of the great errors of the day. It is only one step removed from unbelief; it is next door to the theory that there is not much good in any religion whatever. Catholics cannot admit this. Our position is not at variance with the teaching that conscience is the final rule of morality, that it is never lawful to act against conscience, that we are bound to follow its dictates. Nor does Catholic teaching on Indifferentism mean that we should force our faith upon the unwilling or offensively obtrude it upon those who do not wish to hear anything of it. Our position means, that, as we hold the existence of the real or objective truth of religion, we must be uncompromising in it, and where the occasion demands, we must not be silent.

Truth is one of God's moral attributes, so to speak. It is one of His qualities just as much as wisdom, goodness, providence, charity, justice or mercy. The very idea we have of the Divinity implies that He cannot be deceived nor can He deceive others. If He could He would cease to be the All-perfect God that Christians speak of. His unfailing truthfulness is the foundation of our faith; His fidelity to His promises is the corner-stone of our hope. We find one form of Christianity teaching one tenet as necessary, another teaching the contradictory. One religious body teaches the supremacy of Peter, another denies it. One church teaches the Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist, another says that Christ is in that Holy Sacrament only virtually, or in a symbolic sense, or perhaps in a figurative way. One church teaches the necessity of the Sacraments, another denies it. One church says Baptism is necessary for salvation, another says it is not. One church teaches the Pope is infallible under certain given conditions when pronouncing upon faith or morals, another says he has no such safe-guard. One body of Christians believes in the Divinity of Christ, another section of professing Christians deny it. Two contradictories cannot be at the same time true. To say that God is indifferent as to

whether we hold a certain doctrine or reject it is equivalent to saying He is indifferent to truth. Moses received the Commandments from heaven. He had no power, and his successors had no power, to change them. As the people were bound to stand by the teaching of Moses, so also are they bound to adhere to the fuller and more complete teachings of Christ the Son of God. Reason cannot sanction contradictions. The only lawful conclusion left to us is, that all religions cannot be equally acceptable in the eye of God.

After Christ's resurrection from the dead, and before His ascension into heaven, He gave a strict and definite commission to His Apostles. We find the Saviour's own words in the gospel of St. Matthew: "Going, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (xxviii., 19, 20). "Teach ye all nations." Teach them what? Any doctrine their oriental imaginations might suggest? No; but teach them "to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded"; teach the nations to observe those things that make for the object of Christ's spiritual kingdom; teach them doctrines within the region of faith and morals. Christ said, teach them "whatsoever I have commanded you." Christ taught faith and morality. He certainly did not teach contradictions. He did not teach and he could not approve of the teaching that the Church has power to forgive sins and that she has no such power; that Christ is present in the Holy Eucharist and that He is not; that grace is necessary for salvation and that it is not; that the Virgin is really the Mother of God and that she is not. So that when one church holds one teaching and another its contradictory, plainly both cannot be equally pleasing to God. The words of that world-renowned commission meant something definite in the mind of Christ. They were intended to convey a definite and certain something to the Apostles, and they were meant to convey that certain and definite thing to the nations whom the Apostles were to teach.

Christ commanded all to believe the faith preached by the Apostles. He promised salvation only to those who believe that faith. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned" (Mark xvi., 16). This must not be understood as implying that, therefore, all who do not belong to the visible body of the true Church of Christ shall be lost. People may be outside the pale of the visible communion of the Church through no fault of theirs. Like all other laws, this law of Christ, to belong to the true Church, does not reach those who are in guiltless ignorance. God is too merciful to make any other ruling.

He leaves ample room for each one to follow his conscience, that aboriginal vicar of Christ. If unity of doctrine were taught in the days of Christ, it is equally true and equally necessary to-day. In St. Matthew we read an account of Christ's commission to the Apostles to teach; in St. Mark we are told what the commissioned are to teach: "Preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi., 15). Give to all men the science of salvation. Do not preach any gospel you please, but preach the Saviour's Gospel; do not give the people contradictory statements, but divine truths. In St. Matthew we read the phrase: "TEACH all nations"; in St. Mark the same idea is impressed by the words: "Preach the Gospel." The word for *teach* in Greek, the original language of the Gospel, means dogmatic teaching, and not indifferentism.

If the teaching of indifferentism were true, no one could be justly called a heretic. Yet we find Peter and Jude and John saying hard words in reference to heretics. Peter calls them "lying teachers, who shall bring in sects of perdition and deny the Lord who bought them, bringing upon themselves swift destruction" (2, ii., 1). Jude speaks of them as "wandering stars to whom the storm of darkness is reserved forever" (i., 13). Even the gentle and affectionate John calls them Antichrists. "And as you have heard that Antichrist cometh, even now there are many Antichrists, whereby we know that it is the last hour. They went out from us, but they were not of us, for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have remained with us" (i., 19, 20).

Let us go back to the Council of Jerusalem, held in the year 51. What the Apostles taught is as true to-day as it was when Paul thundered forth his stern, hard words against the evil-doers, or when John preached his gospel of sweetness. Many of the Jewish converts in the days preceding this first council held that the Christian Gentiles, if they wished to be saved, should submit to certain ceremonial practices. The Council of Jerusalem was called to decide the question. Paul, the fearless representative of his people, was there. Peter, as was befitting the Chief of the Apostles, presided. They knew the consequences to Christians of a decision adverse to the Jewish converts. They were fully aware of the malcontents it would make, the withdrawal of some from the Church and their opposition to pure Christianity. Yet the decision of the Apostles was that the Jewish ceremonial law did not bind and should not be imposed upon Gentile converts. Surely the Apostles could not have given a decision fraught with consequences so adverse to Christianity if it made no difference whether the Gospel of Christ were increased or diminished or changed even by a little. The action of the Apostles was decidedly foolish if one form of Christianity be as good as another, if all religions be

equal in the eye of God. The action of that Council was a model for all succeeding councils. The theory that one religion is as good as another is as false now as it was when the two deputies carried the apostolic decree condemning it from the Council of Jerusalem to the faithful at Antioch.

We turn to the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians. The same error is condemned. The men against whom the Council issued its decree were spreading their errors in Galatia. St. Paul does not spare them. His scathing language is: "I wonder you are so soon removed from Him who called you into the grace of Christ unto another Gospel. Which is not another, only there are some that trouble you and would pervert the Gospel of Christ. But though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema. As we said before, so say I now again, If any one preach to you a Gospel besides that which you have received, let him be anathema" (Gal. i., 6–9). The earnestness of the Saint is well brought out by his repetition of a strong form of expression. Even one remarkable for vigorous speech would not put more forcibly the truth of the gospel preached by himself. St. Paul, who denounced the comparatively trivial error of the Galatians, would assuredly condemn the modern teaching that one religion is as good as another.

Intellectual sin is a violation of God's law as well as an ethical crime. Errors of faith are to be condemned as well as errors of morals. In his list of sins which shut one out from heaven St. Paul mentions errors in faith. He writes: "Idolatry, witchcrafts, enmities, contentions, emulations, wraths, quarrels, dissensions, sects. . . . . They who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God" (Gal. v., 20–21.)

St. Paul teaches that there is but one faith. "Careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. One body and one Spirit as you are called in our hope of your calling. One Lord, one faith, one baptism. One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all" (Eph. iv., 3–6). He makes this unity of faith a plea for peace. His singularly beautiful appeal to the Ephesians to preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace is sustained by many reasons. They form but one body, the Church. They are permeated by one Spirit, the Spirit which rules the Church. Their hope is one, to gain eternal happiness. Their Lord is one, Jesus Christ. Their baptism is one, the baptism of Christ. Their God is one, the God of all. These are some of the reasons why they should cultivate fraternal charity. In this text and with undiminished force does the Apostle urge as a reason for harmony that their faith is one. If it

were not an objective faith but only that which each one's fancy might suggest, we rather think it would not make for the unity of spirit with the force of an argument worthy of the Apostle of the Gentiles. If all forms of Christianity were equally pleasing to God how could the unity of faith be used by St. Paul as a reason and as an example of fraternal charity among the faithful? The charity of the faithful should be as their faith. The Apostle inculcates complete charity. The torrent of his words, the wealth and intensity of his illustrations show what full unity of spirit he would have. The argument is: Their faith is one. Their fraternal charity should be like it in oneness. According to the Indifferentist it matters not whether one holds the doctrines of the Greek Church or of the Episcopalian or of the Methodist or of the Catholic or of the Salvation Army. It would be strange reasoning to say to all these: As is your faith so shall be your brotherly love. The faith in such circumstances might be proposed, not as an example of unity, but as a model of dissension. And yet this beautiful unity which we claim for our faith and which the Indifferentists would destroy admits of variations within certain limits. Natural and artificial causes produce variation in the animal and vegetable world without destroying specific unity. Thus it is also in the world of thought. As in the material world all things gravitate towards a common centre and yet preserve a variety, as in the social world neither anarchy or tyranny will do, the former being destructive of unity, the latter of liberty, so in the religious world do we require unity in essentials and liberty or variety in non-essentials. In thought, in biology, in astronomy, in sociology, in all God's manifestations throughout nature there is harmony —unity amidst variety. It cannot be that only in His own fair spouse, the Church, there should be found the deformity of confusion.

In one of Christ's discourses he says: "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd" (John x., 16). A teaching so varied and so contradictory as is that of Indifferentism cannot be reconciled with the idea of unity conveyed by these words of our Lord.

Take the evidence of a few of the early Fathers. St. Ignatius, the Martyr, who lived in the Apostolic age is fierce in his denunciation of heretics and schismatics. The former he calls "wild beasts in human form." The latter, he says, "do not inherit the kingdom of God." Of course, the Saint does not mean to denounce the honest man who follows his conscience and yet happens to be outside the visible communion of the Church. The historian, Eusebius, tells us that Polycarp used to say of heresies: "Good

God! upon what times hast Thou permitted me to fall, that I should hear such things." St. Justin compares heretical teachers to false prophets among the Jews and calls them false Christians and false Apostles. We shall give three more Patristic authorities whom Indifferentists cannot refuse to honor. They are St. Cyprian, St. Augustine and St. Fulgentius. These are admittedly faithful representatives of the early Church, the Church of the Fathers. St. Cyprian does away with the equality of all forms of Christianity in this manner: "If it were possible for any one to escape that was not in the ark of Noah, it shall likewise be possible for him to escape who is not in the true Church." "Neither baptism," writes St. Fulgentius, "nor liberal alms nor death itself for the profession of Christ, can avail a man anything in order to salvation if he does not hold the unity of the Catholic Church." St. Augustine wrote to Donatus in a spirit of the fullest frankness. Donatus was a Christian bishop whose only error was that he separated himself from the communion of the faithful. All other points of doctrine he held in common with St. Augustine. Yet the Bishop of Hippo applied to him this strong language: "Being out of the pale of the Church, separated from its unity and bond of charity, thou wouldst not escape damnation though thou shouldst be burnt alive for confessing the name of Christ." Such language of the Fathers were meaningless if all forms of Christianity were equally good before God.

The doctrine that it matters not to what form of Christianity a man adheres is a denial of dogmatic teaching. It is bringing faith down to a mere emotion, whereas faith is eminently intellectual. And let it be clearly understood what we mean by dogma. It is a truth contained in God's Word, whether written in the Scripture or unwritten as the oral teaching of the Apostles preserved in the Church and proposed by the Church for the belief of the faithful. The Apostles condemned heresies and Christ taught many dogmas. Belief in the Divinity of Christ is itself a dogma. The fact is, a non-dogmatic Christian is a contradiction in terms. Nor can we have supernatural virtues without dogmatic teaching. A supernatural virtue arises from grace and faith. These are of its very essence. Faith is an act of the intellect and implies a belief in the dogma that there is a God whose truth we may rely upon. There may be mere natural virtues without theological dogma in the strict sense. Doubtless, many unbelievers do some naturally good works, works having no direct relation with the next life and deserving no reward in it, but meriting natural rewards on this side of the grave. Every branch of science has its dogmatic teaching. The axioms of geometry are dogmas. People accept them without proof. Some things are so clear that they do not admit of proof.

Physical science, astronomy, political economy, all have their dogmas. Why deny dogmatic teaching to the highest of all sciences, theology? Those who receive Christian truth as Divine must take it as lasting for all time.

It may seem a strange statement that Catholic dogmas are easy and within the reach of all. In what sense are they easy? Not in the sense that we can comprehend the Trinity or get a full grasp of God, or sound all the depths of the Resurrection. Not in the sense that all dogmas are in themselves clear. Some of them are hard and dark to the man who is not trained in scientific theology, as difficult to the ordinary Catholic as are some medical formulas or legal phrases to the every-day citizen. But the Church does not demand interior assent to dogmatic statements on the part of those who cannot comprehend them. All can understand the dogma of the Church's infallibility. Real assent to this dogma is not difficult. Catholics know Christ's promise to His Church. On this phase of the question, Cardinal Newman writes: "But it is not the necessary result of unity of profession, nor is it the fact, that the Church imposes dogmatic statements on the interior assent of those who cannot comprehend them. The difficulty is removed by the dogma of the Church's infallibility, and of the consequent duty of 'implicit faith' in her word. The 'One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church' is an article of the Creed and an article which, inclusive of her infallibility, all men, high and low, can easily master and accept with a real and operative assent. It stands in the place of all abstruse propositions in a Catholic's mind, for to believe in her word is virtually to believe in them all. Even what he cannot understand, at least he can believe to be true; and he believes it to be true because he believes in the Church." (*Grammar of Assent*, p. 144.)

Belief in the equality of all forms of Christianity, is a denial of absolute truth. Universal skepticism refutes itself, so it need not be taken into consideration. Among philosophers, there is a useful distinction of certainty into natural and philosophical. The former is direct, implies no reflective process, and takes place before the mind determines the motive of assent. The latter takes place only after the motive of assent has been clearly determined. Natural certainty is eminently trustworthy, and is the basis of philosophical certainty. The faculty which knows and the objects known, are the two sources, from which knowledge results. The ear hears, but not beyond the range of its hearing; the eye sees, but not beyond the range of its vision; the mind knows or perceives objects, but only within its mental reach. It speaks with authority of those things within its proper sphere; it knows nothing of those outside. Hence, all knowledge is pri-

marily objective. Objective evidence determines the natural certainty of this knowledge called, by philosophers, sense-knowledge. The certainty of purely intellectual truths is determined by the same motive. Hence, truth is a real something, having its existence outside the apprehension of the individual, and any teaching which involves the denial of objective truth, must be false. The intellect is a divine element in man. The light of reason is an illumination from God Himself. The intellect has its proper object, and that object is truth. Whatever is, is truth. The mind is capable of knowing what is. Doubt is full of despair. The most reckless skeptics never went so far as to reduce their theories to practice. Their knowledge is limited; yet, if we take the accumulated information of all the ages, it amounts to a great deal. It gives us a keener insight into the teaching of St. Thomas, that "Every bodily creature, however immense, must be inferior to man, by reason of his intellect." Geology tells us of the formation of the earth; natural philosophy, of nature's laws; chemistry, of the constituent parts of bodies; astronomy, of the stars; philology leads us back to the common root of man's mother tongue; history gives up the dead past; physiology puts before our wondering eyes the formative process of organisms. We find objective truth in all these sciences, and we find it with a certainty. It were strange if religion, the "science of salvation," were the only one in which no objective truth could surely be found. Disbelief in the possibility of attaining to any objective truth should be left to the old sophists. Accepting objective truth, and looking upon religion as a body of truths, we take it to be a reality. Pascal says it is so stupendous a reality, that those who will not take the trouble to study its obscurities, are justly deprived of its benefits. It will not do to say that indifferentism is a sign of higher culture. The truth seems to be much otherwise. "A crude and uncultured mind," says St. Cyril of Alexandria, "glories in unbelief, and rejects, as false, all that it cannot understand; thus grossest ignorance goes hand in hand with boundless self-conceit."

Bacon expresses the same idea in the following elaborate way: "It is an assured truth, and a conclusion of experience, that a little or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism; but a further proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion, for in the entrance of philosophy, when the second causes, which are new unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind, if it dwell and stay there it may induce some oblivion to the highest cause, but when a man passeth on further and seeth the dependence of causes and the works of Providence, then, according to the allegory of the poet, he will easily believe that the

highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair."[1]

Tried at the bar of common sense this modern form of Protestantism will not stand the test. Whilst we respect a man's conscientious belief, we do not hold in equal reverence what we believe to be true with what we know to be false. Professor Huxley, for example, does not show the same courtesy towards the political creed of Mr. Gladstone as he does towards his own. Nor would that distinguished scientist, John Tyndall, whose own exertions raised him from his humble home by the banks of the Burrow to the highest position in scientific London, admit to equal respect a fact of science which he knows to be true, with a scientific hypothesis which to him was doubtful, if not downright false. He would positively poke fun at the bare idea. The phrase of the Indifferentist, "I respect all religions alike," goes down before the instincts of humanity. Scripture, history, the Fathers, philosophy, and common sense, condemn Indifferentism; its only support is a false notion of romantic sentimentalism.

The most rational of all religions is that of the Church of which Christ said: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Math. xvi., 18).

The radical unsoundness of the modern non-Catholic forms of Christianity was brought in when three hundred years ago our Protestant brethren cut off the entail of their Catholic inheritance. The priests who ministered at the altar before the Reformation explained many of the doctrines of the Church very differently from the explanations given in modern Protestant pulpits. That Protestantism is fast running its course is clear from the breaking up of its creeds. In the revision of their formulas of faith they reject one article to-day, another to-morrow. If one or two or three, why not all? The principle of unity is lost, the foundation is destroyed, the whole edifice must fall. This in itself should not delight Catholics, because it is all the worse for humanity to have the last vestige of Christianity disappear from Protestantism. It emphasizes an obligation upon Catholics. It is a good opportunity to make known the truth. Newspapers and periodicals and pamphlets and books might be respectfully given to non-Catholics. Catholic laymen should equip themselves well by a course of solid reading on Catholic subjects so as to be able to give correct and clear explanations to their non-Catholic fellow-citizens.

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[1] *Advancement in Learning*, i., 3.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"Cor ad cor loquitur."

"Cor sapientis intelligitur."

CARDINAL NEWMAN is dead. Long years ago he had left the world,—that stage on which men earn their brief applause. Yet the sounds of his knell have stirred echoes of touching reverence, from over land and sea, from tongues and hearts that never were attuned to a like harmony before. Men differing most widely in their convictions on religion and politics, philosophy and letters, in all of which spheres Newman, by reason of his pronounced views, challenged criticism, have written their high estimate of him upon the pages of our own day's history. If there were any discordant voices, they came from those who, on other occasions, have proved that their instincts lead them to pursue the carrion scent in whatever is mortal. Such tones are lost amid the concordant chant of just and universal praise.

The life of John Henry Newman has been described many times and from almost every possible point of view. Nevertheless, as we look back upon this singular career, it seems difficult to assign a just, or rather the precise, reason for the affectionate homage accorded him. Some have sought it in his talents, others in his humility, others in a combination of circumstances which brought both into favorable light. No doubt all these things are combined in the result, but they do not adequately account either for the quality or for the extent of Cardinal Newman's singular popularity. Assuredly, he was a great writer, a master of the English language; but then his subjects, and the light in which he treated them, were by no means popular. Other writers, if they did not possess so chaste a style, have at all events succeeded in pleasing a larger circle of readers; and the proverb has it that "fame is in the keeping of the mob." That he was a great thinker has been generally granted, although Carlyle, who has been called in some respects the only figure equal in greatness to Newman, could not see it; and clever skeptics in later days have said of the latter's best-reasoned work that it only contained "the art of taking things for granted." Of course, it is easy to understand these criticisms; but whilst they do not lessen the evidence everywhere in his writings of consummate skill in dialectics, they also show that his title in this sphere has not been unanimously admitted, and no one will

deny that others of equal merit, in this line, with Newman have gained a lesser meed of praise. Moreover, his logic, like his theme, was always more or less unpleasant to the bulk of men who claimed greater intellectual freedom than his principle of authority would admit. As for his culture and his eloquence, charming as either must have been at Oxford, that was long ago, and men forget so easily. They remembered, indeed, the hard words he had said before he left Littlemore to join the Catholic Church and to cast ignominy upon England's sacred majesty by his secession. For twenty years afterwards he was branded as a traitor and as a man "who had gambled away his reason." Meanwhile, he had retired into solitude; and if he there proved his virtue by his labors, his piety, and his silent self-abnegation, what does the world care for these qualities so long as it does not profit by them? When he spoke in later years, it was almost as often to reprove Catholics for their extravagant zeal as to argue with those who opposed Catholic doctrine.

The first part of his life, in the world's calculation, was a failure. The second, by the same measure, was, to say the least, a burying of talents; or, as others viewed it, "he devoted the last half of his life to the propagation of a system which, in the emphatic language of Lord John Russell, degrades the intellect and enslaves the soul."

If, then, neither the sincerity of his convictions, nor his literary labors, nor the quality of his intellect, nor his social and religious position can be said, in the main, to have bent the homage of men toward him, what is the secret of that strange influence, gentle yet mighty, by which England's noblest intellects have been subdued, apart from any reasoning, though not in spite of it, and which has attracted even those who reluctantly acknowledge the issue to which they see themselves led? If we may give our estimate of Newman's power in one word, we should say: It was the quality of his heart. All the magnificent versatility of his genius has been acknowledged only, or first and foremost, because it served as the conductor of that spark which, whilst it momentarily shocked men, awakened them also to feel and realize that the solitary light at Edgbaston shone there in sympathy with them, calling out by its silent brightness, as he had done nigh sixty years before when off Cape Ortegal:

> "Wandrers! come home! obey the call
> A mother pleads, who ne'er let fall
> One grain of holy Truth."

They had been mistaken in him as to the direction in which he would go, but they found that he never had disappointed their

hearts. So his voice and pen, whenever they reached the outside world, were like an instrument correctly strung, which, when it sounded, made men listen; and they responded because they were convinced that whilst others touched the

> "—— facile lyre to please the ear
> And win the buzzing plaudits of the town,"

he

> "—— sang his soul out to the stars
> And the deep *hearts of men.*"

Thus the nation acts like the individual. In Cardinal Newman's case it reflected his own disposition by yielding to him not merely its approval of his deeds but its affection also, and its affection even then when it found itself too weak or proud to second his unselfish deeds.

And what is true of his own nation may be said of all who in any way approached him. He loved his kind. He loved whatever was beautiful in human nature or actions. He loved the true and the fair and the good, and he compassionated those who would escape his affection. Perhaps he himself may be said to have best interpreted this secret in the elected shield of his princely rank. Three hearts the escutcheon bears, and the legend: *Cor ad cor loquitur.* It is to this view of Cardinal Newman's remarkable life that we would chiefly direct attention in the following sketch.

Mark it! Three hearts! Not friendship, one to one, but charity divine; perfect in triple bond, and one with all that suffers and that loves. And in this love he was like to his great patron, St. Philip Neri,

> "An old man of sweet aspect,
> I love him more, do more admire."

There was, however, in the Oratorian disciple something of the strong though hidden impulsiveness of St. Paul, who, to use Cardinal Newman's own words, "had a thousand friends, and loved each as his own soul, and seemed to live a thousand lives in them and died a thousand deaths when he must quit them." Herein, then, we may find the keynote to his other excellencies, his humility and bold sincerity, his kindly judgments and his fiery condemnation of falsehood, his child-like obedience and his generous love of liberty. He followed "justice, faith, charity;" and charity, greater than all, gave him courage, for "fear is not in charity," says the inspired disciple of love.

First Lights.

> "Watching the smiles I prized on earth."

To understand and appreciate fully the character of John Henry Newman, we must see him as those saw him with whom he lived

in his early days at Oxford. "As the days of thy youth so also thy old age," says the inspired writer. It was at Trinity College first and then at Oriel that the bent of his nature and his unconscious power showed themselves in the spontaneous attachments of youth, and strongly impressed those who were able, if it had been necessary, to correct their enthusiasm in after years, when the "Parting of Friends" at Littlemore had sobered their judgment.

Trinity College is a magnificent old pile of buildings, among which the remains of Durham College, the chapel, of Grecian design, by Sir Christopher Wren, the library and hall form a conspicuous part. From the second quadrangle you get into the gardens which, southward, lead to the famous "Lime Tree Walk," with its eternal shade. Here we meet the tall, spare youth of sixteen in the fall of 1817. He had entered his name upon a list which contained some of the most illustrious men of England, among others that of George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, and who gave his name to our Catholic metropolis. Young Newman, though still a boy in all, except his sedate manner and conversation, seems to have come to the University with his character fixed. He tells us that in the autumn of the previous year a great change of thought had taken place in him. "I fell under the influences of a definite creed and received into my intellect impressions of dogma which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured." He had read with some predilection the writings of Thomas Scott, of Aston, a writer of whom he said in later years, "he made a deeper impression on my mind than any other." From him he received the conviction of the fundamental belief in the Holy Trinity and some maxims for practical guidance which he used to repeat to himself for years: "Holiness before peace," and "growth is the only evidence of life." Two other works which he read about the same time, tended, however, greatly to disturb him. One was Milner's "Church History," which inspired him with great reverence for the Fathers of the Church as direct witnesses of primitive Christianity. The other book, "Newton on the Prophecies," impressed him thoroughly with the idea that the Pope was Antichrist. This latter sentiment he found it difficult for many years to shake off, even after his reason and judgment, and, we may add, the influence of that lovely character, Hurrell Froude, had shown him its absurdity. A deep imagination, as he calls it, had also gained upon him, namely, that he should lead a celibate life, an anticipation which was more or less connected in his mind with the notion that his calling in life would require such a sacrifice. This strengthened his desire of seclusion and separation from the world.

With such dispositions of mind, the shy young student, as Mr. Froude has called him, entered Trinity. Tradition assigns him the panelled room on No. 7 stairway. It is needless to say that his appreciation of university life, and especially of Oxford, where Scotus the Subtle, and Hales the Irrefragable, and Occam the Special, and Bacon the Admirable, had shone in their day, was exceedingly great. He looked with admiration even upon its outward lustre, which was to him "like the brightness of the prophet's face, a ray from an illumination within." Referring to Oxford in after years, he said, as if pronouncing his own longings, "there are those who, having felt the influence of this ancient school, and being smit with its splendor and its sweetness, ask wistfully, if never again it is to be Catholic." He loved to recall the memories of dear old Trinity College when his hair had grown silvery. "It held on its foundation so many who have been kind to me both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's room there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University."

In time he took his degree with "silk cap and white fur," and in 1822 was elected Fellow of Oriel. By a strange blunder of the examiners, it appears, he received a third class. Perhaps this incident contributed to produce subsequently that marked indifference to honors which has been reproved by his contemporaries as dampening the academical spirit, and which was noticed not only in Newman but in the circle of students of which he became the unconscious centre at Oriel. The latter college was considered one of the most effective promoters in the revival of studies which was at that time being inaugurated at Oxford. An Oriel Fellowship was termed the "Blue Ribbon" of the University. Here it was that Keble, Hawkins, Whately, Arnold, Pusey, Wilberforce, and others of equal gifts, "the aristocracy of talent," met in the tutor's rooms. Newman, though proud of his college, as he says, did not feel quite at home there during his first year of residence. He "sported the oak," as University men say, even when in his rooms; and in his daily walks was frequently alone, although *nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*. If the reader has ever seen Oriel with its massive square tower, the fantastic tracery over the old archways and the gray aristocratic-looking columns, he has a fitting background to Newman's picture. The old Lion of "Aule Royale," whom none just then suspected of great things, did not really open his heart to any one until 1826, when he became tutor of his college. "This," he says, "gave me position." He had written one or two essays, had preached his first university ser-

mon and been appointed Public Examiner. "It was to me like the feeling of spring weather after winter, and if I may so speak, I came out of my shell; I remained out of it till 1841." A shrewd man, who knew him at the time, said: "Here is a man who will never begin to speak; and when he once begins to speak will never stop."[1]

And here we must ask the reader's indulgence if we digress for a moment to speak of those men who directly acted upon Newman's feelings and convictions, drawing them out to their full power only to receive the heavier blow when, in God's appointed time, hearts were to be bruised and crushed so that truth and conscience might overcome earthly affection. The way in which Newman assimilated impressions is the best index to the manner in which he reflected them. The first intimate friendship of which he makes mention was that which bound him to Hurrell Froude, brother of Anthony, the historian, and a younger man than Newman by two years. When the latter became tutor, Hurrell had just been elected Fellow of Oriel. Charming in disposition, of the most refined mental gifts, bold as on horseback, so in speculation, generous, yet with a singular power of self-restraint, he and Newman were alike in many things, yet sufficiently different to retain that admiration for each other which knits the firmest of friendships. "Hurrell Froude" says Newman, "was a pupil of Keble, formed by him and in turn reacting upon him. He was a man of the highest gifts . . . . nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient winning considerateness in discussion which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart . . . . a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and too strong even for his bodily strength." But the friend, who alone probably of all others would have stood by him when darker days were to come, was snatched away by a premature death on 28th February, 1836. In his "Remains," published jointly by Keble and Newman, we read the following passage: "Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well, if I were asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other."

John Keble was the first name which Newman had heard spoken of "with reverence rather than admiration" when he came up to Oxford. The "Christian Year" had not yet been published, but a master of arts in Newman's college had given an account of a visit, on some business, to Keble, and "how gentle, courteous and

[1] *Apologia*, I. ed., p. 66.

unaffected he had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance." The manner in which Newman relates his first actual meeting with Keble throws a beautiful light on his own exquisite sense of reverence for those whom he considered in any way his superiors. On the day of his election to the Fellowship at Oriel, he was sent for into the Tower to shake hands with the provost and fellows. "How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years,—forty-two this very day on which I write. . . . . I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honor done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." Of Keble's teaching, and the impression it made upon him, he says: "I cannot pretend to analyze, in my own instance, the effect of religious teaching so deep, so pure, so beautiful."

Dr. Pusey, too, was for many years his dear friend, and the link of the heart seems to have remained in its old strength to the very end, although their intellectual and religious convictions diverged in subsequent years. "His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholar-like mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion overcame me, and great was the joy when, in the last days of 1833, he showed a disposition to make common cause with us." We must not omit to mention, in this connection, Dr. Hawkins, who, as a candid friend, taught Newman to be precise in his language, and "snubbed" the young curate's earliest pulpit efforts. In the same way Dr. Whately, to whom Newman became subsequently vice-principal at St. Alban's, led him not only to the adoption of certain religious views, but, most of all, to weigh his words and to be cautious in his expressions.

> "Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
> That o'er thee swell and throng:
> They will condense within thy soul
> And change to purpose strong."

As to the younger men at the university, if they did not influence Newman, they certainly admired him. James Anthony Froude pictures him as slight and spare, above middle height, with a remarkable head, which he likens to that of Cæsar. "An original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way and become a power in the world, a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful; but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose."

The same writer says of his mental qualities: "Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for

him, nothing too trivial if it threw light upon the central question what man really was and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate." Again: "He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than any one else who was present. He was never condescending with us (undergraduates); never didactic or authoritative." Mr. Gladstone also tells us that, though looked upon with some prejudice as what is termed a Low Churchman, he was very much respected for his character and known ability.

Shadows.

Dr. Newman had been appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, at Oxford, which comprised the small hamlet of Littlemore. His tutorship he resigned in 1831. In the following year, he published his "History of the Arians," as a contribution to a theological library which had been begun two years before. It was at this time that his sermons began to attract large numbers of students and others from the vicinity. Although he had no action, his voice was marvellously sweet and there was a strangely solemn yet unaffected pathos in his reading. "He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us," says one who frequently heard him. "He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion." "His delivery of Scripture," says Canon Oakley, "was a sermon in which you forgot the human preacher; a drama in which the vividness of the representation was marred by no effort and degraded by no art. He stood before the Sacred Volume, as if penetrating its contents to their very centre."

He was poor in health from overwork, and when Hurrell Froude, likewise delicate, in the winter of 1832, resolved to go to the south of Europe, Newman accompanied him. Hurrell's father went with them. They travelled along the Mediterranean coast, stopped at Sicily, where Newman took ill, and, after his recovery, went to Rome. They met few Catholics, or rather "kept clear of them," as he says. "I saw nothing but what was external; of the hidden life of Catholics, I knew nothing." In Rome, they determined upon the publication of the "Lyra Apostolica," and then Newman bade farewell to Hurrell and went back to Sicily, which, for one reason or another, had attracted him. A strange longing, a sense of utter loneliness of which we discover faint repetitions in almost every

one of those exquisite poems written during this journey, took possession of him. "I felt my isolation. England was in my thoughts solely and the news from England came rarely and imperfectly." Sorrow elevates great souls, and hence it is that some writers have considered it as one of the most powerful elements in the production of good literature.[1] Newman, at this time, wrote:

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!

He had been ill with fever at Leonforte, and again lay sick for three weeks at Castro Giovanni. Before starting for Palermo, his servant found him sitting on his bed and sobbing bitterly, and in answer to the question, what ailed him, he simply said: "I have a work to do in England." The prospect of sorrows to come was gradually outlining itself upon the horizon of his life. He only recognized them when he reflected, and now he was free to do so. There were tokens of a battle some day to be fought, which had been set aside or passed over amid the engaging work at home. Besides, there had always been friends. What, if there should be no one at hand when the time came? Had he forebodings of Hurrell's death? We have some beautiful lines, "The Separation of Friends," written at this time, and allowing us a glimpse into Newman's heart as it then throbbed. A few years afterwards on the day when his forebodings came true, he added twelve lines to that poem in memory of his first and dearest of friends, as if he would appeal to him for light, now, in death:

Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
And turning prayer to praise.
And other secrets too he could declare,
By patterns all divine,
His earthly creed retouching here and there,
And deepening every line.
Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain;
It were not good: a little doubt below,
And all will soon be plain.

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[1] A well-known American writer and devoted admirer of Cardinal Newman's books, being asked for her experience as to the best method of acquiring good style in writing, says: "I have sorrowed much. God put into my hand every cup of life, sweet and bitter. . . . . My own firm conviction is that no education can make a writer. The heart must be hot behind the pen. . . . . I have written the last lines of most of my stories with tears." (Amelia E. Barr, in *The Art of Authorship.*)

O'er Moor and Fen, O'er Crag and Torrent.

But if there was sadness in the heart, there was also firm resolve. If there was a work to be done, an injury to be set right, both friends felt the courage to face it. By an apparent chance, they had selected for their motto to the "Lyra Apostolica," the words of Achilles: "You shall know the difference now that I am back again"—a strangely warlike introduction to the gentle music from the Lyre. Newman hastened on, homeward. At Lyons, he was laid up for several days. When he got off again, he did not stop, night or day, until he reached England and his mother's house, where his brother had just arrived from Persia. Hurrell Froude, too, had returned before him. On the following Sunday, Mr. Keble preached his famous sermon on "National Apostasy," in the University pulpit. It was the real beginning of what has since been called the Tractarian Movement. Newman was never its ostensible leader although all, not excluding Keble and Pusey, followed him by reason of his "great gifts of scholarship, his commanding intellect and his signal courage." "Compared with Newman, they all were but as ciphers, and he the indicating number." He began the publication of a series of papers called "Tracts for the Times," the object of which was to counteract the prevailing religious Liberalism in the Anglican Communion. They proposed to reawaken the public mind to the belief that Anglicanism was not a mere Act-of-Parliament Church, but rested upon Apostolic descent. It was a dangerous experiment in the eyes of those who cared nothing for religion and others who trusted more to private judgment than Apostolicity. Dr. Arnold saw at once where it would end, and as openly prophesied that the inevitable result would and must be Popery. However, Newman cared not where it would end. He was dealing with reason and facts and the issue was one of vital importance not only to him, but to thousands of others who lived as Anglicans yet without benefiting of the inestimable privileges which he was convinced Christ had bequeathed to them in establishing His Church. Young men and old, who followed Newman's reasoning, plainly saw that he was taking nothing for granted. Of his sincerity and his attachment to the Church of his fathers they were equally convinced.

Thus a large party was gradually forming to become in time a solid phalanx against the passive and aggressive liberalism of the day. "So little," says Mr. Wilford Ward in the Life of his Father, who in spite of his individual genius was turning in the direction of Newman, "did the leading Newmanites believe that they were fostering the interests of Popery, that one of their avowed objects was to check its growth in England. They were to put a new life into Catholic doctrine implied by the English liturgy—doctrines which

had practically become a dead letter—and were thereby to give the Church of England new vitality and unity. The editor of the Tracts had said in 1834, "Nothing but these neglected doctrines, faithfully preached, will repress the extension of Popery, for which the ever-multiplying divisions of the religious world are too clearly preparing the way." Newman's real aim and generous disinterestedness in this matter is quite apparent from a notice which he affixed to his Tracts, to the effect, that any one who wished might reprint and even alter them; for he felt that the general purpose which they served could not be thus hindered, and for the value of his authorship he cared nothing provided the interests of truth were furthered. Success meant little in his eyes unless it served the freedom of truth.

The storm clouds were gradually gathering with every utterance that came from Newman's pen. He, himself, was becoming bewildered at the revelations which the continuous study of Church history and primitive Christianity in its fountains was developing. He still believed implicitly in the apostolic origin of the Established Church, but there were gaps opening on every side which made him heartsore, and tremble with anxiety. "Alas!" he said, when he had found rest in the Catholic Church, "it was my portion for whole years to remain without any satisfactory basis for my religious profession, in a state of moral sickness, neither able to acquiesce in Anglicanism, nor able to go to Rome." Still he was at work for a good cause, he trusted God.

> Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

Amid the gloom there were times of most joyous consolation. "I did not suppose that such sunshine would last, though I knew not what would be its termination." His friends had implicitely followed him; but he was to lose them in the darkness which was close at hand.

The Night.

In February, 1841, appeared the ominous Tract XC. It was by implication a challenge to the Anglican Church authorities to declare for definite doctrine amid the opposing teachings which bewildered the sincere friends of religion; and whilst it broke the barrier in established places, it still held to a dividing line between Anglicanism and Rome. It was a bold step, all the more harassing to those against whom it went, because it was consistent. The leading men among Catholics saw the catastrophe which was threatening. Monsignor Wiseman had returned to England and was throwing a counterlight on the situation by his lectures on the Doctrines of the Catholic Church. Not many days had passed

after the publication of the above-mentioned Tract when not only the religious but the political world of England had caught the excitement. Many were afraid, others indignant to the highest pitch. The Thirty-nine Articles, said some of the Bishops, meant nothing, if they did not mean a wholesale protest against the teachings of the Council of Trent. Newman had shown that they could not mean this, since they were composed before the Council of Trent. The Tract was in such eager demand that a new and large edition had to be issued every day. "For a month after," says Canon Oakley, who took part in the movement, "if you happened to enter any common room in Oxford between the hours of six and nine in the evening, you would have been safe to hear some ten or twenty voices eloquent on the subject of Tract XC. If you happened to pass two heads of houses or tutors of colleges, strolling down High Street in the afternoon or returning from their walk over Magdalen Bridge, a thousand to one but you would have caught the words, "Newman" and "Tract XC."

Confidence in Newman had vanished. He tells us that he knew it, and realized thoroughly that his place in the movement was gone. His friends charged him with imprudence. His opponents, who now became his enemies, said he was insidious. They hinted that he had been merely a spy in the camp; that he was a covered Romanist and had foreseen the issue and weighed it well. Those who had shouted "Credo in Newmanum" before, became flippant; and the vulgar said, "he has lost his mind." It would soil our page were we to repeat the jest and satire, the misrepresentations and slanderous inventions directed against Newman, of which even the respectable press of that time gives evidence. He was dogged and watched, hooted and insulted in the streets. They suspected his every movement. Why, they asked, did he go up to Littlemore at all? For no good purpose certainly. They dared him to tell. "Why to be sure," he says, "it was hard that I should be obliged to say to the editors of newspapers that I went up there to say my prayers. Why will you not let me die in peace? Wounded brutes creep into some hole to die in, and none grudges it them. Let me alone, I shall not trouble you long. This was the keen heavy feeling which pierced me, and I think those were the very words that I used to myself. I asked in the words of a great motto, 'Ubi lapsus? quid feci?'"

There were, however, those who had not ceased to believe in his sincerity. They wanted him "to explain" and to have an "understanding." But Newman hated understandings in this sense. He was satisfied that he had simply, and without a view to self-interest, dared to state the truth, and so the matter left no

remorse or fear behind. He had no mind to leave the Anglican communion, for he thought he could save his soul in it independently of what the bishops might teach or omit to teach. He meant to resign St. Mary's and give up his editorship of the *Critic* and retire as a layman to his own cottage at Littlemore. But God disposes. The Anglican authorities wished him to withdraw publicly Tract XC. This he refused. It meant to withdraw what was essentially true, and he preferred to be unpopular to being a witness against truth. Next, they said keep silence, and do not defend the Tract. This he would do, since he acknowledged their jurisdiction; but it also implied that they would not condemn the Tract. How catholic at heart he was even then is evident from the letters he wrote on this occasion to his bishop. They are full of manly consistency, of a sincere humility and a deep and loyal respect for the authorities whom, in this case, he knew to act against the evidence of arguments and historic facts which no logic could gainsay. We quote a portion:

> I have acted because others did not act, and have sacrificed a quiet which I prized. May God be with me in time to come as He has been hitherto! And he will be, if I can but keep my hand clean and my heart pure. I think I can bear, or at least will try to bear, any personal humiliation, so that I am preserved from betraying sacred interests, which the Lord of grace and power has given into my charge.

Again he writes:

> Dr. Pusey has shown me your Lordship's letters to him. I am most desirous of saying in print anything which I can honestly say to remove false impressions created by the Tract.

In April, 1842, he writes in answer to the question of the Bishop of Oxford, whether the report about his building a monastery is true.

> It is now a whole year that I have been the subject of incessant misrepresentations. A year since I submitted entirely to your Lordship's authority and with the intention of following out the particular act enjoined upon me. I not only stopped the series of Tracts on which I was engaged, but withdrew from all public discussion of church matters of the day, or what may be called ecclesiastical politics.

He then goes on to explain that it is his intention to do what his sense of duty inspires him to do for his own personal sanctification, without interfering with the rights of any one or violating the ordinances of the Church, but also without asking any body unnecessary questions about it.

We pass over other blows which followed whilst he was quietly working towards the light and trusting in the kindly Providence which had led him on thus far. How beautifully, though uncon-

sciously, Keble has expressed Newman's position at this time,—Keble, who did not follow, though he still loved him:

> "Forc'd from his shadowy paradise,
> His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise:
> There seek his answer, when the world reproves:
> Contented in his darkening round
> If only he be faithful found
> When from the East th' eternal morning moves."

He was pained when men attributed to him the frequent conversions which were taking place towards Catholicism. One day he received a letter from a stranger telling him that a young friend of his had just become a Roman Catholic by the reading of the Tracts, and asked, "Would he be so good as to convert him back again." But gradually he recognized that there was no escape. The more he studied primitive Christianity in the works of the early Fathers of the Church, the more plainly he saw that Anglicanism was in her teaching (if not worse in her practice of toleration without distinction), in the position of semi-Arianism. Rome had held her ancient place in matters of dogma. To sum up: from the end of 1841 Dr. Newman was on his death-bed as regards his membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time he became aware of it only by degrees. He kept back those over whom he still had influence from joining the Church of Rome. He gives us the reason: 1, because what I could not in conscience do myself, I could not suffer them to do; 2, because I thought that in various cases they were acting under excitement; 3, while I held St. Mary's, because I had duties to my bishop and to the Anglican Church; and 4, in some cases because I had received from their Anglican parents and superiors direct charge of them. This was my view of duty from the end of 1841 to my resignation of St. Mary's in the autumn of 1843. On the eighteenth of September of that year one of the young men in his retreat at Littlemore renounced Anglicanism and became a Catholic. Newman had had no suspicion of the act, but as soon as he became aware of it he at once gave up his living. In the course of his farewell sermon on the "Parting of Friends," he said:

> And, O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.

But still he tarried. It was clear to him that he could not honestly be a teacher in the Church of England, nor did the authorities wish him to be one. "I could not stand against such unanimous expression of opinion," he writes to a friend about this time, "supported as it has been by the concurrence, or at least silence, of all classes in the Church, lay and clerical. If there ever was a case in which an individual teacher has been put aside and virtually put away by a community, mine is one. No decency has been observed in the attacks upon me from authority." And when eventually he had made up his mind that for him there was no way to save his soul except by joining the great historic Church which had never changed from the days of the Apostles to this; which had grown and developed and withstood the storms from without, and cast off its dry and rotten branches,—he still withheld others from taking a like step. When a friend had consulted him on this subject shortly before the day of Newman's profession of faith, the latter wrote back:

> What you tell me of yourself makes it plain that it is your duty to remain quietly and patiently till you see more clearly where you are, else you are leaping in the dark.

The Morn.

On the 9th of October, 1845, a brief note in Newman's hand reached a few friends. It bore a message of farewell, and had the following postscript: *This will not go till all is over. Of course, it requires no answer.* The same day he was received into the one Church and the one Communion of Saints. To Mr. Allies he writes that morning: "May I have only one-tenth part as much faith as I have intellectual conviction where the truth lies." The sacrifice was complete; and the grace which followed, perfect rest and peace. He has left us a profession of his faith, made *ex animo*, as he says:

> "I believe the whole revealed dogma as taught by the Apostles, as committed by the Apostles to the Church, and as declared by the Church to me. I receive it as it is infallibly interpreted by the authority to whom it is thus committed, and (implicitly) as it shall be, in like manner, further interpreted by that same authority till the end of time. I submit, moreover, to the universally received traditions of the Church, in which lies the matter of those new dogmatic definitions which are from time to time made, and which in all times are the clothing and the illustration of the Catholic dogma as already defined. And I submit myself to those other decisions of the Holy See, theological or not, through the organs which it has itself appointed, which waiving the question of their infallibility, on the lowest ground come to me with a claim to be accepted and obeyed. Also, I consider that, gradually and in the course of ages, Catholic inquiry has taken certain definite shapes, and has thrown itself into the form of a science, with a method and a phraseology of its own, under the intellectual handling of great minds, such as St. Athanasius, St. Augustine and St. Thomas; and I feel no temptation at all to break in pieces the great legacy of thought thus committed to us for these latter days."

It has been observed by Protestants, that Cardinal Newman was no half-hearted Catholic. And this is true. What he enunciates in the above profession he believed and acted out in every detail. He did not resign his reason when he accepted the authority of the Catholic Church for his guide. He recognized that law and authority are essential to the right guidance of reason and to true liberty.

Vergebens werden ungebund 'ne Geister
Nach der Vollendung reiner Höhe streben,
Wer grosses will, muss sich zusammenraffen,
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister,
Und das Gesetz nur kann die Freiheit geben.

And now that he was at rest, what great things worthy of his talents did he do? Did not the Church, by allowing such a man to hide for years in the solitude of Edgbaston, practically place a bushel over so fair a light? These are questions we need not answer. Even if Cardinal Newman had done no more than to save his own soul in the cloistered retirement of Birmingham, his life would carry its fruit in the Church, the Communion of Saints. With her, success is not the sign of progress. She does not depend on the activity of individuals to uphold her royal title; whilst on the other hand, her solitaries are often the most powerful though unseen levers that move and determine the world's results. Cardinal Newman, apart from the works he wrote, established the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in England. The work of the Irish University, committed to his zeal and care, though it cannot be said to have answered expectations, nevertheless set influences in motion which have benefited the cause of education and religion.

Lost Awhile.

But the man who had left home and friends to follow Christ and to find rest for his soul, was not allowed to say his prayers in peace. A brawling priest, a renegade and a felon, set up before his house the old and threadbare story of the harlot-Church. Good men and ignorant, beguiled by the tunes of the shameless friar, asked whether Newman heard. And if he did, why would he not speak a word in defence of the Roman Church as he had pretended to do years ago for the Church of England? The taunt called him forth. He spoke, and tore the mask from the impostor's face, and by the life he traced of the accuser, which was known to him, he made the ears that had lent themselves to Achilli tingle with shame. Avaunt! cried those who had sheltered the renegade. Can this be true? If not, prove here whose mouth is foul. Every charge was proved, and so all England admitted.

But the old hatred of the man who had deserted the Anglican Church was still too deep. It was a question of perjury on one side or the other, but the jury said they were not convinced that all the charges were true. Everybody in the Court was conscious of the bias. Mr. Justice Coleridge pronounced the sentence: a fine to her Majesty of one hundred pounds. The fine was instantly paid. The expenses of the trial amounted to twelve thousand pounds, owing to the fact that witnesses had to be brought from different parts of Italy to testify in person to the well-known guilt of the renegade. The enormous sum was paid by contributions from those who had become convinced in the course of the trial of the injustice of the proceeding on the part of the Court against Dr. Newman.

Whilst this proceeding naturally created something of a reaction in favor of Newman among the fairer minded of the English public, the old Church party seemed not to have forgotten the smart inflicted by his secession. Full twenty years after it had taken place, a clergyman of the Anglican Church took occasion to shout his indignation against the Roman clergy into the English air. Dr. Newman—a good authority, but far away—had taught "that truth for its own sake need not and on the whole ought not to be a virtue with the Roman clergy." *Non giudicar la nave stando in terra*, say the Italians. Judge not a ship as she lieth on the stocks. The allegation appearing in a respectable organ of English thought and culture, Father Newman quietly asked the writer: "Sir, if I have said this, tell me when and where." The answer came: "Oh, passim—or if you did not say it—I waive that point; but the fact is, sir, you are a liar and a knave, and if you have had reason once, you have gambled it away." Such was the sum of a pamphlet published after a short correspondence between the two gentlemen, under the title: "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" The latter left no doubt as to his meaning. The answer has become a classical work unique in character. With the swift power of an electric flash that comes from the sleeping heavens, Dr. Newman laid bare the falsehood by baring his inmost heart, and he shattered to dust the form that had held his religious convictions up to scorn.

Perhaps it was principally the remembrance of this masterly retort which has kept men awake during the last quarter of a century to the slumbering greatness in their midst. It was a bolt which struck the adversary and his abettors with terrible surety, but it was also a light that has cleared the atmosphere and dissipated the old clouds that still hovered round, and has cast its brilliant rays backward and forward over Cardinal Newman's whole life. It is the history of his heart, told with the simple grace of truth, told with his peculiar accuracy of thought and distinctness of ex-

pression, illustrated by the chaste accompaniment of an always happy imagery, and pervaded throughout by that iron logic in which deductions follow link on link, with the sound of tempered steel in them, as they are laid about the captive rude or oily. Cardinal Newman wrote to a friend who had alluded to Mr. Kingsley's attack, that he had never felt angry with the latter, and on the day on which he heard of his death, he said Mass for his soul. A proof of the cardinal's good feeling is also that in later editions of the *Apologia*, he omitted those sharp sayings which stood originally as an introduction to the work. In the eyes of critics, in whom an appreciation of keen and matchless satire predominates, the omission will be a fault. But the cardinal, who believed that the sting was necessary at the time to awaken the public to a just feeling of his position, did not think that posterity would be interested in the same direction. The Protestant world will continue to admire the excellent gifts of mind and heart set forth in this autobiography, and approved by so many of their own witnesses. Nevertheless, they must allow, that from their point of view, that life was a failure. To the eyes of faith it was a gain through loss. He found the truth after many a battle, and when he had clasped the treasure, he left the high-road and the camp lest men in their busy and selfish importunity despoil him of his boon, as they had decried its worth before. By a strange inconsistency it has been argued of late that the services of Newman to Anglicanism have been estimated too low by those who have succeeded in developing Ritualism out of the Tractarian movement. Well; whatever be the supposed gain of Ritualism at the hands of Newman, one thing he made very clear to all concerned, and that was the cloudiness, the want of consistency of the entire structure. And from it he, who was at the time considered the master-architect, had consciously withdrawn, because he found—and this after serious examination of its parts—that it would some day fall into the chasm of infidelity, which is the only thing between it and the Catholic Church. What he wrote before his return to the Church of his forefathers, although valuable, both from a psychological and literary point of view, is chiefly so because it taught his contemporaries the art of diagnosing, of analyzing—we would almost say, disintegrating—by which they were sure to discover the weakness of the religious system to which they were giving their hearts and service. At the same time he used the falling stones that showed sufficient strength, to build a bridge across the abyss for those who might follow him to Rome. This is the worth, undisguised, of what he did for the Anglican Church, and sober minds, who are stronger than their attachments, confess it day by day in their conversion to the Catholic faith, leaving old associations for older truth.

PEACE.

All through the quiet years that followed the last onslaught against him, Cardinal Newman has kept his heart in a state of gratitude. The old scenes he never forgot. Mr. Lilly, in some private letters lately published, shows how the cardinal loved to refer to his troubles, his failures, his plans. Not in bitterness, indeed, nor with a sense of triumph. "Non," he could say with Clement VI., "jamais on ne me reprochera de m'être vengé." His past sorrows were dear to him for other reasons, reasons of which the head knows nothing, and which are bound up with an humble and loving acquiescence in the will of God:

> "I would not miss one sigh or tear,
> Heart-pang, or throbbing brow;
> Sweet was the chastisement severe,
> And sweet its memory now."

Men came to see and honor him. They wanted to show that the past was forgotten by all, and had no longer any force. But he was ever anxious to avoid exaggerated praise, lest the fickle mind of the public should refuse, to its own injury, the justice which it was beginning to do him. "It delighted me to find that friends and bystanders think so well of me. Nevertheless, I have for several years felt that their language might provoke some Nemesis, and that I might again fall under the power of calumny and consequent disrepute."

His humility was remarkable, and showed itself much more in later years than when he was in the midst of the battle of the world. Then he had said:

> "Men count my haltings o'er.
> I know them, yet, though self I dread,
> I love His precepts more."

The phrase with which the discussions at the oratory always ended, "But I speak under correction," shows how he valued and felt that diffidence in matters of purely human wisdom which pride only sets aside. "I am in despair," he writes in 1876, on occasion of revising his works for a new edition, "about freeing my volumes from gross blunders. Yet I take the greatest pains to avoid them." In a dedicatory letter, prefixed to an edition of his poems, he states that he does not think he is a poet, although he wrote some verses, from the mere pleasure of verse-making, which others liked, and hence he published them. And, in several of his later works, we have the evidence of their having been published simply upon the urging of those who loved him and knew the worth of his labor:

"Thus did a Saint in fear
His gifts celestial hide;
Thus did an angel standing near
Proclaim them far and wide."

Those who consulted him on any topic, he was ever ready to aid by advice and otherwise. His sympathies were truly world-wide, and he never ceased, as long as he could write at all, to correspond freely with those who had doubts about matters of faith. An American gentleman, not a Catholic, who, in his travels, had visited him and mentioned some difficulties he felt at the time as to his belief, had almost forgotten the Cardinal, when one day he received a photograph from him, with a few words pointing heavenward. He took a keen interest in the religious movements of the New World. Representative Americans were among his first choice when he opened the lists of honorary membership to the Irish University, and it has been said that he offered Dr. Brownson a chair in its Faculty. A visit which we paid him, six years ago, when we had the happiness of conversing with him for a considerable time, on subjects which interest us in America, will ever be one of the most cherished remembrances of our life. Every one has seen the picture of the Cardinal. Mr. Hutton, in his comparison between Newman and Arnold, has beautifully portrayed his face. "The wide forehead, ploughed deep with parallel horizontal furrows, which seem to express his care-worn grasp of the double aspect of human nature, its aspect in the intellectual, and its aspect in the spiritual world—the pale cheek, down which

long lines of shadows slope
Which years, and curious thought and suffering give,

the pathetic eye, which speaks compassion from afar, and yet gazes wonderingly into the impassable gulf which separates man from man, and the strange mixture of asceticism and tenderness in all the lines of that mobile and reticent mouth, where humor, playfulness and sympathy are intricately blended with those severer moods that "refuse and restrain."

Angel Faces.

And now, without further detail, we shall close the imperfect sketch of that beautiful life of the great Cardinal which we have endeavored to draw, as far as possible in his own colors and by using his own expressions. He died in the circle of those who must have loved him most of all, because they knew him best. They tell of his charming accomplishments and winning ways in the hours of recreation at the Oratory; of the wonderful sanctity foreshadowed at

Littlemore; of the sweetly burning power of his words, the unearthly devotion in the celebration of his Mass, pouring out his soul to the Creator whom in real presence he adored; of the ready will to the last to do in God's service what the swaying, tottering limbs still would allow. He assured them of his gratitude and affection long ago when he dedicated his heart's inmost history to the sons of St. Philip, his dearest brothers, the priests about him of the Oratory, and some of whom were at his deathbed. Mark how he speaks of them and to them, and it will teach us the secret of that reciprocal love to which the admiration of England and all the world who knew of Cardinal Newman, bore witness. "To you," he says in dedicating his work to the Fathers of the Oratory, "you who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive to my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them; with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die."

The wish has been fulfilled. They have carried the dead Cardinal out to the little graveyard at Rednall and there laid him to rest beside his dear Ambrose St. John, whom God gave him, as he tells us, when he took every one else away; "so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, when I was in question. And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or by deed." And he tells us that he prayed with a hope against hope, that all those without, might enter into the true fold of Christ, wherein he himself found life eternal.

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened by the glance of God.

Scientific Chronicle.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC THEORY OF LIGHT.

MAXWELL'S HYPOTHESIS.—PART II.

Two explanations naturally suggest themselves to account for the way in which distant objects affect our organ of vision. In the first these objects are supposed to emit very minute particles of matter, which travel with enormous rapidity through space and entering the eye affect the retina, giving rise to the sensation. In the second, the space between the object and the eye is supposed to be occupied by an highly elastic medium capable of receiving and transmitting undulations, and these undulations started by the luminous body reach the retina, affecting it in a way analogous to that in which sound-waves affect the tympanum of the ear.

If we omit the belief of the ancients that objects were rendered visible by something projected from the eye itself, thus reducing the sensation of sight to a mere species of touch, these two are the only explanations offered to account for the phenomena of light. The first is known as the corpuscular theory, the second as the undulatory theory of light. The former finds its analogue in the sense of smell, the latter in the sense of hearing.

At first sight a strong objection arises against the corpuscular theory from the velocity of light. Since these particles must travel with the velocity of nearly 200,000 miles per second, their mass must be inconceivably small or their momentum would easily equal that of a cannon-ball which would undoubtedly render the theory inadmissible. However, this objection can be easily retorted against the minute waves of the undulatory theory, and we must look eleswhere for the facts that finally settle the question in favor of the later hypothesis.

The names of Newton, Laplace and Biot are associated with the corpuscular theory, and although it is not clear that Newton adopted any special theory of light, still in all his investigations he used the nomenclature and language of this theory, and the veneration in which he was held induced his followers to accept this as the theory of light.

Huggens adopted the undulatory theory, but partly from the difficulty of grasping the theory of wave propagation, but especially on account of the opposition offered by the adherents of the other theory, this made little advance. When, however, Dr. Young announced, in a course of lectures on physics published in 1802, the great discovery of the interference of light, which Father Grimaldi, S.J., had the honor of being the first to make known to the scientific world, the undulatory theory could no longer be overlooked. Fresnel advocated the new theory, and

a memoir published by him in 1819 was crowned by the French Academy of Sciences. But the experiments of Fizeau and Foucault finally settled the conflict. During the last one hundred and fifty years singular success has marked the study of optical phenomena on the supposition of the undulatory theory. Phenomena previously unknown have been investigated and new laws developed. The old theory explained many of the common and obvious facts of light, but was entirely inadequate to account for the remarkable effects revealed by modern observation and experiment. The new theory, on the contrary, offers a satisfactory explanation of all. Hence it has superseded the old hypothesis, and to-day light is regarded as undulations propagated through the universal ether somewhat after the manner in which waves travel through water. This theory predicates the existence of this universal medium, for light takes time to come from the sun to the earth, and hence to explain what has become of it on the journey some medium is required. The nature of the medium is, of course, a deduction from the office it must fulfil, as we have no direct empirical knowledge of it. When considering waves transmitted through a medium it is necessary to bear in mind that the progressive motion that belongs to them is a motion of form merely, not of matter. The waves propagated around a centre when a pebble is dropped in calm water, present an appearance to the eye of the water forming the waves moving outward from the centre of disturbance. This is clearly not the case, as a floating body is not carried forward with the waves as would be the case if the water advanced. Standing by a wheat field on a windy day we see waves chasing each other across the field, and yet we are certain that each stalk does not travel across the field, but merely nods backward and forward on opposite sides of its position of rest. The wavy appearance is due to the repetition of certain series of relative positions taken up by equal sets of stalks, and its propagation is due to the periodic changes in these relative positions, which occur at regular intervals across the field. Thus wave motion is any motion that is periodic in time and space. By such a motion is the energy of the luminous body transmitted through the ether according to our present theory.

The experimentum crucis which proved the emission theory untenable was that of Foucault on the relative velocities of light in air and water. On the corpuscular theory the velocity of light in water is to the velocity of light in air, as 4 is to 3. On the undulatory theory these velocities are as 3 to 4, or, as it is generally put, the refractive index of water is $\frac{4}{3}$. Foucault's experiment showed that the velocity of light in water is less than in air, and hence may be regarded as the successful establishment of the undulatory theory.

Interference experiments had also shown that light was not a substance as the emission theory stated, but that it was, on the contrary, a property of, or a process going on, in some substance. When a beam of light was divided into two, as in the interference experiments of Father Grimaldi, S. J., and Dr. Young, and the beams, after travelling independently for some distance, were re-combined, under certain conditions,

they entirely neutralized each other, and a screen which would be illuminated by each ray separately, would be perfectly black when both beams fell upon it at the same time. The impossibility of two substances placed together, annihilating one another, forced the conclusion that, in this instance, we have two equal and opposite processes in the same medium, which, on combining, produce no result.

These, and similar experiments, satisfactorily explained by the wave-theory, made it popular, and scientific men had accepted it when Faraday began his researches in electricity, to which we referred in the last "Chronicle." Light, according to this theory, required a medium, and Faraday demanded a medium for his lines of force in electro-magnetic induction. Some close relation was suspected to exist between light, electricity and magnetism. The invention of the voltaic battery and Davy's celebrated experiment in producing the electric arc encouraged this suspicion and stimulated inquiry in this direction. Many sought to establish this relation, but it was reserved for Faraday to add a new confirmation of this now general belief. He discovered the rotation of the plane of polarization of light by means of magnetism. "Thus is established," he says, in his reseaches, "a true, direct relation and dependence between light and the magnetic and electric forces, and thus a great addition is made to the facts and considerations which tend to prove that all natural forces are tied together, and have one common origin." Faraday having thus broken the ground, Maxwell, his faithful interpreter, began the construction of a marvellous theory of the connection between light and electricity.

There were those who maintained, as a philosophical principle, the existence of a plenum, and to them the dictum nature abhors a vacuum, was a sufficient reason for the existence of an all-pervading ether. Descartes required a continuous medium between bodies, for extension was the sole essential property of matter, and matter a necessary condition of extension. But ethers had been called into existence, as we say in our last "Chronicle," as electric atmospheres and magnetic effluvia. Every strange phenomenon had to be explained by an ether until there was a surfeit of ethers, making the explanation of the phenomena more obscure than the phenomena themselves.

Here, then, are two classes of physical phenomena requiring media. Both light and electricity require media to explain their simplest facts. Clerk Maxwell was unwilling to multiply media without necessity. After careful study of the nature of the medium required for the phenomena of light and that required for electricity, he concluded that one and the same medium answered for both sets of phenomena. Faraday had hinted at this, for he says, in his "Experimental Researches:" "For my own part, considering the relation of a vacuum to the magnetic force, and the general character of magnetic phenomena external to the magnet, I am much more inclined to the notion that, in the transmission of the force, there is such an action, external to the magnet, than that the effects are merely attraction and repulsion at a distance. Such an action may be a function of the ether,

for it is not unlikely that, if there be an ether, it should have other uses than simply the conveyance of radiation."

From the theory of light, we know that the ether transmits energy, for the radiations carried by this medium, are able to affect our senses and hence to do work. Moreover, this energy is not transmitted instantaneously through the medium, but exists for some time in it. Now, according to the undulatory theory, this energy exists in the medium, partly as potential, partly as kinetic energy. The former is stored up in the distortion of portions of the medium; the latter, in the motion of the medium. Hence, the ether must be both elastic and dense.

Electric energy is of two kinds, electro-static and electro-dynamic. The former is supposed to depend on that property of the medium, in virtue of which an electro-motive force is set up by an electric displacement in the medium. Electro-dynamic energy, on the other hand, is that due to motion in the medium, started by currents and magnets. Hence, similar properties of elasticity and density would be required for the electrical medium. Maxwell demonstrated mathematically that the properties of the medium required to transmit electro-magnetic action are identical with those of the luminiferous ether. Hence he identified the media. But he did not stop here; but, with a sort of intuition characteristic of great genius, he made a grand generalization; passing from the identity of the medium to the identity of the phenomena, he stated that light itself is an electro-magnetic phenomenon. This was not, however, a step in the darkness, but showed a keen, intellectual vision capable of detecting, with the faint glimmer of light cast by preceding experiment, the secrets of hitherto unknown regions of nature.

There were criteria on which Maxwell relied for the confirmation of his theory. The velocity with which an electro-magnetic wave is propagated through the ether, is found to agree well with the velocity of light. The former is determined by the ratio of the electro-magnetic to the electro-static unit of quantity. This velocity, determined from different sets of data, does not differ more from the velocity of light than do the different figures given for the latter by various experiments differ among themselves. So that, practically, the velocity of an electro-magnetic disturbance and that of light are the same. This agreement in speed of propagation, added to the similarity of properties in medium, demanded by both sets of phenomena, strengthens Maxwell's position. This velocity is, of course, the velocity of both waves in air. But Boltzmann has found that this accuracy holds for the velocity of the same undulations in a number of other gases which he has examined.

Other transparent media, however, exhibit a greater divergence in this respect. The speed of electrical radiation is not the same for all media. It depends on two elements, the electrical elasticity and the ethereal density of the substance. In other words, it is equal to the reciprocal of the geometric mean of its specific inductive capacity and its magnetic permeability. These values are not determined absolutely but they are often measured relatively to air. It is also easy to determine the velocity of light in any substance in comparison with its

velocity in air. This is simply the determination of the refractive index for the substance in question. The reciprocal of the index of refraction is, therefore, the relative velocity of light. Hence, if the electrical theory of light is true, we should find that the square of the index of refraction of any transparent substance is equal to the product of its electro-static and magnetic capacities. There are some substances for which this is found practically to be the case. But there are others which are exceptions. These difficulties, however, may be due to the fact that we are no longer dealing with ether in free space but with ether weighted with ordinary gross matter. Therefore, it is natural to suppose that the ether thus hampered, will not treat the large waves of electrical oscillations in the same way as it treats the small light waves. In fact, we know that the same transparent medium will refract differently the small waves of violet light and the larger waves of red light. Moreover as we have been able to reduce the size of electrical oscillations, the approximation is closer.

Another point, on which the confirmation of the theory depends, is that, in non-conductors the disturbances should consist of electric displacements, but in conductors it should give rise to both electric displacements and electric currents, due to the absorption of the undulations by the medium. In fact, dielectrics should be transparent and conductors opaque. Ordinary experience confirms this to a great extent. Metals are the very best conductors and, at the same time, are the most opaque substances known. Glass and crystals are transparent, and good insulators, and Professor Graham Bell has shown that ebonite which, to ordinary vision, is an opaque insulator, is undoubtedly transparent to some kinds of radiation. On such criteria Maxwell rested the confirmation of his theory. He published his theory in 1865 and, although from his mathematical investigations and clear insight into the secrets of nature, he was convinced of its truth, still it awaited experimental confirmation.

OLEOMARGARINE.

The chemists having analyzed butter and determined the various bodies which form it, and the proportion in which they are found, reversed the operation and formed an artificial butter, called oleomargarine. It was in 1867 that this important advance in industrial chemistry was made by the discovery of Mège Mouries of a process for the manufacture from the hitherto waste products from the large slaughter-houses, of an artificial butter. His experiments were undertaken at the Imperial Farm at Vincennes under the direction of the French government. In 1870 a factory for the manufacture of this butter was in operation near Paris. In 1872 the new product was admitted as an article of trade, on condition that it would not be sold as genuine butter. It was patented in England in 1869 and in this country in 1873. Its manufacture has steadily increased, and to-day it is a widely circulated product, evoking much legislation.

Oleomargarine is simply a mixture of natural fats, which makes an agreeable and healthful food. The difference between oleomargarine and butter is, that the latter contains a small percentage of flavoring substances, which are almost entirely absent from oleo. Ninety per cent. of butter consists of substances which are constituents of oleomargarine, and each one of the fats forming oleo is used separately as a food and is recognized as wholesome.

In the manufacture of oleomargarine, as carried on in this country, the following ingredients are employed: Oleo oil, neutral lard, some vegetable oil, as cotton-seed oil, butter, cream, milk, salt, and some coloring-matter, as annotta. In very few of the factories from which the furnished product is put on the market, is the oleo oil or neutral lard manufactured, and none of them manufacture the vegetable oils used in the lower grades of oleomargarine. All these substances are now commercial products.

Oleo oil is manufactured in connection with large slaughter-houses, where every effort is made to prevent the waste of any portion of the cattle slaughtered. The caul and suet fats are taken from freshly slaughtered beeves and put into large tanks containing water kept at a temperature from 75° to 85° F. Here the fat is left for two or three hours, after which it is transferred to tanks containing ice-water. The object of this change is to remove all animal heat and thus prevent souring, which occurs when the fat is placed at once in ice-water. The caul and suet fats are kept separate, as the latter yields an inferior grade of oil. After the chilling the fat is thoroughly washed to remove all blood, and is then transferred to another room, where it is fed into choppers, from which it enters through fine sieves into rendering tanks. These tanks are steam-jacketed kettles, capable of holding from 2000 to 5000 pounds. They are fitted with revolving blades, which are set in motion as the fat is fed into the kettles. The steam is also turned on in the jacket, and when the tank is filled with thoroughly melted fat, the stirrer is removed and the fat allowed to settle at a temperature of about 140° F. The clear fat is then drawn off from the top and run into what are known as graining or seeding-cars, in which it is removed to a room kept at a temperature of about 90° F. Here it is chilled. In cooling, the fat solidifies, and after a couple of days the whole mass will be in a semi-solid condition. Thence it is removed to the press-room, where the temperature is about 75° F. Ladled out into stout linen cloths folded around it in the shape of rough bags, it is subjected to pressure in a screw-press. The oil thus expressed is the oleo oil. While still hot it is run into barrels and allowed to cool. The solid fat remaining in the bags is the oleo stearine used to make refined lard by the addition of cotton-seed oil, or sold to the soap or candle-maker.

Neutral lard is made by precisely the same process from the leaf-fat of freshly slaughtered hogs. In both processes the greatest cleanliness is observed. Only fresh and sweet fats are employed, and all the tanks and machinery that comes in contact with the oil are thoroughly cleaned before use, for a small amount of fat, if allowed to adhere to the apparatus will decompose in such a way as to destroy the succeeding charge of fat.

The vegetable oil is generally prepared by crushing the seed or by extracting it by some solvent. It is then refined, principally to remove coloring-matter. The oleo oil, the neutral lard and the vegetable oil, being commercial products, are rarely made at the oleomargarine factory. It is here that these different materials are combined into the artificial butter in the following way: The churns employed are steam-jacketed, and have a capacity of from 1000 to 2000 pounds. A charge of slightly soured milk or cream is first run in, and the paddles are revolved until the butter begins to form. Then a charge of melted oleo oil is added and stirred. When this is well incorporated, as the oleo oil is of a granular character, the softer and smoother neutral lard or vegetable oil is added to give it the consistency of butter. A quantity of good butter direct from a creamery is either added immediately or worked into the oleomargarine afterwards. Lastly, the annotta is added to give the desired butter-color. All these ingredients are carefully incorporated at well-regulated temperatures. Beginning with a temperature of about 85° F., it is gradually increased to a 105° F., when the whole mass has the appearance of a yellow, creamy fluid. When it has been sufficiently churned to incorporate the ingredients, it is run into chopped ice or ice-water to give it a fine grain by sudden chilling. It is then placed on wooden trays to drain. Here salt is added and allowed to work itself into the mass. After this the oleo is worked by mechanical rollers and packed as butter is in ordinary creameries. The whole process is most clean, and there is very little manual handling of the materials. In fact, the whole process is much cleaner than that by which large quantities of the butter in the market is made. Dirty milkmen allow the drip from their dirty hands to fall into the milk. Wooden pails very carelessly rinsed with cold water, instead of tin pails carefully scalded with hot water, are employed to hold the milk. Sour strainers are frequently employed, and the milk is kept in foul cellars. This, of course, does not happen where butter is manufactured on a large scale, but where one or two cows are kept and the butter is salted down until the tub is full. In this latter case the lower layers of butter often become rancid before it is delivered in market, and we have an inferior article against which oleomargarine competes very favorably. In fact, oleomargarine does not decompose as readily as butter, as it contains fewer volatile fats. For purposes of food it is wholesome, nutritious and fully equal to butter in food value, and in keeping up the natural warmth of the body. This is the opinion of the most able scientists in the country, given after a thorough examination of the subject. Professor C. F. Chandler, of Columbia College, writes: "It is quite as valuable as the butter from the cow. The product is palatable and wholesome, and I regard it as a most valuable article of food." Prof. Henry Morton, of Stevens' Institute, says: "I am able to say, with confidence, that it contains nothing whatever which is injurious as an article of diet, but on the contrary is essentially identical with the best fresh butter, and is superior to much of the butter made from cream alone, which is found in the market. The conditions of its manufacture involve a degree of cleanliness and consequent purity

in the product such as are by no means necessarily or generally attained in the ordinary making of butter from cream." Prof. G. F. Parker, of the University of Pennsylvania, says it is "quite as valuable as a nutritive agent as butter itself. It is perfectly wholesome, and is desirable as an article of food." Many others could be quoted who write of it in the same strain. Its place in trade is not to do away with good butter, but to do away with the inferior grades which are sold to the poor man, by giving him a cheaper and more wholesome substitute. It is strange that there should be so much adverse legislation to such a product, and a tax which increases the price of this valuable article. The latest opposition to oleomargarine comes in the shape of an objection on the part of dairymen to the use of annotta as a coloring-matter for oleo. But he does the same himself. In order to make a dry-feed winter butter look like a grass-fed June product, he adds a solution of annotta in cotton-seed oil, the invention of the oleomargarine manufacturer, and now he would deprive the latter of the use of his invention. Notwithstanding the opposition to oleomargarine and the legislation against it, its manufacture is steadily increasing. From November 1st, 1886, to November 1st, 1889, 101,786,888 pounds were made in this country. These figures show that in spite of the almost prohibitory tax imposed on its manufacture, it has come to stay.

NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

In determining the gross population of the United States from the returns of the 50,000 enumerators employed, electricity played an important part. To form an idea of the way in which the current was employed, picture an operator before a key-board with twenty keys. Connected with these keys and in front of the operator are 21 dials. The operator picks up one of the schedules on which he sees a record of a family of four members. He strikes key number 4, and the hands on two of the dials move forward. The hand on dial 4 moves forward one division showing that there is one family of four members. The hand on dial 21 or the odd dial moves forward four places, showing that four people are registered from that schedule. On machines of this type 50,000 a day have been registered by some operators, and the entire population of the States, 64,000,000, has been twice counted. But a second operation is still more interesting; it is that of classifying a large number of the data recorded on the schedules. The first step in this operation is the preparation of a card corresponding to the data on the schedule for each individual. This is done mechanically by means of an instrument similar to a pantograph. Before the operator is a plate with 240 holes in it. One set of holes is numbered up to 100; this is to record ages; another set corresponds to race division and so on. The operator reads one of the schedules and presses the punch at his end of the pantograph into the hole corresponding to age on the schedule, and a punch at the opposite end of the frame makes a hole in a small card. He then moves his punch to the hole corresponding to the next item on the sched-

ule, and the second punch reproduces the motion of the first and perforates the small card. Hence the disposition of the apertures in the small card corresponds exactly with that of the holes in the plate, and an expert operator could read the record on the card from the position of the holes. This is, however, unnecessary, as they are only employed for registering results automatically. For this purpose the cards are placed over mercury cups and above the card is a frame holding wires in the positions corresponding to possible perforations in the card. When the frame is lowered by a handle the wires above openings in the card pass through and complete the circuit with the mercury, and the indices of the corresponding dials advance one point.

These contrivances are the invention of Mr. Herman Hollerith, of Washington, D. C. By their means all the names were counted twice in six weeks. Perhaps no other census was ever completed so accurately and so early.

THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

About thirty miles north of New York city the Croton watershed is located. It has a catchment area of a little over 361 square miles. Its yearly rainfall, determined from meteorological observations extending over a period of seventeen years, is almost 46 inches. The average yearly flow of water is 135,400,000,000 gallons, making a daily flow of 371,000,000 gallons. Hence the computed minimum supply of the Croton watershed is placed at 250,000,000 gallons per day. To carry this supply to the city led to the construction of the aqueduct lately completed.

The first step in the proposed plan was to collect and store the water of the Croton watershed. This was done by building a large dam on the Croton river near Quaker Bridge, about four and a half miles above the mouth of the river. By this means a reservoir of 3635 acres in area is formed, which is capable of holding about 32,000,000,000 gallons. This dam will receive the entire drainage of the watershed. The plan adopted to convey the water thus stored at Croton reservoir was by means of a single tunnel to the city. As this conduit is almost wholly a rock tunnel it is a strong and stable structure, which will cost little for maintenance after completion. The length of the tunnel from the gate-house at 135th street to Croton Lake is $30\frac{3}{4}$ miles. From 135th street to the reservoir at Central Park the water is carried in pipes, making the entire length of the aqueduct $33\frac{1}{8}$ miles. For facility in blasting the circular cross-section was abandoned and a horseshoe-shape adopted, retaining, however, the sectional area. The average depth of the tunnel underground is 170 feet. The greatest depth of shaft from the surface is 350 feet, the least depth 28 feet. On reaching Gould Swamp the tunnel was sunk on an incline of 15° to a depth of 60 feet below the main tunnel and carried below the swamp at that level a distance of 716 feet, rising on the opposite side by a vertical shaft to the level of the main tunnel. When the tunnel reaches the Harlem river there is a vertical descent of

169 feet made in order to pass beneath the river. From this siphon the water is delivered to the gate-house at 135th street, and thence it is carried by twelve lines of iron pipe 3 feet in diameter to the reservoir in Central Park. The entire tunnel is lined with brick from end to end, forming a wall 16 to 24 inches thick and filled in from brick lining to rock face with rubble masonry. Additional dams are contemplated for the Croton watershed in order to increase the supply.

THE AUGUST SHOWER OF METEORS.

DURING August the astronomer looks for a brilliant meteoric display, and is never disappointed. At this time the earth enters the zone in which these bodies revolve around the sun.

The earth takes about ten days to pass through the cluster which makes it about 16,000,000 miles in thickness. The August display lasts about six hours, and the breadth of the stream where the earth crosses it is estimated at about 400,000 miles.

The first mention made of this August display dates back to July 25, A.D. 811, and the record is complete except in two places, when in all probability there was a failure to record the observations.

In its yearly journey around the sun the earth passes through more than one hundred such meteoric showers. Each stream has its own radiant point and seems to form a distinct system of meteors.

To this same category shooting stars belong. They are isolated and are not seen until they enter our atmosphere. We see them burning. For, entering our atmosphere with an enormous velocity, the friction due to the resistance of the air generates heat sufficient to make them red hot, and they burn away in two or three seconds. Computing the effects of the different forces that impart motion to a meteorite their velocity in reaching our atmosphere is probably 75 miles per second. Both meteorites and shooting stars move in long orbits and incline at different angles to the earth's orbit. Frequently, shooting stars are so large that they are not consumed before reaching the earth and fall as aerolites.

LIGHTNING-RODS.

ACCORDING to old notions, the lightning-rod was simply a channel to carry safely an amount of electrical fluid from the clouds to the earth. Hence, the larger the channel, the better. Therefore, there was a tendency to increase the sectional area of lightning-conductors. But, yet, with this increase it was found that the electricity would still escape from the rod and wander around buildings in the most marvellous and sometimes destructive manner. Such conduct, on the part of the electricity, was generally attributed to the faulty construction of the conductor. We have, however, to seek a cause more intimately connected with the nature of the electric discharge. Dr. Oliver Lodge, in study-

ing the character of the Leyden-jar discharge, found that it was not a single discharge, but a series of discharges in alternate directions. He connected the opposite coatings through a wire wound around a polarizing crystal and found that, on discharging the jar, the plane of polarization was turned alternately to the right and to the left, thus showing the alternating character of the discharge.

In the case of lightning, we have nothing but the discharge of a mammoth Leyden jar. The coatings are the earth and cloud, and the separating dielectric the air. According to former ideas, we looked to the cloud and earth, as containing the great stores of electric energy, but simple experiments have taught us that this is not the case. The coatings of a Leyden jar may be removed and handled so as to remove any electricity that may be on them. In touching them we perceive nothing, but returning them to their places in the jar and connecting them, the discharge takes place as if they had not been stirred. This shows that all that energy was not in the metal-coatings, but in the strained condition of the glass-dielectric that separated them. So, too, with the clouds and the earth; the energy of the electric discharge is to be sought for in the strained condition of the intervening non-conductor.

In the electric discharge, all this energy must be dissipated, but it may be very imprudent to do it too suddenly, or a large conductor may not be the best means of dissipating it. The oscillating character of the discharge is due to the fact that, in releasing this strain, there is a simple, harmonic motion started, a surging backward and forward, much the same as that which occurs when a pendulum is drawn from the vertical position and allowed to fall freely. It does not stop at its normal position of rest, but rises on the opposite side, oscillating until its energy is all spent. This may be expressed in the case of the cloud and the earth by saying that a cloud, at first positive, overdischarges itself and becomes negative; then follows a series of discharges and overdischarges until all the energy is dissipated. If, then, the conductor be large, the amplitude of swing at the start will be very great and the conductor will fail to direct the release of such an amount of energy, and other parts of the building will become lines along which this energy will be dissipated, and sometimes to a dangerous extent. In fact, a large conductor practically increases the danger by increasing the time and violence of the discharge. How, then, are we to protect our buildings? Certainly, the most effective way is the cage-system; for, any building, covered by a wire cage having no conductor within which is not in contact with the outside cage, is proof against all danger. For, the cage offers a sufficient number of lines along which the energy of the dielectric may be released. This is, however, not practical for ordinary building and the closest approximation to it is, undoubtedly, the surest protection. Wires should be run along all the prominent parts of the building and be well grounded. Four wires should be run along the chimney-corners and be joined at intervals by metal hoops. Wires of moderate thickness, sufficient to prevent fusion by the current, will serve as the conductor. Iron is the material of which the wire should be made. For-

merly, copper was required, because it was a better conductor, but there is no special advantage in high conductivity. In fact, some resistance in the conductor is necessary for the best lightning-rod, so that a thin iron wire is as good as a thick copper rod. It tends to dampen the vibrations sooner, and a side-flash is less liable to occur from a thin iron wire than from a thick, copper rod. Of course, the wire must not be too fine, for the current would soon melt it, or it would soon deteriorate on account of the heating of its surface. For the sudden currents due to the discharge, keep to the outer surface of the conductor and the wire must be thick to resist deterioration from chemical processes in the atmosphere, rather than for any special advantage it gains as a lightning-protector. There is no special advantage gained by the use of platinum points. They do not begin to do effective work until they are fused and blunt, and then blunt-iron points would do as well. Sharp points begin to act at low potentials, it is true, but the amount of electricity they carry off is trivial and useless, when there is question of a thunder-cloud.

Thus, protection from lightning is, from modern experiment, rendered more secure and can be had for a smaller expenditure. Galvanized iron-wire is, it is true, not very durable in towns where large quantities of coal is burned. But chemists may now invent some durable coating, since electricians have shown that the problem is a chemical, not an electrical, one.

MICROBES.

Fifty years have not yet passed since microbes first began to be associated with different diseases, and every known disease is supposed to have its characteristic microbe, which is slowly but surely sapping the foundations of life. This universal assigning of some special organism for each particular disease is the work of the last twenty years. We owe it more to the labors of the microscopist than to the chemist. Probably physicians have been more engaged with the study of parasitic disease, during the last few years, than with any other subject. There are wild enthusiasts, of course, to push it too far and attempt to explain every ill that man is heir to by a germ. Excepting these, it is still doubtful whether there will not be a reaction in favor of some of the older notions.

What are these microbes or bacteria? They resemble slender rods about one-three-thousandth of an inch long and the one-twenty-thousandth of an inch in diameter. In form all bacteria closely resemble one another, but differ much in their motion. Hence they have been classified as Vibrones, or those having a wave-like motion; Oscillariæ, or those having oscillating motion, etc. Before multiplying, the bacterium becomes motionless and soon after encysted, forming around itself a gelatinous wall, which entirely encloses the original bacterium. Then the whole mass divides into granules, which swell and finally break through the gelatinous covering, and thus become free, each to begin again the process of multiplication.

Bacteria are found everywhere. In the air we breathe, in the water and milk we drink, and in the food we eat. The saltpetre beds of India and Peru are produced by bacteria, which reduce the organic matter of the soil to nitrates which combine with potash or soda. No department of life is free from them. Such is the testimony of those competent to judge in the matter. This is liable to make some persons nervous. But we must know that many of these little organisms are harmless, and others are known to do useful work. The bacillus Leptothrix buccalis, always present in the saliva, is harmless, while many others aid materially in the process of digestion, converting albuminoids into peptones. It is true that our knowledge of bacteria is in its infancy, and the main point in the germ theory still remains unsettled. Are the microbes the cause of the disease, or are they an effect? If the latter is the case, then the germ theory is not attacking the root of the malady, and less enthusiasm will be shown in the now all-absorbing medical topic of the day. Bacteria may excite a series of chemical changes in the tissue-cells, but not until vitality and normal resistance are impaired. And it remains uncertain whether the phenomena incident to the growth and development of the microbe result from the microbes themselves or from the poisons generated by their growth and by the destruction of the tissue-cells. It is held by some that cholera may be much better explained by ptomaine poisoning than by the common bacillus. It is also held by many that sterilized fluids have been found to produce the same result when thrown into the blood as when they contained the living microbe. It has also been found that injecting solutions, in which bacteria have been destroyed, animals were rendered proof against inoculation by the corresponding microbe. This seems to show, as many suspect, that there is some special chemical substance which prevents the development of the germ. All endeavors, however, to discover this special substance, if it exist, have failed to detect it. Mr. Hankin, in the *British Medical Journal*, claims to have extracted from anthrax culture fluid an albumose which, in certain cases, gives this protective influence. In a special case Dr. Klein boiled an infusion full of bacilli; sterile test-tubes inoculated with this were alive with bacilli in forty-eight hours, but no amount would produce the inflammation characteristic of these bacilli. This, too, seems to show that the heat had destroyed the noxious principle, and that the inflammation was not due to the bacilli themselves. Experiments have also shown that bacteria which have no effect on healthy animals develop disease and grow in animals in which the organism is slightly deranged. These facts, together with many others, seem sufficient in the minds of many able scientists to direct the attention to more potent factors in disease than the microbes. The presence of these animalculæ does not seem to be satisfactorily accounted for, and it is probable that instead of causing epidemic and infectious diseases, they are only scavengers feeding on deranged organism. Hence, in the present condition, it is certainly as wise to study the field in which the microbe is cultivated as to devote all attention to the microbe itself.

The most ardent supporters of the germ theory admit the necessity and

influence of conditions that the bacilli may thrive. Hence, it is said that the great benefit of nitrate of silver in purulent inflammation of mucous surfaces is due to the fact that it destroys the weak superficial cells which the bacteria would invade, and in which they would thrive. In fact, many of the antiseptics in use injure the tissue-cell as much as they do the microbe, and to this their efficiency may be due. Hence, it seems much more rational to secure a healthy condition of the organism, that the bacilli may not find there their proper sustenance.

At present, attention is directed to the bacillus tuberculosis, which is supposed to be the sole cause of consumption. The tubercle bacilli are short rods, about one-half as long as red blood-corpuscles, and about one-tenth as broad as they are long. They are usually curved or comma-shaped. They were first described by Koch in 1882. They are found in all the tuberculous lesions and in the fluids which come from the diseased parts, as well as in the sputum from tuberculous lungs. They may enter the body in many ways. When taken in by ordinary respiration the lungs are primarily attacked. From the lungs the bacilli are easily carried to other parts of the body. They are conveyed with the sputum along the bronchi and trachea, and whenever the sputum comes in contact with mucous surfaces there is danger of infection. They may also be introduced into the system by food.

According to the germ theory, the malady is due to the microbe, and although the parasite does not live outside of the body, the spores are able to overcome, for a time, conditions unfavorable to their development. The disease is infectious, and hence precautions must be taken to prevent its spread. The sputum of patients suffering from this disease should be carefully disinfected. All the cloths and handkerchiefs used by them should be placed in a solution of bichloride of mercury before washing. The patient should not sleep in the same room with others. Infants should not be nursed by mothers infected by the disease, and a number of other precautions are to be taken to check the spread of the disease.

But if the germ is not the cause of the disease many of these precautions are unnecessary. There are many who claim that the microbe in this particular case is not the cause but the effect. Some of the reasons on which they base their conclusions are, that in a large number of cases no bacilli have been found. In other cases they were found near but not in tubercle deposits. If the bacillus is the cause, inoculations of pure cultures should produce tubercular disease, which is not always the case.

Hence, in this case, as in all cases considered by the germ theory, the main point is not yet proved, namely, that the bacilli cause the disease. If established, and the labors of the workers in this field deserve to meet with success, medicine will be a very simple science. All we will have to do is to recognize the germ generating each disease and know the means of destroying it.

Book Notices.

AN ESSAY CONTRIBUTING TO A PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE. By *Brother Azarias*, of The Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York, 1890. P. O'Shea. Sixth edition. Revised and enlarged.

AN "Essay," Brother Azarias modestly calls this thoughtful, happily conceived and admirably written book. Like all the learned brother's work, this essay is as practical in aim as it is artistic in form; serious, and yet fresh, lively; erudite in an agreeable fashion; filled with original ideas, suggestive, helpful to sound thinking, not on literature alone, but likewise on religion, philosophy and art. If we have a fault to find with the "Essay," it is that there is not enough of it. There are several chapters which might well be expanded. The book has grown as it passed from a first to a sixth edition. When we take up the twelfth edition—and we hope to do this before long—we shall expect to find the essay considerably enlarged.

What a world of poetasters, historians, editors, reviewers, critics, play-writers, novelists—short and long—is this world we live in! And, of the crowd that makes literature a profession, how many are inspired with the idea of ennobling man's nature, and of lifting him upward—towards God? Few, indeed; and yet, if Brother Azarias be right, only those who are moved by this idea have a true conception of the mission of literature. The educated Catholic will unhesitatingly accept the proposition of the author of the Essay, but he addresses a larger audience—all those who believe in a God and in a Divine Revelation. There are Christians who, practically, hold views wholly opposed to those supported by Brother Azarias. By argument, and by illustration, he establishes the truth of his position and the falsity of meaner schools. Doing this, he discusses the fundamental principles of all true art, criticizes periods, analyzes the works of the masters, and studies the causes of progress and decay. We may differ with the writer here and there as to definitions, as to the value of certain details, as to the law of literary epochs, as to the measure of the influence on literature and on society, of certain ideas and of certain artists; but we cannot resist the force of his argument, and we must acknowledge the variety and the worth of his acquirements. To this variety it is that we owe our occasional difference with the gifted Brother. He does not present facts or opinions in the ponderous, text-book fashion. He invites you to have reasonable opinions of your own; he awakens your memory of history, your memory of all the classics, pagan and Christian; your memory of literary compositions of every order. On every page he puts your judgment, your taste, your literary theories, to the test. To the humdrum mind, to the dull formulator of traditional theorems, to the philosopher of one book, Brother Azarias will not appeal, could not appeal. Quick-minded himself, he deliberately aims to quicken other minds. Independent in his judgment, he seeks to cultivate independence in others. Sure of his fundamental principles, he seeks to make you positive in these. They are important, not because he tells you so, authoritatively, but because reason and history, again and again, enforce their value.

Having considered the function of literature, the origin of literature, the influence of language on literature, the relation of literature to

architecture. the agencies that influenced literature in the pre-Christian East and West, Brother Azarias emphasizes the influence of Christianity —the central fact of civilization—on the thought, language and art of mankind. The best of pagan literature came out of schools of so-called philosophy whose tenets made the nearest approach to our conception of the true, the good, the beautiful. The coming of the God-Man, of the Word made flesh, what an impulse that was to every art of mere men! Under that impulse how little men have done, great as they have done! Discussing the pagan literature, Brother Azarias has written for scholars; and here his work could be and should be expanded in the interest of students. He has the material at hand, and here, or elsewhere, he could do good service by elaborating it, not as history, not as criticism, but as a division helping to a clearer exposition of the subject he so ably handles in his book.

From the doctrines of the Saviour, the sacrifice of the Son of Man, the enfleshing of the Word, and the infusion of the Spirit, all the thought and doings of mankind assumed a new form. Society was, almost contemporaneously, welded into new political shapes. The influence of the Christian ideals on the literature of the first ten centuries Brother Azarias summarizes hastily, with knowledge and insight, and often with the truest of sentiment. He knows and loves St. Augustine and who is there that does not love the zealous teacher, who had all the knowledge of all the schools, art unequalled in his time, an experience of men that made him a master of the soul, and a love of God as humble as it was burning? We would tarry here with the appreciative Brother, but he has fixed his goal. He wishes to hasten us on the way to our own century; he is more than all interested in the present. It is from our contemporaries that we shall best learn what to avoid and what to do.

In a chapter on the "Renaissance" we find Brother Azarias insisting on a fact of the utmost importance in the history of the development of mankind. The revival of letters does not date from the fall of Constantinople. The history of literature is not, cannot be, a record of sudden illuminations and of sudden extinguishments. Each century rejects something of the past and adds something of the present. The tradition of the best always survives. The cultivation of letters did not cease in any age, nor did the cultivation of the arts. The revival of painting does not date from Cinabue, nor that of literature from the day on which the word-mongering Greeks set up as teachers in Florence and Rome. We have still much to learn of the development of thought and of literature between the fifth and the eleventh centuries. As we learn, the theory to which many have pinned their faith will slowly, surely, fade away into a becoming obscurity.

To the influence of the "Reformation" on literature, Brother Azarias gives a large space. The much-vaunted spirit of rationalism, which is the spirit of Protestantism, has indeed been a blighting spirit. 'It could not inspire a literary master-piece.' 'Negation is not productive.' 'It is ruinous to thought.' Where you find a philosopher, poet, essayist, with high thought, be sure that he has sacrificed the principles of Protestantism and adopted those of the true Church. This thesis Bro. Azarias argues and illustrates in the happiest and most convincing manner. Nor is he less happy, less thorough, or less instructive, in the several chapters in which he discusses the later rationalistic philosophies, their teachings, their errors, and the positive injury they have done to thought and to literature. Through his crucible he passes Comtism, Evolutionism, Hegelism, Pessimism. Comparing the mean ideals that flow from these absurd and contradictory systems, with the noble ideals

of Christianity, Brother Azarias brings out strongly the intellectual weakness, impotence, of all the schools that seek light in darkness. There is but one true light—the Light of the World. He it is who vivifies poet, historian, painter, sculptor, philosopher. Where he is not humbly acknowledged, there can be no vigorous, healthful life, no elevation of soul, no true conception of beauty, no great work.

In Part II. of the "Essay Contributing to a Philosophy of Literature," Brother Azarias treats of the beautiful in literature, of the conservative principle of literature, and of the religious basis of literature. His chapter on religion and literature is one of the best in this very good book. The tendency of the age is, indeed, to do without religion, without God. In literature this tendency is strongly marked. The sensual is more and more honored, worshipped; the spiritual is more and more despised. Art has been divorced from its Maker. Art is a god unto itself. The effect of this irreligious tendency, of this false view of art, is sadly apparent in literature. Our Catholic writers cannot insist too much on the great principles that Brother Azarias eloquently sets forth in the last chapter of the second part. Only in the Church can the traditions of great literature be found. To her we must look for the correction of the evil that threatens our art as well as our thought. Among her children should true literature be fostered lovingly, generously, for the sake of humanity, of civilization, of salvation. All great ideas come from above. The closer our communion with the Deity the clearer will be our intellect, the higher our aspiration, the nobler our thought, the more intense our endeavor. Neither book-rules, nor wide reading, nor the cultivation of the senses, make the artist or the thinker. "That is a shallow view of man that would limit his education to the cultivation of imagination and sensibility. Beneath the delicate nerve, the exquisite taste, the refined sentiment, will lie whole wastes of human nature, giving out briars and thorns; will smoulder unchecked the fires of passion; and it will require but the occasion to make of the one so educated a moral wreck."

In the three chapters on "Practice," with which the "Essay" closes, we recognize the trained educator, and the writer of experience. What is the secret of the artist? Hard work. "For the literary man is it true, as for the mechanic, that he must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow." What is genius? "Eternal patience." What is originality? "It consists not so much in saying something that nobody ever before said, as in moulding an idea into shape, and giving it a hue that stamps it as characteristic." Would you be a literary artist? Please, then, to learn how to handle the tools. After that, beat, hammer, mould the language. No tricks! Be true, always! Admirable principles, and admirably expressed!

Remember, now, that you are not a mere workman; you are a teacher, a moralist. Before you begin your poem, play, history, essay, you have two questions to answer: "Are the consequences of this work to be for good, or for evil? Is there anything here that I would regret in after-life, anything that I would wish to recall on my death-bed?" If you would lift your work to a higher plane, you will begin with a fixed determination that, by your work, some man, or men, "shall be made the better for the reading of it." We are tempted to gather words of wisdom from every page of the chapters on literary morality and on literary criticism; but doing this, we should be fair neither to the writer, nor to his readers. Professors, as well as students, in and out of school, will find food for serious thought in the essay on "Practice."

Brother Azarias deserves greater encouragement than he has received. It is true that this book has reached a sixth edition; but it has been

before the public for sixteen years. The sixth edition has benefited by these sixteen years of study and of practice. To an earnest writer we owe more than we have heretofore given. We have more incompetent critics than we have capable teachers. It is so much easier to find fault than it is to acquire knowledge and skill. A liberal education which does not make a liberal man, is a wasted education. A liberal man is one who is liberal in the patronage of studious work, as well as liberal in his judgment of men and affairs. Thus far the American Catholic writer has not run any risk of being spoiled by the patronage of the men of liberal education Indeed, we sometimes wonder how he has borne up against the prevalent neglect. In the case of a scholarly writer like Brother Azarias, who long ago won the praise of our best thinkers, we may hope that his latest edition, of the "Essay Contributing to a Philosophy of Literature," will be circulated widely. With success, we are certain that he will be led to develop his subject more at length. The book is good; it is timely; we needed it. It will be even better, if Catholics encourage the writer as they should.

La Reforme Sociale, Et Le Centenaire de la Revolution. Travaux Du Congres Tenu en 1889 Par La Societe D'Économie Sociale Et Les Unions De La Paix Sociale Fondees Par F. Le Play. Paris: Bureaux De La Réforme Sociale, 174 Boulevard Saint Germaine. 1890.

The French Exhibition of 1889 was an official tribute to 1789. Does France owe a debt to the Revolution? In the admirable work whose title we have set forth above, this question is answered again and again in the negative. The answer is not rhetorical, it is scientific. The Society of Social Economy and the Unions of Social Peace, held a Congress in June of last year during the Exhibition. At this Congress the social movement of the century was thoroughly, dispassionately, and learnedly discussed. The results of that discussion are presented in this well printed volume of eight hundred pages. The Revolution was necessarily put at the bar of experience, and convicted itself. Ignorance, political chicanery, passion, false enthusiasm, have combined to glorify the principles and the political acts of 1789. How false were these principles, how fruitless these acts, is here plainly shown. The theories of impracticable dreamers, and the doings of zealots, cannot stand the test of time and experience.

M. Taine in an introduction to "La Réforme Sociale et le Centenaire de le Révolution," says that, though politicians and charlatans may still make use of Rousseau's axioms, they are, in the estimation of thinkers, only a scholastic curiosity and a puerile combination of abstract terms, without any relation to real things. Unfortunately the "majority of thinking men" is a minority in most communities, and vast numbers of unthinking men are still at the mercy of the politician and the charlatan. As a help to thinkers, and to the unthinking, the studies of M.M. Focillon, Mazel, Boyenvals, Taine, Hubert-Valleroux and Babeau, cannot be too strongly commended. The great principles of 1789, were: the original perfection of man; the infallibility of the human conscience; the absolute equality of men. Without any foundation in reason, or in the experience of mankind, the acceptance of these principles has only retarded the march of progress. Still there has been progress in France during the century. "Yes," says M. Leroy Beaulieu, "but it is to steam that we owe the material progress we have had and not to the Revolution. That failed absolutely; it was a complete deception."

The popular notion that the Revolution conferred immeasurable benefits on France, is the result not merely of a limited acquaintance with

the social movement of this century, but also of the common misrepresentation of the facts of history, before and at the Revolution. M. Taine has recently been undoing much of the false, the slipshod, the prejudiced work of the past. After a time we shall have a critical history of the old *régime* and of the Revolution. In this volume there are many studies of the two periods; studies that will serve to correct unfounded impressions. One of the most instructive of these studies deals with "Life in the Bastille." In a short space, M. Funck-Brentano has given a sketch of the history and of the administration of the famous prison, whose name is, in many minds, associated with the idea of monstrous kingly tyranny. Yearly, party leaders celebrate the destruction of the Bastille. After reading M. Funck-Brentano's sketch, the reader who is not a politician will wonder more than ever what the annual celebration means. The worst that can be said of the old jail is that it was a very comfortable jail. The daily bill of fare makes an unjailed man's mouth water. The Bastille was not offered up on the altar of human rights. It was sacrificed to ignorance and to malice.

Some men imagine that before the so-called Reformation this was a very ignorant world, and many Americans as well as Frenchmen imagine that the French people were deprived of any right means of education before the Revolution of 1789. MM. Cazajeux, Vignancourt and Siloy, have, documents in hand, helped to put an end to this later myth. To destroy is not to renew; still less is it to improve. Church and State had established a system of popular education in France, which, if it had been allowed to develop naturally, would have assured a better, and sounder, and less costly system than that which now exists. 1789 marks not the beginning of a period of progress in education, but it marks the beginning of a decline. In the careful studies to which we have referred, readers will find the facts; and the facts contradict the popular theory.

M. Leroy Beaulieu states the truth when he credits the material progress of France during the past century to steam; but there have been other forces at work, moral forces, which have added to the prosperity of all the citizens, and have done this by moral means. Leaving aside the Church, we can count among these forces the associations of practical and patriotic men which have devoted themselves to the spread of economic truths, and to the reorganization of society on the principles of Christianity. And of these honorable associations none deserve more credit than the Society of Social Economy, and the Unions of Social Peace, formed on the lines laid down by the eminent Le Play. Some of the most useful chapters of this book are those in which an account is given of the Society's exhibits in the department of Social Economy of the Paris Exposition. How encouraging it would be, could we look forward to a like exhibit at our Columbus Exposition.

The French exhibit becomes doubly valuable when we study it in the light thrown upon it by the papers read at the Congress. In these papers the most important questions of social economy are dealt with scientifically; the question of public and private charity, of corporations past and present, of trades-unions, of Sunday-rest, of the liberty of labor, of landed property, the right of succession, rural life, seduction—to mention only a few of the practical subjects here considered. And all this serious work is a tribute, not to the French Revolution, but to an anti-revolutionist, F. Le Play; a man, whose patient, disinterested efforts in the study of social ills and the cause of social peace deserve more general attention than they have hitherto received. M. Claudio Jannet, a disciple, who is in no wise inferior to his acknowledged master, ably reviews the influence of Le Play's work on the contemporary social

movement. In the peaceful discussion of the social question, Le Play sought to avoid the political and religious questions that divide society. A firm advocate of the liberty of labor, he saw that, under the new rule of liberty, the employer's obligations were as exacting as under the old class and corporation system. And his great aim in life was to create a body of workmen, with a just sense of liberty, and a body of employers, with a just sense of the duty of wealth. And one of the first duties of the employer, according to Le Play, was to set an example of morality, of religion, to those who were under him. Without this general example, there could be, he claimed, no reform. He believed that the attempt to abolish classes, was vain ; for society could not exist without, at least, classes of employers—*responsible* classes ; each class according to its gains. M. Claudio Jannet testifies to the progress of French employers, under the influence of Le Play's ideas. It is a progress worth noting ; for Le Play's system was founded on the Decalogue and on the Christian idea. There are very good Christians in the United States, who act as if shorter hours, higher wages, protective laws, will make the poor comfortable, happy and peaceful. And yet, without religion, morality, there can be no lasting peace and no true happiness. The first thing to be done, then, is to assist the workers to be religious and moral. And this is one of the duties of every employer. The employer who is alive to this duty, will not neglect any other. Law cannot make a workman happy ; speeches cannot make him happy. Practical work, work in his interest, according to his surroundings, united work—of the workmen and of the employers—with a single aim—peace —only this can solve the problems that threaten modern society. In M. Claudio Jannet's paper, the duties and the opportunities of firms, and of stock-companies, as well as of individual employers, are enforced by sound reasoning and by suggestive examples.

We commend this book to the attention of our school-teachers, of our college professors and of our graduates. In France, the members of the Unions of Peace do not confine themselves to addressing learned men. They have organized classes in the primary schools, where they instruct the children in the true principles of social science. They do not consider a girl's education to be complete, until she has learned something of a science which has to do not with men alone, but with mankind. They do not limit their instruction to children. The fathers of families, the youth who have not taken degrees, are as much entitled to intelligent assistance as the graduate or the schoolboy. If this most instructive volume should be the occasion of interesting even one teacher in each of our large cities, the gain from it would be immeasurable. The A B C is not, by any means, the most important of the many alphabets we should be taught in our young days.

Les Faits Économiques et Le Mouvement Social en Italie. Par *Claudio Jannet*, Professor d'Economie Politique a La Faculté Libre de Droit, de Paris. Paris: L. Larose et Forcel, 22 Rue Soufflot. 1889, pp. 49.

Recently the Crispi ministry tried three Ministers of Finance within six months, but a minister a day could not save Italy from the inevitable consequences of lavish expenditure, and of an insane policy. We used to imagine that we had a very considerable national debt, but the Italian government valued this "national blessing" rather more than we did. Within the last five years it has increased the obligations of the State by $250,000,000. The total amount of the Italian debt is, at

present, $2,200,000,000; the annual charge for interest reaching the sum of $106,000,000.

A protectionist policy has not helped the country, seemingly. As compared with 1887, the exports of 1888 decreased about $22,000,000, and the imports as much as $100,000,000. The new grain tax helped to raise the price of bread immoderately, much beyond what the poor can afford to pay for it. That terrible disease, the *pellagra*, has again laid its blighting hand on the farm laborer. The cities have not escaped the evils consequent on a high rate of interest, over-speculation, and wide-spread bankruptcy.

The rate of interest in the larger Italian cities is, chronically, two per cent. higher than in other European centres. Tight money in Italy, as elsewhere, means a scarcity of gold; and in Italy gold has been withdrawn from circulation. The government has been liberal with the banks and paternal with the people. How? It has *forced* the banks to issue bills to a much greater extent than the law permits. What is the law? Nowadays, the law is the will of a party, and, generally, the party, or the legislative majority, means the government, the ministry. We can easily understand, therefore, how the criminality of the ministry was condoned. The ministry brought in a law, *ex post facto*, authorizing the banks to increase their circulation by 40 per cent.

Meantime the people—and there is in United Italy a wide distinction between the people and the citizens—the people are fleeing from their native land. In North and South America, the Italians, with all other oppressed people, are seeking a home. The number of emigrants in 1886 amounted to 85,355; in 1888, the number was more than doubled, the official figures for the year being 195,211. It is not merely the laborers that are leaving. The small landholders are forsaking the family acres. Lands are uncultivated; labor is scarce. Unavailingly, the government has tried to fight Providence and reason by hindering emigration. Reason teaches that emigration is a necessity.

In 1770, statisticians say, the population of the States that now make *legal* Italy, was 14,689,317. To-day the population numbers 30,500,000. Only Belgium, Holland and Great Britain have a greater number of inhabitants to the square mile. The increase, since 1871, counts up 3,500,000 souls. Students of the present world must not lose sight of the Italian immigrant.

In the progressive little Argentine Republic, the Italians make a fourth of the total population. The Italian is bound to play a considerable part in the civilization of the United States. It will be a good part if he is not neglected.

From M. Claudio Jannet we draw the facts we have here stated. In his summary of the immediate social condition of Italy, the learned and active professor of political economy is as thorough, as detailed, as only a skilled teacher and writer can be. He has controlled his facts by personal observation. His testimony is that of an eye-witness. We commend his book to all those who would have an authoritative knowledge of the present financial, political, economical and religious state of Italy.

The "unification" of Italy, by law, has not remade the people. They are still Piedmontese, Venetians, Tuscans, Neapolitans, etc. The traditions, customs, pursuits, vary with locality. After reading M. Jannet's study, the sane reader will smile at the present efforts of frightened or fanciful rulers, to unify the remedies for the general social unrest by an international system of legislation. An attempt to unify men's height, or hunger, would be just as reasonable.

There is a great field for an anti-poverty society, in many parts of

Italy. Ireland has certainly suffered monstrous evils from heartless landholders; but the Irish have not been the only sufferers. In Piedmont, and in many parts of Lombardy, agricultural strikes, elsewhere unknown, are common. Can we wonder? The unfortunate laborers earn, at most, twelve cents a day in winter, and eighteen cents in summer. Out of these wages they must support themselves, and pay house-rent besides. The proprietors are non-resident. They place their great estates in the hands of agents. The agent hires out the lands to large farmers, who compete one with another for a profitable business. These men sub-let to the *contadini*. It will surprise no one to learn that the laborer lives in a hut, fit only for cattle. His wages do not allow him to eat bread. Hence the rotten maize and a wasting death.

However, the Italian picture is not wholly dark. There are men who have good hearts and good wills. Many helpful associations have been organized throughout Italy; insurance associations of workingmen, co-operative associations, popular banks, etc. The Italian suffers terribly from the usurer. The Jew and the Christian are equally guilty. And it is to a Signor Luzzati and a Dr. Leone Wollemborg, both Jews, that the poor are indebted for an effective arm of defense against the usurer. M. Jannet gives an account of the institutions organized by these two charitable Israelites. In Italy, as in Germany, and especially in France, there are men who, following the example and teachings of F. Le Play, sink political and religious differences, in the hope of saving the Fatherland, society itself, from the patent evils one and another suffer, and from the greater evils that threaten.

In Italy, as elsewhere, workingmen's associations, benevolent, co-operative, whatever they may be, tend more and more, on the one hand, to Socialism, radical Socialism, and, on the other hand, to Catholicism. The men who thought that so-called "liberalism" could control the ideas of the masses, have to acknowledge that they have been mistaken, and that the issue is really between Catholicity and Socialism. No one will be surprised to learn that the Italian Socialists are also "democrats" in a bad sense. Will it surprise some to hear that there are Catholics, who are democrats, in a good sense? M. Jannet quotes a well-known Catholic writer, Pier Biagio Casali, who openly favors an Italian United States. The efforts made to adjust Italy to the administrative and political organization of Piedmont, are, he says, wholly contrary to the interests of the country. The world may yet see a Pope-President. Stranger things have happened!

If some American publisher would arrange with M. Claudio Jannet for a translation of his frequent and valuable studies of contemporary social conditions, the venture would be as beneficial as it would be profitable. In the *Correspondant* for January 25, 1890, the eminent economist has a study of the Social movement in America. There is no American, however well-read, who will not gain information from this article. M. Jannet is thoroughly at home in all our affairs, and his views deserve the careful attention of men of all religions. His Italian study is the most complete that has been published in any language. Reading him, one will see how unfounded is the distinction that some selfish innovators in this country have tried to make between religion and political economy. The two things cannot be differentiated, practically. Without the moral, you can have no science that deals with the living man. M. Jannet is a scientist and a Catholic; an exact and a bold scientist, and a bold and a true Catholic. He can command the respect of students, whatever be their school of economy and whatever be their philosophic or religious views. His science is based on facts,

and his faith is not only a criterion of certain facts, but it is established by facts, living, scientific, rational. He need not fear, he does not fear, to test himself, with the names of men whose reputation has been made by the advertisement, the book-criticism and the popular lecture of the speculative publisher. An acquaintance with this Italian study will help to an intelligent measure of many movements, not only in Italy but also in Europe, that are sure to make the next ten years memorable in Europe, and, perhaps, in America. For history takes its revenge in its own time.

VEN. P. LUDOVICI DE PONTE, S.J.; Meditationes de Præcipuis fidei nostræ Mysteriis, de Hispanico in Latinum. Translatæ a *Melchiore Trevinnio, S.J.*, de novo Editæ cura. Augustini Lehmkuhl, S. J., cum approb. Friburgi Brisgoviæ, Sumptibus Herder, 1890. In Urbe S. Ludovici Americana. Partes VI.

With Louis of Granada, Rodriguez and Scaramelli, the Venerable Father Louis de Ponte, S.J., deservedly ranks as one of the greatest of modern ascetical writers. Luis de la Puente was born in Valladolid, Spain, December 2d, in the year 1554. When he was twenty years old, he entered the Society of Jesus. Ribandeneira, in his "Catalogue of Authors of the Society of Jesus," writes thus of him in the year 1607: "From his earliest youth he seems to have been formed and trained to piety. He asked admission into our Society when he was twenty years old and entered in 1575, after he had finished his philosophical studies and had already given two years diligently to the study of theology. He then continued his literary studies, surpassing far all of his fellow-students, by reason of his earnestness, talents and clear judgment." His Master of Novice was the famous Balthassar Alvarez, for some time the Confessor of St. Theresa. Amongst his professors he had the happiness of attending the theological lectures of the renowned Jesuit, Francis Suarez. Having finished his studies with brilliant success, he was appointed professor of philosophy in the University of Salamanca. Afterwards he was chosen Master of Novices, when he proved himself a master in leading those under his care in the path of perfection. For thirty years he was the Confessor of that holy and wonderful lady, Marina de Escobar. When his bodily strength broke down, and he was forced to give up the active ministry, he devoted his time to the writing of ascetical works. Among these, the one best known is his "Meditations on the Mysteries of our Holy Faith," written in the plainest language, full of devotion and exceedingly practical. They constitute a wonderful treasure for the preacher in the preparation of his sermons. Father Louis de Ponte died in the odor of sanctity at the age of 70, February 17, 1624, and the Church has declared him Venerable. His life was published in the Series edited by the Fathers of the Oratory. In it they speak of these Meditations as follows: "It is, in truth, an immortal work, in which the reader scarcely knows which to admire most, either the extensive learning in the order of arrangement, or the multiplicity or correctness of the reflections, or the unction with which the mysteries are unfolded; it cannot be read without feeling the will excited to devotion, or without a desire to profit by it. It passed through three editions, and was translated (from the Spanish) into several languages within one year after its first appearance. In it he explains admirably the practice of prayer, at the same time furnishing ample materials for it. In it directors and confessors may find wherewith to instruct those committed to their charge. In it religious of every order may find celestial manna for the daily food of their devotion. In it, in fine, every person of every state may learn how to appreciate the eternal truths and

the mysteries of our holy faith, and also how to live well, if they will frequently read and meditate upon them." An English edition of these "Meditations," was published by Thomas Richardson & Son, London, 1866, but it is, we believe, out of print. This edition was a revised and corrected reprint of the translation made by John Heigham, who is mentioned in Dodd's "History" as a gentleman living abroad and engaged in translating works of piety from the Spanish into English. Heigham's translation was made over two centuries ago. Translations have been made into almost all the modern languages. The translation into Latin was the work of a Jesuit Father, Melchior Trevinnio, and it is this edition that Father Aug. Lehmkuhl, S.J., has now re-edited, especially for the benefit of the clergy.

As soon as de Ponte published his "Meditations," the General of the Jesuits, Father Claudius Aquaviva, ordered Father Trevinnio to translate them into Latin. The first volume was published at Cologne in 1611 and the others in the following years. There have been several editions of this Latin version. The last seems to have been in 1857. In this new edition Father Lehmkuhl tells us that he has verified all the quotations from Holy Scripture and the Fathers; adding, moreover, that as he was only editing the work, he did not think he was authorized to change anything therein. This is the reason why in the VIth Part of the "Meditations," where de Ponte treats of the six days of creation, he explains them according to the received opinions of physicists of his day; these the editor allows to remain because such views are few in number and do not affect the spirit of the "Meditations."

These six parts constitute a grand book for meditation, full of "that mystical food which will strengthen them in their journey to the mount of God and of those heavenly waters, of which whosoever drinketh, they shall become to him a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting."

The editor has added twelve Meditationes for the festivals of the following saints: S. Francis Xavier, B. Peter Canisius, S. Aloysius, S. Ignatius Loyola, S. Alphonsus Liguori, S. Dominic, S. John Berchmans, S. Augustine, S. Peter Claver, S. Francis Assisi, S. Alphonsus Rodriguez, and S. Stanislaus Kostka. The index gives the arrangement of the Meditations for every day of the ecclesiastical year. Among the other works of the Venerable Louis de Ponte, are (1) "A Moral and Mystical Explanation of the Canticle of Canticles"; (2) "Christian Perfection"; (3) "Spiritual Director"; (4) "Spiritual Guide"; (5) "On the Priesthood"; (6) "On the Episcopate." In the conclusion of his introduction to the "Meditations," which is on Mental Prayer, the Venerable author uses these words which we will quote, remembering they are the words of one whose sanctity has been admitted by our Holy Mother, the Church: "Those who desire daily to climb the mystical ladder of Jacob, which S. Augustine calls the ladder of paradise and S. Bernard the ladder of men who are religious: the steps of which are reading, meditation, prayer and contemplation—will find in this book matter and instruction fit for this ascent, relying principally upon God's grace, by whose favor we shall be able to climb and arrive at that union with our Lord, who is at the top inviting us to mount up thereby; and to this end He sends His holy angels who ascend and descend for our good. They ascend to present to God our desires and petitions, and they descend with the good despatch of them, and always animate us to climb up every day with great perseverance, until we enter into the paradise of our God, where we may see Him and enjoy Him, world without end, Amen." The glorious Doctor of the Church, S. Alphonsus Liguori, was

wont to say, that the best books to read, were those whose author's names commenced with an S. If our author has not yet been canonized, the Church has defined that his name shall at least commence with a V. The Latin edition of Father Lehmkuhl needs no further recommendation. It is beautifully printed and published in most convenient form by Herder of Friburg and St. Louis, U. S. A.

THEOLOGIA MORALIS FUNDAMENTALIS. Auctore *Thoma Jos. Bouquillon, S.D.D.*, et in Universitate Catholica Americana Theologiæ Moralis Professore. Brugis Beyaert-Storie Editor, 1890. Editio secunda, pp. 721. New York and Cincinnati: Fr Pustet.

In his very modest preface the learned author says: "It has been our one thought, in all things, to teach the genuine doctrines of the Church, and whilst we receive and reverence all her doctors, still there are three whom we consider our special masters, viz.: St. Thomas, Suarez and St. Alphonsus. From St. Thomas we have taken the immovable principles of moral science; from Suarez, the learned exposition and vindication of those principles and from St. Alphonsus, their prudent application."

He calls this volume the vestibule, and at the same time the foundation of the work on moral theology he is building up. It is the vestibule to the real building, for in it he treats of the nature of moral theology, its relations to other practical sciences, its divisions, the sources whence it draws its life, its origin, progress and history down to the present day. It is the foundation; for, in it, he demonstrates all those principles on which the morality of human acts depends, viz.: the end, the means to reach it, the law and its application through conscience.

It is a bulky volume of 692 pages and deserves to be called a work for true students. It is really "fundamental," for there is scarcely an application made to particular cases in the whole book. It shows forth the prodigious erudition of the author. The history of the rise and progress of the science must excite the wonder of the reader. We are sure that no such catalogue of moral theologians can be found elsewhere. The author does not simply mention their names, but gives a judicious criticism of those who have merited for themselves a high rank in this branch of sacred science. We will select only two, viz.: those whom he has chosen as his own guides. Of Suarez he thus speaks in a note p. 88: "The works of Suarez on moral theology, positive, speculative, polemic and casuistic, in a word, in all parts, are perfect. In them, we admire everywhere the combination of erudition, force and sharpness, diligence, sobriety, prudence and piety. Perhaps some might be named, who, under one or another aspect, surpass our '*Doctor eximius*,' *e.g.*, in depth, Didacus Ruiz; in ease of explaining the divine mysteries, Lessius; in sharpness, John de Lugo, in erudition, Petavius; but there is no one, who summed up more fully all the gifts of the perfect theologian, no one who has explained more happily so many parts of theology, no one, the constant study of whose works can beget and perfect the theological mind, like Suarez. In our opinion, they who declare Suarez the prince of all theologians of modern times, do not exaggerate the truth." In speaking of St. Alphonsus, p. 114, in a lengthy note, after showing how his moral theology was composed, he concludes thus: "Finally, if you look at its merits, our holy Doctor is remarkable for his wise choice of opinions and his exquisite Christian acumen, rather than for profound erudition or orderly exposition of his matter; in a word, if I may so express myself, he excels most others in prudence (which was his dearest object), but in science, strictly

so-called, he must give place to many; for, distracted by so many and so great labors he could not give due attention to it."

The first part of the work, or the vestibule to the real building takes up 139 pages. From page 141 to 692, he treats of the foundation of moral actions, discusses profoundly all the principles of the science, examines critically the arguments which have been advanced to demonstrate the same, and either approves or qualifies or rejects them. Every quotation in the footnotes (and there are hundreds) has been verified at the fountain-source. The author's aim has been to give to students a scientific moral theology, to elevate the study above the low plane of a mere hand-book on morals, with a number of practical cases, heretofore the scope of most works on moral theology. He evidently does not believe in mere books of casuistry. He looks on moral theology as truly a part of the sacred science of theology, and therefore to be treated in the same way as dogmatic theology. Like faith, so morality falls under the infallible *magisterium* of the Church. Like faith, it rests on the same foundations, the Word of God, written and handed down by tradition. Like faith it appeals to the testimony of the Fathers; and like faith, it is supported by decisions of Popes and Councils and SS. Congregations and the arguments of doctors and theologians. It should, therefore, be treated in the same manner as dogma, and as such it was always treated by the great scholastic writers. Our author's desire is to emulate their example, and whilst walking in their footsteps, to accept every new light that has been thrown on the questions under discussion. We might call special attention to the chapters on Modern Liberalism (pp. 457–465), on Probabilism (pp. 515–570), and on the System of St. Alphonsus (pp. 570–586).

As a specimen of the author's style and method we quote the explanation of one of the principles (p. 636): "An action which is bad objectively, though done for a good end, remains bad, notwithstanding its relation to a good end; for, as the Apostle pronounces: evil is not to be done, that good may come. Commenting on which words St. Augustine writes thus forcibly: 'What most wicked crime, what most shameful outrage, what most impious sacrilege may not be declared capable of being done lawfully and justly, not only with impunity, but even boastingly, ... if once we grant that the question to be asked concerning the wicked deeds of men should be, '*not what is done but why it is done?*' And again, a little before, 'It is indeed of great importance, by what cause, for what end, with what intention, anything is done; but those things which are clearly sinful, are not to be done under any pretext of a good end or for a good intention.' . . . . Since therefore, such actions are sinful, as theft, rape, blasphemy and the like, who will dare say, they can be done for good reasons and so not be sins, or what is more absurd, be lawful sins? Who is there who will say, that to have something to give to the poor, let us steal from the rich, or let us sell false testimony? Who will say such things, except he who strives to overthrow human society, morality and law?" St. Augustine, contra mendacium, c. vii., n. 18; St. Thomas, 1, 2, q. 19, art. 7, ad. 3. In a note the author declares this to be the doctrine of all theologians; and concerning the old calumny, the end justifies the means, he says, that it was first ascribed to Catholics by Protestants, and was afterwards rehashed by the Jansenists against the Jesuits, as can be seen in the seventh of the "Provincial Letters."

With Father Lehmkuhl's "Moral Theology," Palmieri's edition of Ballerini's full notes on "Moral Theology," and this work of Dr. Bouquillon, the student may well say that his is an enviable privilege, one that

could not have been enjoyed a few years ago. We look forward anxiously to the publication of the successive volumes of this grand work which will be indeed a worthy memorial monument of the first years of our Catholic University.

Besides a complete index of all the parts and chapters, the author gives an invaluable analytical index of the whole work in 22 pages.

STATEMENT OF THE CHIEF GRIEVANCES OF IRISH CATHOLICS IN THE MATTER OF EDUCATION, PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE AND UNIVERSITY. By the *Archbishop of Dublin*. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, M. H. Gill & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Ken & Co. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1890.

The publication of this work could not have been more timely had its immediate purpose been to throw the light of experience acquired in Ireland upon the practical workings of one of the plans advocated by some persons in the United States for solving the public school question. The work, however, was not prepared with any reference to this country, but for the sole purpose, as its title-page declares, of setting forth "the grievances of Irish Catholics in the matter of education."

The statement of those grievances is divided into three parts. The first part is a detailed exposure of the defects and unfairness of the system of "Primary National Education" imposed on Ireland, and its restrictions on religious freedom. One of the results of this system, as described in a recent statement of the Lord Mayor of Dublin in the House of Commons, is that in the public schools in Ireland, whether they are under Protestant or Catholic management, "religious teaching and observances of a religious character are permitted only during one-half hour, or other limited and specified portion of the school-time of the day. During the rest of the six hours a Protestant child may not read a verse from the Bible, nor a Catholic child say his Angelus, *nor may any religious emblem be exhibited.*" [The italics are ours.]

On several points the statements of the Most Rev. Archbishop fully answer objections to the claim made by Catholics in this country that denominational schools should be permitted to receive portions of the public school fund. "It is distinctly to be understood," says the Most Rev. Archbishop, "that the State should not undertake any new burden or responsibility, whether financial or otherwise, in connection with the teaching of Catholic doctrine in the schools, or that the State should bear one farthing of the cost involved in the exercise, when it is granted to us, of the freedom of religious observance. . . . . What I wish here to point out is, that we do not in any way claim that these religious emblems (crucifixes, pictures, statues, etc.,) should be regarded as a portion of the furniture or fittings of the school-room, to be *provided for us*, either wholly or partially, out of *the public grants. We ask merely for liberty to provide them for ourselves*—the limitation, of course, being always understood that we make this claim in reference only to those schools, thousands, as we shall see in number, which are under Catholic management and are attended by Catholic children only.

"It cannot, I think, be deemed out of place for me to add that *no such restriction* as that so sternly enforced against *us* in this matter is known to the *State-aided Catholic schools of England.* A Catholic school in England may have the crucifix prominently displayed upon the wall of the school-room during all the working school hours of the day. In a Catholic National School in Ireland, when any such religious emblem is provided—of course, out of private funds, for it can be provided in no other way—it must, as I have already stated, be enclosed in a sort of box or cupboard, which may be opened only during the specified hour or half hour reserved for religious instruction, and in which,

except during that short portion of the working time of the school, it must be hidden away, as if it were the emblem of some idolatrous sect!"

Having thus protested against the restriction upon the use of Catholic religious symbols, the Most Rev. Archbishop says: "As regards the restrictions upon the freedom of religious teaching the case is precisely the same. Here also, as I have repeatedly explained, our claim has reference only to those schools which, as a matter of fact, are attended exclusively by Catholic children. But, in reference even to these, *we do not ask that the State should undertake for us the responsibility, or should defray the expense of any religious teaching.* We ask merely for *unfettered liberty to discharge this duty for ourselves;* unfettered, that is to say, in all respects in which the exercise of it involves no interference with the rights of others." (The italics are the Archbishop's.)

The Most Rev. Archbishop also shows that the system as administered, contrary to its intention, is as antagonistic to positive Protestant religious instruction as it is to Catholic. Quoting from an argument of Mr. Butt, he says: "Walking down Kings-Inn street, the passenger may see, divided by a narrow lane, two separate buildings, both bearing the inscription of National School. On the one side of the lane is a school under the management of the ladies of a convent; on the other is the school of a Presbyterian Church. Not a single Protestant child attends the one; not a single Roman Catholic the other. Yet *in both* religious instruction *is fettered and controlled.*

"If the Presbyterian teacher obeys the rules he dare not allude to religion in his ordinary instruction. If the sound of the convent bell were to induce any unfortunate pupil of the nuns to make the sign of the cross, or to repeat the invocations which her parents tell her are sacred, all the machinery of inspectors, and head inspectors, and official investigators would be set in motion to discover and punish the awful infraction of the rules of mixed education.

"In the narrow compass of that lane, about four yards wide, any observer can estimate the reality of the system of united education, and the deep practical wisdom of its rules. At a glance he will obtain an epitome of the whole system as it really exists."

The Archbishop then shows that, if the State officials were consistent with their professed principle of ignoring religion and aiding only secular education, they would not concern themselves about whether religious instruction was or was not imparted in State-aided schools, or to what extent. Quoting again from Mr. Butt, he says: "To *prohibit* religious education is not to *ignore* it. To *prevent* that teaching is the very *reverse* of *non-interference,* is meddling with it, and meddling with it in the most mischievous sense. To insist on religious teaching in every school is not one particle more intermeddling than it is either to *prohibit,* or to *regulate,* or to *restrain* it."

Writing, as we are, when all but the last few pages of the *Review* have been printed, we have neither time nor space to mention in detail the various subjects discussed, and the various improvements and reforms advocated in this work. Suffice it to say, that it contains a vast amount of information which will be of great value to Catholic school teachers and the bishops and clergy in their efforts to improve our existing parochial schools, academies, and colleges.

Moral Philosophie. Eine Wissenschaftliche Darlegung der Sittlichen, einschliesz-lich der Rechtlichen Ordnung von *Victor Cathrein,* S. J. Erster Band. Allgemeine Moral Philosophie. Freiburg, Herdersche Verlagshandlung. 1890. St. Louis, Mo.

In his famous reply to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the "Infallibility

of the Pope," His Eminence, Cardinal Newman, made use of these remarkable words: "This, at least, is how I read the doctrine of Protestants as well as of Catholics. The rule and measure of duty is not utility, nor expedience, nor the happiness of the greatest number, nor State convenience, nor fitness, order and the *pulchrum*. Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a messenger from Him who, both in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives. Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its information, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas; and even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have a sway." These eloquent lines of the illustrious Oratorian summarize the true foundation of moral philosophy. Father Cathrein gives us in this volume the first part of an exhaustive work on that science. It treats of ethics in general, of human acts and their morality as known solely by the light of reason. The author is well known as one of the staff of learned Jesuits who publish the German magazine, *Stimmen aus Maria Laach.*

The work is divided into eight books, with a valuable supplement on the morality of the different nations of the earth in the past and at present, civilized, barbarous and savage. The first book or introduction might rather be called a part of psychology, as it treats of the psychical nature of man, his free will and what affects his freedom.

The author shows unmistakably that he does not believe in evolution, and that there exists an impassable gulf between the most degraded savage and the highest form of animal life. Darwinians invariably proclaim the triumph of their theory because of the authority of the names defending it, whilst the truth is, that the weight of reliable authority is all the other way. Professor John Ranke, one of the greatest living authorities in this specialty, in his work on "Man," speaking of the present and prehistoric races, says: "At present amongst all the varieties of mankind known to us, there exist neither races, peoples, tribes or families, nor even any particular individual, which can be reckoned to constitute zoologically a link between man and the ape."

Professor Virchow, in his address before the Natural Science Congress in Wiesbaden, September 21st, 1887, speaking of the remains of man found in the tertiary period, declares that these "possessed just as perfect an organization as the savages of our day." "After having seen in Europe during the last few years Esquimaux and Bushmen, Araucani and Cirgisi, having examined all who have been considered the most degraded of the human race, the skulls of whom at least have been sent to us, there can no longer be a shadow of doubt that there exists nowhere a race of savages who can be looked upon as a link between man and any kind of brute animal."

Our author, in treating his subject, follows the ordinary division of most moral philosophers:

1. The end of man; perfect happiness in God alone; the law of death.

2. The intrinsic nature of morality. Here the author examines all the different systems, grouping them under seven different heads, according to the fundamental principle of each. This is, perhaps, the richest and most learned portion of the work, embracing, as it does, all the errors not only of the past, but also the latest developments of Positivism and Materialism.

3. Objective and subjective morality, virtues and vices.

4. Law; duty or obligation; sanction of the natural law; its properties; positive law.

5. Conscience.

6. Right. The supplement treats of the moral principles received and practiced by the various nations and races of the world. He describes the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians and Babylonians, Persians, East Indians, Buddhists, Chinese, Japanese, Greeks, Germans, Mohammedans as belonging to the civilized peoples; and the tribes of Oceanica, Papuans, Polynesians, New Zealanders; the savage Bannars of Cochin China, and Ainos of Japan, in Asia; the Negroes, Hottentots and Bushmen of Africa; the Indians of North America, Aztecs, Inkas, South Brazilians, Patagonians and the people of the polar regions.

The work is the most complete Moral Philosophy we have yet seen. What Father Taparelli, S.J., did for the history and study of ethics up to his day, that Father Cathrein has done for the present state of the science. In his preface he promises, during the course of the next year, to give us the second volume, on the specific rights and obligations of the individual, the family and the State. We are sure this valuable work will be welcomed by professors, students and all intelligent readers as a real acquisition to their libraries. Moral questions are now the important questions of the day. They are at the basis of all the burning disputes now agitating the world, and no one can afford to be ignorant of the true doctrine to be held on such points. What is philosophically true, cannot be practically false.

NICOLAI NILLES, E SOC. JESU. Commentaria in Concilium Plenarium Baltimorense Tertium. Editio domestica, privatis auditorum usibus accomodata. Oeniponte: C. Pustet. 1888.

Rev. Dr. Smith published his "Notes on the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore" and afterwards his "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law," as also "New Procedure in Criminal and Disciplinary Causes," in which volumes he makes use of the Third Plenary Council, but, as far as we know, the work of Dr. Nilles is the first, which *ex professo* treats only of our last Plenary Council. The professors and the students of our seminaries can learn from this volume in what way the authorities of the University of Innsbruck have endeavored to carry out the decrees of the Council for the benefit of their American students. Dr. Nilles is one of the oldest professors of the theological faculty of that University, where he has been teaching with Tuzer, Hurter, Jung, Stentrup and others. His branch is Canon Law. Besides his regular class-lectures, three times a week, he gives also one hour each week to the interpretation of the acts and decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, as this Council is practically the embodiment of Canon Law for the United States. In the College of St. Nicholas, attached to the University, there were last year thirty-three American students from different dioceses of this country, and the Fathers of the last Plenary Council deemed it opportune to recommend it warmly, together with the American Colleges of Rome and Louvain.

In this work Professor Nilles gives us the substance of his lectures to the students on our last Plenary Council. There is much extraneous matter introduced, which, though of interest, has nothing to do with the real object of the work, although we must admit that these subjects are mentioned in the acts and decrees of the Council; *e.g.*, all that he says about the new saints for the American calendar; about the consecration of the dioceses to the Sacred Heart and the nature of that devotion;

about St. Peter Claver; all the laws and regulations of the Divinity school of our Catholic University, as also of the College of St. Nicholas of Innsbruck. Almost one-third of the volume is taken up with these topics.

He divides his work into three parts, the vestibule, the atrium or main hall and the decrees. In the first part he speaks of the decrees for the promulgation and approbation of the Council, and shows in what sense that approbation is to be received. The second part treats of the acts of the Council, and is full of information concerning the members of the Council, its officials, the various congregations and the subjects treated by them. He speaks especially of the "title of the mission" for ordination and how anxious the Holy See is that the ordinary titles recognized by Canon Law should be introduced; and of the extension to the United States of the Bull, "Romanos Pontifices," defining the relations of religious communities to the Ordinary of the diocese, in England and Scotland. In the third part he comments on all the decrees of the Council. We have noted, as worthy of special attention, the chapter on "avoiding secular occupations" for the clergy. In speaking of the Baltimore Catechism, he says, that although it is good, it could be better, and illustrates his criticism by the 119th question: "Who are the successors of the other Apostles? A. The successors of the other Apostles are the Bishops of the Holy Catholic Church." The word "other" here evidently must mean the remaining Apostles, Peter excepted, which makes the answer faulty; for the college of bishops, which succeeds to the college of Apostles in the episcopal office but not in the apostolate, can never be separated from Peter. Again, page 188, he says the sixth commandment of the Church, as given in the catechism and explained there, might lead one to conclude that there are only four impediments of every kind to the marriage contract.

In commenting on the Sacrament of Matrimony, he dwells on the necessity of having a fixed schedule of questions to be answered by the bridegroom and bride as a preparation for the contract, and gives as a specimen the printed formula in use in St. James' Church, Innsbruck. Something of a similar character would undoubtedly be of the greatest utility in our country. We see that the last Synod of Cincinnati has drawn up such a formula for the use of the clergy of that diocese.

The book is remarkable for the care with which the author explains the etymology of all the terms and names of offices introduced. He has also added those decrees of the Provincial Councils and various synods which have met since the confirmation of the Third Plenary Council, and which have relation to the decrees there promulgated. The book is published by Pustet from the press of F. Rausch, Innsbruck.

De Philosophia Morali Prælectiones, quas in Collegio Georgiopolitano Soc. Jesu. Anno 1889–90, habuit. *P. Nicolaus Russo*, ejusdem Societatis. Neo-Eboraci, etc. Benziger Fratres. 1890.

Father Russo is already well known to the Catholics of the United States by his admirable little volume, "True Religion." To students he is better known by his "Summa Philosophica," the first part of a complete course of philosophy. During the past scholastic year he has been Professor of Moral Philosophy in Georgetown College, and we have in this work the lectures he gave to the students on that subject. The volume has just appeared from the press of Benziger Brothers. Being a course of lectures designed to embrace in one year the whole of moral science, both universal and special, the various propositions had to be

treated concisely. The reader, however, will find that though concise, nothing has been omitted to make a complete treatise and a popular text-book. He will notice, moreover, that the learned author is keenly alive to the burning questions of the day.

We call attention to a few of these. In speaking of a sufficient sanction for the natural law, he necessarily must treat of eternal punishment for the unrepentant wicked. He shows that eternal punishment is not contrary to the essence of punishment; that it is not opposed to the divine attributes; what proportion should exist between guilt and its punishment; that it is not contrary to the divine goodness; that man's probation is restricted to the present life; that such punishment cannot consist in the soul's annihilation; and that without it there would be no sufficient sanction for the natural law.

In treating of man's duties to God, the duties of religion, he proves them to be the most important of all duties, and that both logically and morally they go before all other duties, and that therefore it is impossible to separate moral science from religion.

Coming to the right of property, he distinguishes between the right every one has to acquire property and the right of property; that the former is natural, but that the latter is based on some fact, and gives the doctrine of the scholastics on this subject (Proposition XXIV.).

In Proposition XXV. he shows that the arguments brought forward by Henry George to prove that individuals by the law of nature can have no right or title to ownership of the land or soil, are worthless and lead directly to communism.

In Chapter VI. he treats of the relation between employers and employed, justice in wages, the right of laborers to combine for the defence of their just rights.

In Proposition XXXII. he demonstrates that it is the duty of PARENTS, and consequently their right, to educate their children; that, therefore, the State cannot claim such right, and much less compel parents to send their children to the public schools to be educated.

In treating of the nature of civil society, he shows that it is of the utmost importance to recognize this truth; that the members constituting it are not the individuals taken separately, but families; that civil society is natural, but that the particular form of government depends on some contingent fact; that civil authority is from God, inasmuch as it is absolutely necessary for that order demanded by natural reason.

This brief statement of burning questions will show how important the work is, and must claim the attention not only of students in our seminaries, of priests on the mission, but of all who wish to keep abreast of the times. We congratulate Father Russo, and thank him for the labor he must have given, during the last few months, to bring out such a work. Benziger Brothers have done their full share to make the volume acceptable to the public,—fine paper, excellent type and scarcely any typographical errors (we noticed only one).

Two indices enrich the work, one analytical, the other alphabetical, so that the reader can find at once whatever he may desire of its precious contents.

BENJAMIN HERDER. Fünfzig Jahre eines geistigen Befreiungs Kampfes von *P. Albert Maria Weisz, O. Pr.* Freiburg and St. Louis: Herdersche Verlagshandlung. 1889.

A life of one of the greatest of all modern Catholic publishers, and his fifty years of noble work for the intellectual and spiritual emanci-

pation of the Catholic press of his native land. The life of Benjamin Herder shows what an inspiration and fountain of mental activity one man can become, not only to a nation, but to all mankind. We will give only a short list of his more important publications (pp. 73–121), many of which owe their origin to his suggestions, and very many would never have been published unless for his assistance. We begin with the famous "Kirchenlexicon," of Welte and Wetzer, which was inspired by Herder, and the first part of which was sent to him July 19, 1844. The history of this Catholic Encyclopædia is given (pp. 15–34). A new edition of the work, improved, and embracing all the latest learning and discoveries, was planned by him as far back as 1863, but it was only in 1876, that he could induce Hergenröther to act as editor-in-chief of the same. When Hergenröther was made Cardinal, Kauler succeeded him in that difficult position. Herder lived to see about one-half of the new work published. This Encyclopædia is incomparably the best, the most accurate and learned that has appeared in any language. No library is complete without it. To us it is a wonder that no English translation of it has appeared. The "Real-Encyclopædie of Christian Antiquity, of Kraus; Staatslexicon; Christian Annals," in the twelve numbers on the Encyclical of 1864, by the Jesuits of Maria-Laach, which were the introduction to the famous "Stimmen aus Maria-Laach,"; the "German Catholic Magazine"; Alban Stolz's Works; Janssen's Historical Works; Hefele's "History of the Church Councils"; Döllinger's Catholic Historical Works; in Theology, Schäzler, Scheeben, Simar, etc.; in Apologetics, Vosen and Hettenger, etc.; in Moral Theology, Gury, Dumas, Pruner, Rohling, Lehmkuhl, etc.; in Biblical Literature and Scripture Interpretation, Maier, Reusch, Langen, Aberle, Kaulen, Dursch, Koenig, Simar, Knabenbauer, Krementz, Wolter, Schanz, Keppler, etc.; on Social Questions, Perin, Cossa, Hertling, Ratzinger, Ehrle, Costa-Rossetti.

We have mentioned some of the Church historians, but there are many others, like Kopp, Gförer, Jörg, Räsz, Greith, Reumont, Mone, Pastor, all great authors; in Pastoral Theology and Liturgy, Thalhofer, Hettenger, Gihr, Hausherr, etc.; in Homiletics, Schleiniger and Jungmann; in Catechisms, Canisius, Martin, Schuster, Deharbe, Schmitt, Krecht, Mey, Zenotty, König, Hake, Dreher, Habingsreither, Brüll, Maliske; in Canon Law, Binder, Phillips, Vering, Lämmer, Sentis, Meyer, Weber, Hergenröther, Lemz, Laurin.

Such are only some of the names of the authors whose works he published; and that only in the domain of ecclesiastical literature. What a wonderful energy this one list shows. The American catalogue of only selected works published by the firm comprises no less than five hundred and forty-three different numbers. Surely, the memory of Benjamin Herder deserves grateful recognition from the Church and every Catholic. In the words of Ecclesiasticus: "Let us praise such men of renown and our fathers in their generation, . . . men of mercy whose Godly deeds have not failed, . . . their bodies are buried in peace; and their name liveth unto generation and generation. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the Church declare their praise." (xliv.)

Benjamin Ignatius Herder was born July 31, 1818, at Freiburg, Germany. He died on Saturday, November 10, 1888, at noon, whilst the Angelus bell was ringing. Life long, he had been a devout child of Mary. Dying, he constantly asked those around him to say the "Hail, Mary." His last word was "Pray." In life his business motto was "*Sursum.*" In death, we may hope that his Blessed Mother answered the prayer of her true client and said to him, also, "Sursum."

PLAIN SERMONS ON THE FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—By the *Rev. R. D. Browne.* "Mirabilia testimonia tua, ideo scrutata est ea anima mea." London: Burns & Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Company.

The writer of this notice once heard a venerable and most learned ecclesiastic say that he was inclined to look upon sermon-books as an evil rather than a blessing. Was he right in his estimate? Our verdict is an emphatic No. Sermon-books are clearly a great blessing. They are a blessing to the laity, and a blessing to the clergy. For both, they have been written, and to both, we are convinced, they are eminently profitable. Put plain, practicable sermon-books, we care not how many, into the homes of our people and you will have better Catholics. They will have clearer knowledge of their religion and its demands on them, and great good will necessarily follow. In his valuation of sermon-books, we feel sure that the divine we have quoted, must entirely have lost sight of the fact, that immediately and directly such works are intended for the laity as well as the clergy. But, even on the hypothesis that works of this character are intended solely for the clergy, and by them only utilized, we fail to see the grounds for our learned friend's judgment on them. Granted that the clergy alone make use of them, how can we look upon such works as an evil? In some, and we are convinced very rare cases, it may happen that books of this nature give encouragement to dissipation of time and talents, but the good they do, the boon they prove to busy, overworked priests, who have not time for deep thought and prolonged meditation necessary for effective preaching, far outweighs the lesser, if existing evil. And even to those of the clergy who have the leisure for deep, continuous thought, are not such works a boon and a blessing? The pity is, that we have so very few works of the kind. We want more and more of them, and the more we get, the better it will be for religion. But we want plain, practical sermons—sermons that are full of thought and calculated to bring home to the heads and hearts of man the great truths of religion. In Father Browne's book, we have a treasure. It is, as he has called it, a book of plain sermons. He makes no lofty pretensions. He does not seek to preach himself rather than Christ crucified. He has given it to us, without even a prefatory notice, believing, no doubt, that its high merits would soon commend it to those for whom he wrote it. The plan of the book is simple and natural. The style is easy and clear, but always dignified. The Apostle's Creed, the Commandments and Sacraments are foundations upon which he has built his splendid superstructure. The opening sermons are of God—As He is in Himself, of His nature and attributes. He then treats of Him as Creator—of His relations to us and our relations with Him. He then leads us on, step by step, through the Fall of Man, God's promise of a Redeemer, to the birth of Christ. His sermons on Christ, as God and man, are splendid, theological treatises, yet so plain and simple, that no one can fail to grasp his meaning. His sermons on and from the Commandments and Sacraments are models of simplicity and clearness. They are pre-eminently practical and instructive, seeking to win man to God,not by the persuasive words of human wisdom, but by the preaching of the Word of God—the true bread of life. This book, we are sure, will receive a hearty welcome. It will, we believe, be the instrument of much good, for, by making God better known, it will, consequently and necessarily make Him better loved.

COMPENDIUM JURIS CANONICI AD USUM CLERI ET SEMINARIORUM HAGUS REGIONIS ACCOMMODATUM.—Auctore *Rev. S. B. Smith, S.T.D.* Quondam Professore juris canonici; Qui etiam scripsit libros, qui insoribuntur "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law," "The New Procedure," etc., etc. Neo-Eboraci, Cincinnati, Chicago. Benziger Fratres. Summi Portifices Typographi.

This work, as the title page proclaims, has been intended by its reverend author as a text-book for our Seminaries. It is an abridgment of the author's well-known work "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law." Indeed, it is more than an abridgment of that work; for the author devotes the third book of the compendium to a treatise on ecclesiastical property; a division of canon law, to which in his larger work he has not drawn attention.

That we need a canon-law text-book for our seminaries is pretty generally admitted. The books now in use, from one or another defect, are not satisfactory. Of those that have fallen under our notice, some are too diffuse, others devoid of form, no one entirely satisfactory. Have we in Doctor Smith's compendium the consummation so devoutly wished for? Over his "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law," the compendium, in that it is written in Latin, has clearly, in our estimation, a conspicuous excellence; for Latin, the mother-tongue of the Church, should ever be the language of her seminary text books.

But does this work possess the other qualities which should be found in a model text-book. If it be not chargeable with diffusiveness and excessive elaboration, is it on the other hand sufficiently complete—does it offer the student a fair grasp of the great subject of canon law? On this point it were strange if there should not be a divergence of opinion. As we read through the work, we more than once expressed the wish that in this or that particular the author had enlarged a trifle. To be sure, in almost every such instance, he refers us to his larger and more complete work, the "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law." Yet, in not a few instances, we would prefer to have in the compendium itself more fulness. How difficult is the task of making a satisfactory abridgment of any work we are fully conscious, and we moreover recognize the fact, that in a work on canon law, where so much is to be explained in detail, and so many authorities cited, the task is greatly intensified. Hence, it were hardly fair to press this point as a defect in the work. But what of the author's teaching? We do not hesitate to pronounce him clear and sound. In his hands we feel that our students will be safe. By this we do not mean that in all things we coincide with the author; for with not a few of his deductions and conclusions we are inclined to disagree. Yet these, for the most part, are matters freely controverted between canonists and theologians. To the students of our American seminaries not the least interesting and useful part of Doctor Smith's work will be what we may be allowed to call its American side. For, together with the general law of the Church, it gives us the special law for our own time and country, incorporating, as it does, the "Instructio cum magnopore" and other rulings of the sacred congregation which are practically a canon law for this country. Dr. Smith deserves great praise for his labors in the field of canon law. He has accomplished a great work, and we wish him the fullest reward for his labors.

THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, THE ANGELIC DOCTOR. Edited by Father *Pius Cavenaugh*, O. P. Illustrated. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

An English life of St. Thomas for popular reading was much needed,

and this need the work before us is well calculated to supply. It is written in pleasing style, and we are glad to say, that unlike many other books intended for the general public, it is not superficial, but is a carefully composed biography. It briefly but very clearly describes the chief occurrences in the life of St. Thomas, his sweetness of disposition, his humility, fervent devotion, purity, charity, and intense thirst for knowledge from his earliest years; his subsequent labors, penances, austerities and spiritual experiences; his wonderful wisdom and genius; the immense influence he exerted in banishing the spirit of irreverence and rationalism from the schools; the invaluable treatises he wrote. The concluding chapter is occupied with an account of the measures taken by the Holy Father, Leo XIII., to revive the study of the philosophy of St. Thomas in Catholic colleges and theological seminaries.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE OF THE NEW LAW EXPOUNDED BY THE FIGURES OF THE OLD. —Eighth edition. London. Printed for Matthew Turner, at the Lamb, in High-Holburn: Permissu Superiorum. 1687. By *James Dymock*, A Clergyman. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1890.

This excellent little work (edited by Orby Shipley) is volume two of a series of old English books in process of publication by Burns & Oates. It was first printed privately in 1676, but so popular did it become, that in course of eleven years eight editions of it were published.

The ruling motive of the book may be inferred from some remarks of the author in his preface, in which he states that, while many of the "learned have labored much to inform the curious touching the antiquity and veracity of each part of the Mass, and others have gratified the people with several methods for hearing Mass," he endeavors "to expound the most essential parts of the Mass by proofs deduced chiefly out of the sacred books of Exodus and Leviticus; making use of the figures and sacrifices of the Old Law to explain and prove the sacrifices of the New, thus evidencing the Mass to be a complete and perfect sacrifice.

The first part of the work treats of sacrifices in general; the second part is occupied with a special exposition of the Mass; the third part contains a number of practical directions.

Both in method and style the work is highly commendable. It combines important instruction, lucidly imparted, with edifying reflections.

DER APOSTEL VON OHIO. Ein Lebensbild des Hochw. Edward Dominik Fenwick, aus dem Dominikanerorden, ersten Bishchofs von Cincinnati, Ohio, von *P. Bonaventura Hammer, O. S. F.* Freiburg and St. Louis. Herder'sche Verlagshandlung. 1890. Pp. 168.

This is a short history of the pioneer missionary bishop of Ohio and his times, drawn from Archbishop Spalding's "Sketches of the Early Catholic Missions of Kentucky," and his "Life of Bishop Flaget, the First Bishop of Louisville;" from Webb's "Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky"; Bishop Maes's "Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx"; the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith"; the early files of the "Catholic Telegraph," of Cincinnati, etc. It brings before us, also, the pioneer missionaries of the West, Fathers Gabriel Richard, Stephen T. Badin, C. Nerinckx, Frederick Rese, first bishop of Detroit, Frederick Baraga, first bishop of Marquette, John M. Henni, first bishop and archbishop of Milwaukee, and others. All such sketches are valuable for the future history of the Church in this country. The fragments can be gathered up still, but they are in great danger of being lost unless

there be found those who, like the author of this little work, will strive to save them from oblivion. Every State in the West and Northwest has its apostles; who will write their lives whilst their memories are still fresh?

WHO WAS BRUNO? A DIRECT ANSWER TO A PLAIN QUESTION. From the latest published documents. By *John A. Mooney*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1890.

To those who wish to know who and what Giordano Bruno was this pamphlet will be both interesting and valuable. The answer to the question may be given in few words. He was an adventurer of infamous life; a liar and a scoundrel; both a materialist and a pantheist. He was not an original thinker; he put forth no new ideas, and the notions he gathered from others are self-contradictory, and were arranged and expressed by him in a confused, bungling manner. Reduced to a system, they are essentially anarchical, destructive alike of religion and human society. The proofs of this are presented in the pamphlet before us.

ELEMENTARY TREATISE OF ALGEBRA. For the Use of Beginners. Second Edition, Entirely Revised, with an Appendix. By *Joseph Bayma*, S.J., Professor of Mathematics in Santa Clara College, S.J., Santa Clara, California. San Francisco: A. Waldteufle, 1890.

Of all the elementary text-books on Algebra that have come under our notice (and we have had occasion to examine a number of them) this, in our opinion, is decidedly the best. The author of it says, in his preface, that he has "made it a point to be as plain and as brief as possible." That he has succeeded in this every page of the work furnishes evidence. His definitions, explanations, and rules, far excel in lucidity and easiness of comprehension those that are given in most of the text-books on Algebra that are used in our schools.

THE GARDEN OF DIVINE LOVE. By the *Rev. J. A. Maltus*, of the Order of Preachers. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This little work, which bears the highest ecclesiastical approval, contains a variety of devotional topics, all set forth in simple, yet interesting style. It opens with two chapters on humility; then come nineteen on devotions to the Blessed Trinity, twenty-one on devotions to Jesus, six on devotions to the Holy Ghost, and, lastly, two on devotions to the Blessed Virgin. We are reminded in the introduction that "as an encouragement to the use of these devotions, every act of the love of God, exercised in the state of grace, receives a reward by the increase of divine love in the soul."

COLUMBIADS. Pearl Drops from the Fountain of Wisdom, Wrought out in Sober Settings in the Laboratory of Thought. By A Random Thinker. Columbus, O.: August Ruetty. 1889.

We cannot help but think "at random" that this title is unfortunate, if not incongruous. The package is worthy of a better label, for it contains some of the best mental nutriment that we have ever met with in such a collection. Of course, where there are so many expressions of thought, it cannot be but that a considerable portion of them are commonplace. Perhaps for this reason they are worth pondering over, as the commonplace, no matter how useful, is often likely to be overlooked. It is unfortunate, too, that occasional typographical inaccuracy is out of keeping with the book's handsome binding.

MEXICO; PICTURESQUE, POLITICAL, PROGRESSIVE. By *Mary Elizabeth Blake*, Author of "On the Wing, etc.," and *Margaret F. Sullivan*, Author of "Ireland of To-Day." Boston: Lee & Shephard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

The first part of this book, comprising about three-fourths of the whole volume, consists of a series of sketches containing charming descriptions of the scenery, habits, and social life of the people of Mexico, as observed by the writer during a recent very extensive tour through that country. The second part of the book consists of four chapters, briefly describing the history of Mexico and its political progress; its constitution and government; its religious and educational conditions; its revenue and its application.

LESSONS FROM OUR LADY'S LIFE. By the Author of "The Little Rosary of the Sacred Heart." London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co. 1889.

These "Lessons" are brief comments, full of wholesome food for pious reflection, on the principal incidents in our Blessed Lady's career, from her immaculate conception and nativity to her assumption and coronation. They really form a biography in the shape of brief chapters intended for occasional spiritual reading and meditation.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. Prepared Chiefly in the Words of the Gospel, for the Use of Schools. By *T. Murphy*, Master of the Practicing School, St. Mary's Training College, Hammersmith. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company. 1890.

This is an admirable little volume. We would be glad to see it used in every family, as well as introduced as a text-book into every school.

MENSHIKOFF, OR THE PEASANT PRINCE. By *Alfred D'Aveline*. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. 1890.

This is a realistic tale of Russian barbarism and cruelty in the days of Peter the Great. Its moral is good.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The mention of books under this head will not preclude them from receiving further and fuller notice hereafter.]

PREHISTORIC AMERICA. Volume II. By *Stephen D. Peet*, editor of the "American Antiquarian." Chicago: American Antiquarian Office. 1890.

THE CROWN OF THORNS; OR, THE LITTLE BREVIARY OF THE HOLY FACE. A Complete Manual of Devotion and Reparation to the Holy Face of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. From Approved and Original Sources by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion. With an Introductory Notice by the *Right Rev. Monsignor Preston, DD., L.L.D.*, Prothonotary Apostolic, Vicar General. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1890.

THE SACRED HEART STUDIED IN THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. Translated from the French of the *Rev. H. Santrain, O.S.S.R.*, author of the "Redemption," etc., etc. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy See. 1890.

ORDO DIVINI OFFICII RECITANDI. Missæque Celebrandæ Juxta Rubricas Emendatas Breviarii Missalisque Romani cum Votivis Officiis ex Indulto tam pro Clero Sæculari Statum Fœderatum Officiis Generalibus hic Concessis utente quam pro Iis Quibus Kalendarium Clero Romano proprium concessum est. Pro Anno Domini. MDCCCCIXC. Fr. Pustet & Co. New York and Cincinnati.

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